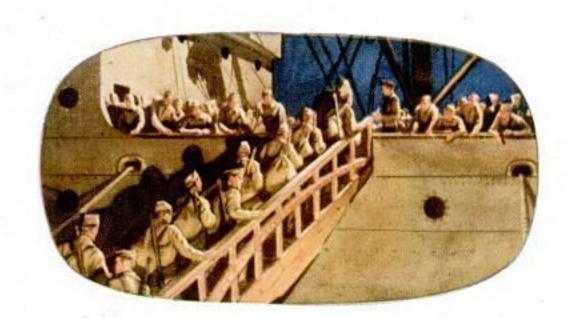


MAY 15, 1944 U CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



ON THEIR WAY



Shades are drawn down. Lights dim low. The landscape is blotted out ... there's just the hum of the speeding train.

These boys know what it means the troop train is approaching the troop ships.

Some draw a deep breath. A soldier fumbles for a letter. Another wonders if he can make a last telephone call Another draws out a crumpled photograph. No, travelers don't see this—but the trainmen of the Pennsylvania Railroad do, daily. And more so than ever now. As the swelling tide of American youth—fine and fit—streams overseas...

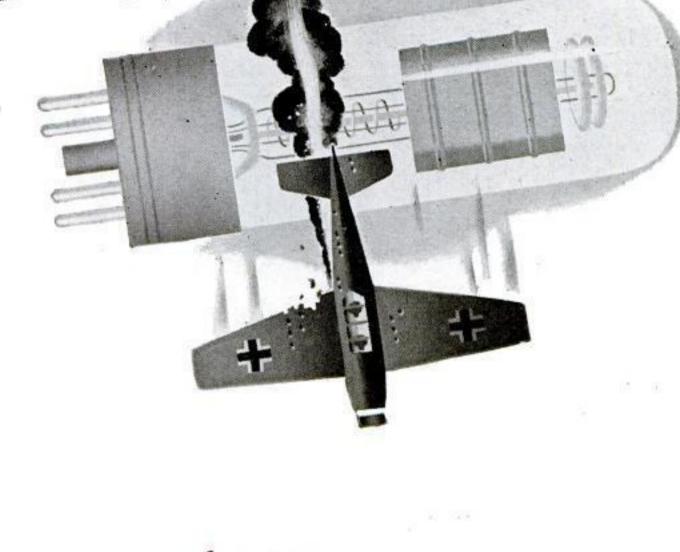
Of course, it takes a lot of equipment for these troop movements but with what remains we are doing our best to serve all essential travelers...efficiently, courteously.

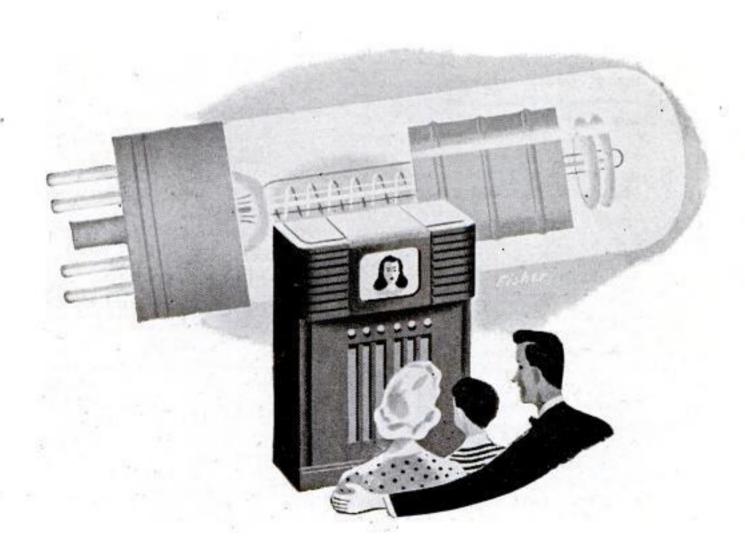
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS





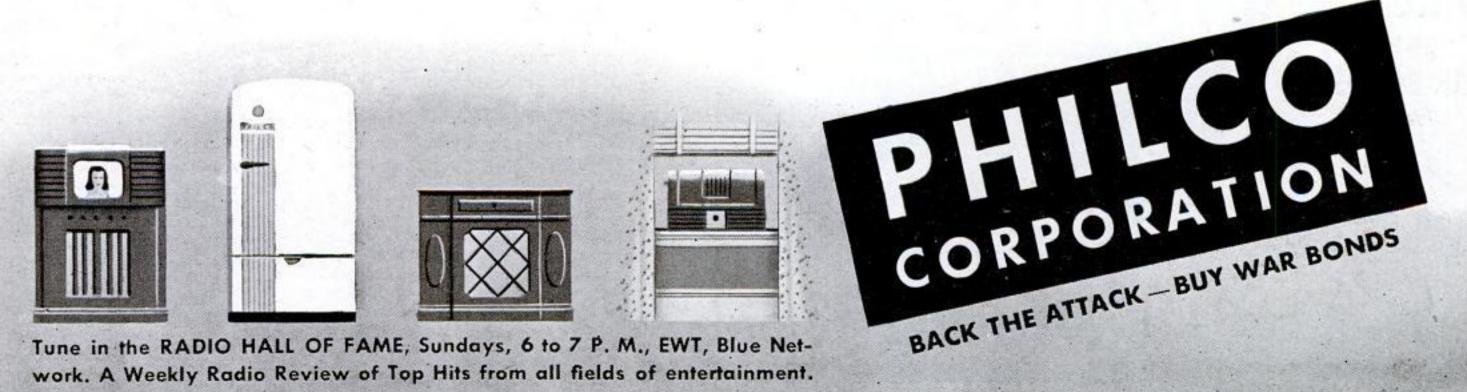
Philco research is working for victory, helping to speed the advance of electronic science through the radio miracles of modern combat in the air.

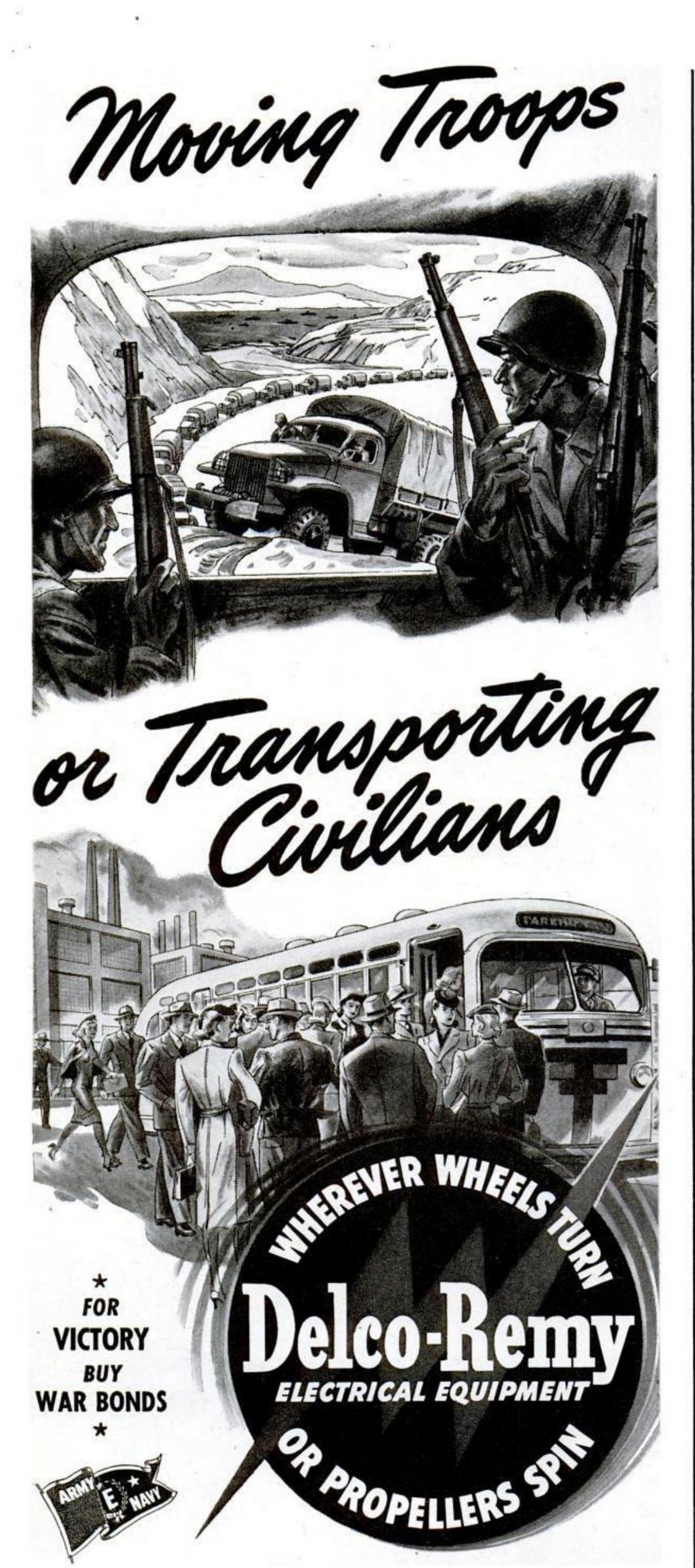




MORROW

Greater peacetime joys, born of war research . . . television, finer radios, phonographs and refrigerators . . . are coming under the famous Philco name.





Delco-Remy Division of General Motors * AUTOMOTIVE * AIRCRAFT * TRACTOR * MARINE * Electrical Equipment and Delco Batteries

May 15, 1944

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

NEGRO RIGHTS

Sirs:

Your editorial "Negro Rights" (LIFE, April 24) is timely, courageous and sane.

REV. C. J. HALL

Goldendale, Wash.

Sirs:

The majority of our Negro population wants no rights in addition to those they already have.

E. ALWIN PARKER Rosepine, La.

Sirs:

Just like most of the northern people, you do not understand the situation and you do not understand the Negro.

We have good schools, as well as colleges, here in Mississippi, for Negroes. There are very few of them who object to Jim Crow regulations. They had rather meet to themselves and so had the white people. They are our friends and we are theirs and that is enough said.

B. C. COX

Gulfport, Miss.

Sirs:

You state that we are afraid of the Negro. A true Southerner is not afraid of anything.

What we are afraid of is that threefourths of the nation will gang up on the South as you did before in Reconstruction days and try to force us to do things which no true Southerner will stand.

C. J. TURNER

Miami, Fla.

Your editorial misses the real reason for the South's fear of the Negro. No average, normal Southerner ever dreamed that intermarriage could become a reality.

The crux of the matter is the number of Negroes in the South. Many towns have more Negroes than whites . . . many states are almost 50-50. This could easily mean political control by Negroes in a large part of the South.

Have you forgotten the carpetbaggers? The Negro politicians who robbed and despoiled the South . . . only 70 years ago? The South hasn't.

S. E. HUNSAKER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Let me say for the record that the least, and I should say nonexistent, desire of Negroes is to marry white women.

All we Negroes want are the rights and privileges given other minority groups: the right to fight and shed our blood for America (we are doing that), the right to employment on equality with other social groups and the right to all rights of citizenship, whether in Maine or Mississippi, under the Constitution of the United States.

EFFRON F. PAYNE

Waukegan, Ill.

Sirs:

You neither know nor understand the southern Negro. We nurse them when they are sick, look after them when they are too old to work and care for them as no Yankee ever would.

MRS. H. M. CRASSWELL JR. Houston, Texas

We know the Negro will never be given complete equality of opportunity until he obtains the right to keep from public office men who entertain ideas of white supremacy. It is difficult for a soldier to understand how people who claim to be good Americans and are working daily toward the defeat of the "Aryans" of Germany and "Sons of Heaven" of Japan can practice the very thing the United Nations are fighting to defeat. In order to obtain freedom of opportunity for our sons and daughters,

if not for ourselves, we are willing to fight and if necessary die.

SGT. CHARLES B. FIELDS SGT. SAMUEL H. SEVILLE CPL. FREDDIE R. WILLIAMS West Palm Beach, Fla.

As an "educated" Southerner I say that the problem is based not on fear, but on the belief that the Negro is a "lower species of man." He is treated accordingly in the South.

L. P. THOMAS

Savannah, Ga.

Sirs:

Listen, Mister, God put feathers of all colors on all the birds of the air but he doesn't make them roost together, and until he does you are not going to see this bird roosting or eating or mingling with anything that resembles a Negro.

FLOYD O. ELKINS Sealy, Texas

If you agitators would only stay out.

DR. A. D. PLOWDEN Sumter, S. C.

FIRST NEGRO ENSIGNS

I was shocked to see your picture of a group of Negro naval officers (LIFE, April 24).

Every real American will bitterly resent the breaking down of our great naval traditions. There is no place for the black man

in our white Navy, and there is moral and political dynamite in trying to mix the white with the black.

It is hard to realize that there could be any one person in this country powerful enough to force this thing down our throats, but the day of reckoning isn't so far off.

J. L. JONES

Great Neck, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your picture of the 12 commissioned Negro naval officers was an inspiration to many who hope that America can and will become an absolute democracy; I know that I would be proud to salute any of them.

RONALD SPIERS, USNR

Naval Training Unit, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

PITTSBURGH TRAFFIC LESSONS

That macabre panorama of carelessly and wantonly smashed-up cars in your April 24 issue may prove a powerful deterrent to reckless driving, but Peru, our good neighbor, is employing a more

forceful warning to would-be suiciders. On the primitive, curve-studded coastal road leading north from Talara.



MEMENTO MORI

the extreme western point of South America, every crashed automobile is preserved as a monument and perched upon a mount, visible for some distance, as a memento mori for every driver who subordinates his judgment to his zeal for speed.

HANS HINRICHS

New York, N. Y.

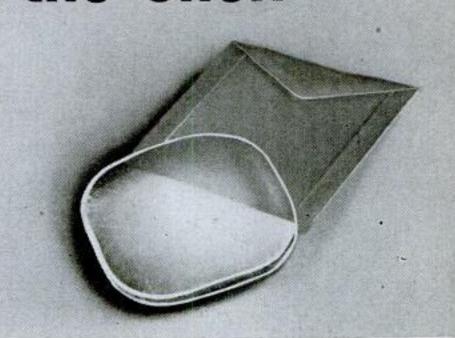
GOVERNOR WARREN & FAMILY

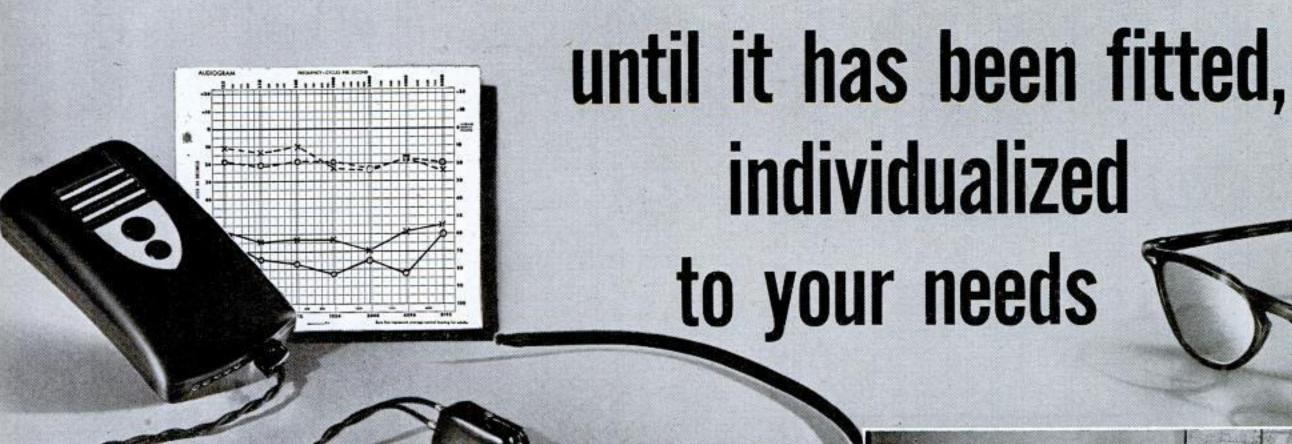
I think you got somewhat confused about the ages of Governor Warren's children (LIFE, April 24). You state

> Volume 16 Number 20



A hearing aid taken off the shelf isn't any more use than a lens blank





HAVE you ever tried to read with somebody else's glasses? Remember how the letters blurred...how you had to strain your eyes to read? That is why nobody can ever have a Sonotone without a fitting!

Just as your eyes differ from everybody else's eyes, so your ears differ. Just as glasses have to be individualized to each person's specific needs, so do hearing aids. The idea of walking into a store, having a clerk wrap up a hearing aid, taking it home and starting to hear all by yourself, is alluring because it sounds so easy. But unfortunately to anyone who has had much experience with hearing losses, it is rather impractical, and even worse, to our minds, it passes the buck to the hard of hearing person.

Having a hearing aid is only the beginning of better hearing. Your hearing aid has to fit your personal hearing needs! You have to be taught to use it. You have to be sure of a sympathetic, night-and-day service that will keep your hearing UNINTERRUPTED! That's the answer to better hearing!

And that is a responsibility that Sonotone will never pass over to you. For more than 12 years this Company's underlying policy has been to sell not just a hearing aid . . . but BETTER HEARING! From the day you get a Sonotone, your hearing becomes our worry . . . not yours!



With this scientific picture of her specific hearing loss, Consultant Reese can then show Mrs. N... where her hearing has slipped and how it can be helped. The Audiogram also shows the Consultant whether bone conduction or air conduction will be more helpful.



The Consultant wants Mrs. N... to have the *one* fitting that gives her the best UNDER-STANDING of what she hears, so he gives her a series of articulation tests. That's Sonotone's idea of proper fitting. Isn't *your* hearing worth that much trouble?



See what a difference Sonotone's policy makes. When Mrs. N...* goes in to see Consultant E. C. Reese of Sonotone's Minneapolis office, he doesn't try a Sonotone on her and say "How do you hear with that?" Not for a minute! First of all, he has to know where and how much her hearing has slipped. He doesn't want opinions but facts. So he makes her Audiogram.



Then, having a choice of hundreds of possible fitting combinations, Consultant Reese can individualize a Sonotone to Mrs. N...'s hearing loss so that she gets SELECTIVE AMPLIFICATION of sound in the portions of the speech range where she needs help.

SONOTONE

A personal service that seeks to give you



BETTER HEARING FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

Accepted by the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association

There are over 150 Sonotone offices. The office nearest you is listed in your local telephone directory. Phone for information or write SONOTONE, ELMSFORD, N. Y. In Canada: write 229 Yonge St., Toronto. In England, 144 Wigmore St., London, W. 1. Also available in the world's principal countries. A free copy of "Hearing Through the Years" will be sent anywhere

*Name omitted in accordance with medical principles

BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY!



No wonder you're confused!

It's certainly not surprising! It would seem that the rubber problem had been solved by the remarkable achievement of American Ingenuity in producing Synthetic Rubber (GR-S). Naturally you want to know why you can't buy all the things made of rubber you want ... why you are continually told to conserve what you have.

Well, here's the answer:

First, the production of synthetic rubber is greater today than the use of natural rubber in peacetime. But . . . more rubber is needed now than at any time since the war began. The great volume of supplies for our Armed Forces must be provided first. Then come essential civilian products . . . such as tires for trucks, buses, and the transportation of war workers . . . industrial equipment made of rubber . . . rubber footwear for the health protection of the nation . . . and for other necessary products.

The tremendous requirements for military and essential civilian needs, at present, take the entire production of Synthetic Rubber.

That's the general story. As for us, as a footwear manufacturer, in a normal year this advertisement would be devoted to rubber-soled canvas shoes. Today, instead of presenting new seasonable footwear for sports and play, we are making this suggestion: It is still necessary to conserve footwear containing rubber—take care of it to make it last as long as possible—and buy only what you need.

FOOTWEAR FOR THE ARMED FORCES

illustrating a use of Synthetic Rubber in the production of war equipment.

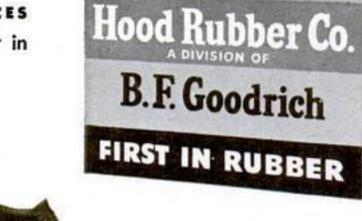


for the Navy

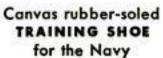




Canvas rubber-soled
JUNGLE BOOT
for the Army







Canvas rubber-soled
EXERCISE SHOE
for the WACS

FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

that James is 20 and Virginia is 15. Isn't Jimmy more than five years older than Virginia?

SALLY GRISWOLD

Cleveland, Ohio

● LIFE did get confused by the Governor's children, herewith straightens out the record: Daughter Virginia was born in 1928, three years after the marriage of Earl Warren to Mrs. Nina Palmquist Meyers. They had met four years before their marriage. James Warren is 24, is Mrs. Warren's son by her first marriage. He has been legally adopted by the Governor and bears the Warren name.—ED.

SPRING, 1944

Cina

Among your "Spring, 1944" pictures (LIFE, April 24) is one of an old Model-T Ford as it "plows staunchly through a watery Indiana road."

The driver is taking unnecessary chances—he is likely to get his car stalled in midstream.

My friends in the Ozark hill country of Missouri can teach this Hoosier a trick worth knowing. Note in this photograph the raincoat thrown across the



SPRING IN MISSOURI

front of the flivver's radiator. Even on the brightest days this Iron County, Mo. man takes his rain coat for stream fording. Once it's in place, he takes the plunge and the raincoat keeps water from getting into his carburetor while he is plowing to the other bank.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING New York, N. Y.

LETTER FROM LONDON ZOO

Sirs:

I should like to express the heartiest thanks of the Zoological Society of London for your generous contribution toward their Rebuilding Fund. Your donation has been earmarked to go toward the cost of rebuilding the Camel House, one of the oldest buildings in the zoo, built in 1829. At first it was used for the housing of llamas, vicuñas and alpacas. The main framework of the building, including the clock tower, has not been very seriously affected by the bombing, but most of the tiles have been blown off the roof. It is intended to reconstruct the house as nearly as possible in its original form.

The rebuilding of the Camel House is, of course, but a very small item in the total program of reconstruction which we shall have to undertake after the war. For it we shall be largely dependent on the generosity of private benefactors and, therefore, your kind contribution is more than welcome. May I add that it is doubly welcome as a sign of the friendly interest taken in our Society by so influential a magazine of the country of our ally.

EDWARD HINDLE,

The London Zoo, England

● LIFE's payment for Dr. Hindle's Report was earmarked at his request for the rebuilding of the London Zoo's Camel House.—ED.

(continued on p. 7)

Director





fatigue. Just remember that
Porto-Peds are built for day-long
comfort. The resilient air cushion
serves as a restful foot-pillow—
and the flexible Arch Stay gives
constant, easy support. See your
Portage dealer — or write us
for his name.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO.

Division of Weyenberg Shae Mfg. Co.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



PORTO-PED

Air Cushioned SHOES

by PORTAGE



We at Oldsmobile deem it a privilege to be producing Fire-Power for the fighting men who represent America on the battle-fronts today. We hope that our products have served them well, and will continue to do so until the last victorious shot is fired... Oldsmobile-built cannon for fighter planes, produced by the tens of thousands, have gone into

action on every front in the world. These are automatic cannon, firing high-explosive shell. They're the same kind used by the flying "Gremlins" in running up their amazing scores. Oldsmobile also produces cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, high-explosive and armor-piercing shell for both Army and Navy.

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!

REMEMBER THE MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU...

. . . yes, and those who are dying. Nothing we can do at home can fully repay our debt to them. But we can back them up to the limit. We can . . .

BUY WAR BONDS!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS

SKEEP EM FIRING

In Pineapple LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

THIS is no time, of course, for boasting. Yet we can't help feeling some pride in this fact: even under wartime conditions our pineapple plantations and canneries on the Islands are still keeping up the 34-year-old Libby tradition of care and protection.

We still pick our pedigreed pineapple at the peak of

ripe perfection. From plant to sealed can, infinite care still goes into protecting all its fine food values.

Of course, Uncle Sam needs much of this precious pack for fighters, so there isn't as much as normally for your wartime meals. That's why it's so important that you get Libby perfection when you invest your points.

These days we never know when a shipment is coming

materials to the Islands. But we're proud to find our pure, tangy juice as luscious and sparkling as ever. And our slices perfect and juiceful with peak-ripe flavor! It makes us feel justified in saying, as always "Look to Libby's for Perfection!"

If sometimes your grocer has no Libby's Pineapple, then take Libby's Peaches, Pears, Fruit Cocktail, or





The spotting and accurate identification of enemy planes—vessels—torpedo wakes, depends on precision optical instruments. And our Navy is equipped with the *finest* precision optical instruments in the history of Naval warfare ... thousands of them, we are proud to say, made by UNIVERSAL.



Finer-than-ever Cameras! Better-than-ever Photographs!

For out of UNIVERSAL'S ceaseless 24-houra-day devotion to the production of fine military optical instruments, have been born new skills and revolutionary methods of large-scale precision production. You can count on these achievements to be utilized in a series of truly great postwar cameras and photographic equipment. Expect your next camera to be a UNIVERSAL.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Sirs:

Serge Koussevitzky's article on American composers was a sorely needed one and I agree with him wholeheartedly on the matter of a government subsidy for composers. However, inasmuch as that is a delightful dream for a distant future, I propose a much more immediate solution.

conductor like Koussevitzky has taken up the cudgels on behalf of contemporary composers and their tribulations. Like the well-known comment on the

This isn't the first time a well-known

weather—everybody talks about it, but no one does anything about it. Why do conductors wait for public funds to subsidize the composers? Why don't

they do it themselves?

Mr. Koussevitzky contended that because David Diamond now has a job playing in the All Time Hit Parade Orchestra, "this is an outrage." Why is it an outrage? He is earning as much in one hour's work now as he did in a month of soda jerking. He has ample spare time, and his mind is free enough of financial burden so that he can compose music. Granted it would be ideal if he could devote his entire day to composition; but would you deny a man all food because you didn't have steak to offer him?

I contend that the conductors of America owe a great debt to our contemporary composers. Without them there would be no new music to be introduced and conducted. Since it is they who directly benefit from the efforts of these composers, let them assume some of the practical obligations. Perhaps if they will lead the way, the government subsidy will follow.

MARK WARNOW

New York, N. Y.

VARGA GIRL

Sirs:

Your Varga girl layout for Mexican Hayride reminded me of a recent weekend in New York, in which I spent an afternoon taking pictures of the Great



MABEL

White Way. One of them is this tremendous poster of the scantily clad honey advertising *Up in Mabel's Room*.

CPL. JERRY KOBRIN Editor, G.I.

Army Reception Center New Cumberland, Pa.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.





Swron SMART EYEWEAR



DEVI DJA'S GESTURE FROM DANCE OF THE BLUE LOTUS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

THESE PALE HANDS ACCENT INDONESIAN LOVE DANCES

The formal dances of Java and Bali are full of a strange poetry of movement, usually expressed with tortured gestures of the hands. Pictured here are the hands of Devi Dja, a Javanese dancer who performs with her troupe in the Sarong Room of Chicago's Bali Java Restaurant. With her hands

she accents such tales as *Bedoyo*, love story about a young girl who falls in love with the statue of a god, brings him to life, woos him, then loses him. It is, like most all of Devi Dja's repertoire, an authentic part of Javanese court and temple culture.

Prior to the war, Devi Dja ("Devi" signifies a

dancer of the temple) toured Asia and Europe with a large troupe. Since April 16, 1943 she and 10 members of the original troupe have run the Bali Java. Shortly before its first anniversary, Devi Dja departed for Hollywood to do her Temptation of Buddha dance in M-G-M's The Picture of Dorian Gray.

LOVERS COME TOGETHER



EVERLASTING LOVE

GOOD DOMINATES EVIL



MEANS LONGER RATIONED WEAR



The ECLIPSE

Our single responsibility, under rationing, is to build shoes that will outlast any you've ever worn before. Every inch of Florsheim leather is judged on one score alone—its ability to wear. So, if you must buy shoes, buy better ones; buy Florsheims and give your next shoe ration stamp to your family, for you won't need it.



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY . CHICAGO . MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Awakening of Buddha from meditation is expressed by peeking through her fingers. Since Buddha is not a Javanese deity, this dance is not indigenous to her culture.

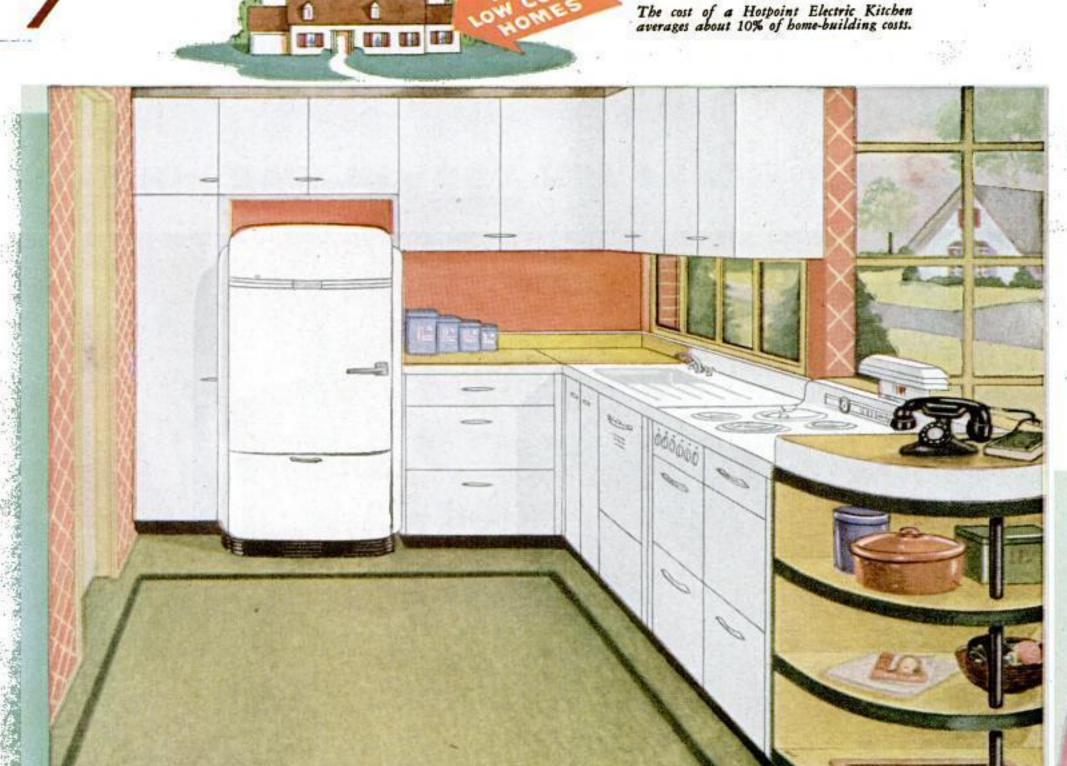


In "Tragedy of Garuda," Devi Dja dances barelegged to denote "Garuda," eagle in Java's folklore. Here her dance symbolizes Garuda preening feathers before flight.



Patrons of the Sarong Room give Devi Dja their rapt attention when she dances the dramatic Bedoyo. For the dance, she wears a bodice of jewels and a genuine sarong.

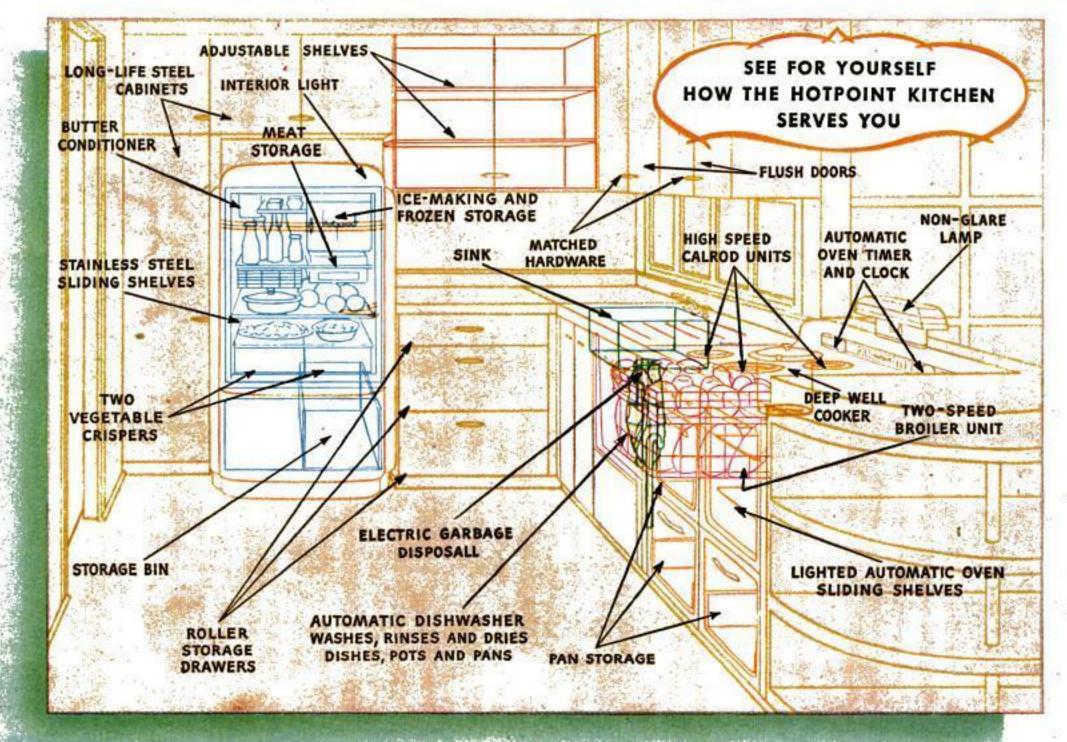
Your next kitchen will be easy on the eyes...



You behold your post-war kitchen for the first time! You see, that Hotpoint Electric Kitchen you've been putting War Bonds aside for is not only mighty easy to look at . . . it's easy to work in! The entire room has been carefully planned with an eye to beauty and to convenience and economy as well. There's an attractive, roomy Hotpoint Electric Kitchen that's specially designed to fit the budget and home-management needs of every family.



and Hotpoint will save you time on All these tasks!



WORK CENTERS MAKE MINUTES COUNT IN THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN

Refrigeration Center—Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps foods fresh—provides fast, thrifty freezing and better arrangement of storage space for the modern kitchen.

Cooking Center—Hotpoint Electric Range, with all utensils stored within arm's length, cooks fast and thriftily. Since there's no combustion dirt, pans and walls stay clean. Automatic controls end the cause of many cooking failures.

Dishwashing Center—Hotpoint Electric Dishwasher-Sink washes and dries dishes, pots and pans cleaner than ever without your hands touching water. Hotpoint Garbage Disposall whisks food waste away electrically. Space is provided in cabinet below the sink for soap, towels, etc.

Equipment Storage—Electrically lighted Hotpoint Steel Cabinets afford abundant space for dishes, utensils and dry foods.



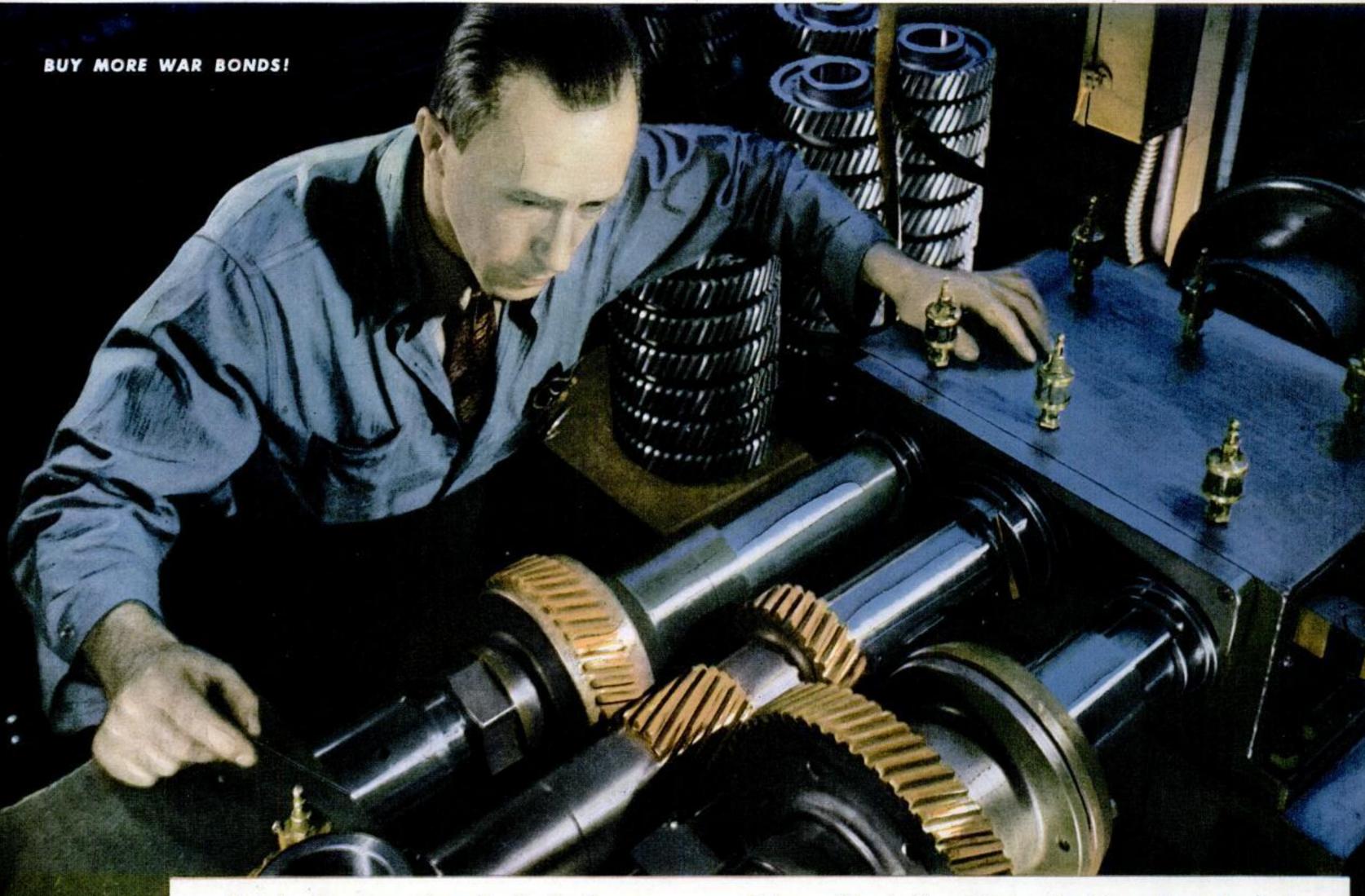


Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	
5658 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois	
Enclosed please find ten cents in coin or war stamp for which new kitchen planning guide entitled, "Your Next Kitchen	h send me you by Hotpoint.
Name	

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ENGINATION IN ENGINEERING

HOW IT WORKS FOR YOU - IN WAR - IN PEACE



Imagination turns the calendar inside out . . . it's the answer before the question, knowing how before the product is made.

You can't build a fence around imagination, or time it with a stop-watch . . . it travels trails never used before.

Imagination is the daring, unrestricted force in engineering that gives special character to all Chrysler Corporation products — for war or peace.

Engineers at Chrysler Corporation turn ideas into machines and methods that produce cars and trucks in peacetime, military weapons today.

The engineers work closely with research men and experts in manufacturing to apply imagination through Chrysler Corporation's entire producing and operating organization . . . and they use the experience and talents of *all* divisions to help *each* deliver better products.

This practical use of imagination brought you 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, high-compression engines, all-steel bodies, floating power, fluid drive and other car improvements which owners of Chrysler Corporation cars now enjoy.

Today, Chrysler Corporation produces large quantities of tanks, anti-aircraft guns, aircraft assemblies and engines, ammunition, army trucks, harbor tugs, gyro-compasses and other vital weapons. When the war is over, Chrysler resources again can be devoted to the production of quality automobiles and trucks for you.

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CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines

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TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

LIFE'S REPORTS

GANGLAND STIRS AGAIN

CHICAGO KILLINGS RECALL "BLOODY TWENTIES"

by GENE COOK AND ROBERT HAGY

Chicago

For a decade after the federal government caught up with "Scarface" Al Capone, the white fedora boys steered pretty clear of the headlines. But now they're back. The heaters are out of cold storage and producing corpses at the rate of one a week.

Neither Mayor Ed Kelly nor his jittery police department seems to know exactly what's up, but it looks as if most of the shooting is over control of Capone's legacy, The Syndicate. In any case, hoodlum activity has stepped up to a degree reminiscent of the flamboyant days of Chicago's "bloody twenties." "The only thing that hasn't happened," says the Sun's longtime police reporter, Joe Fay, "is another St. Valentine's Day Massacre, and maybe that's coming up."

The Chicago Crime Commission's ledger, under the heading, "Date—victim—by whom killed," reads: May 5, 1943—Danny Stanton—unknown. May 5, 1943—Louis Dorman—unknown. May 5, 1943—Walter James Smith—unknown. June 7, 1943—Aldo Razzins—unknown. Oct. 27, 1943—John Pisano—unknown. Dec. 6, 1943—Thomas Neglia—unknown. Dec. 11, 1943—William Wytrykus—unknown. Dec. 17, 1943—Sidney Rossman, alias Edward Ross, English—unknown. Jan. 14, 1944—Ben Zuckerman—unknown. March 2, 1944—Sam Gervase—unknown. March 11, 1944—James De Angelo—unknown.

Some of these killings were in the Chicago tradition. Danny Stanton and Dorman were blasted by shotguns as they sat in a South Side saloon. Neglia was slain as he was being shaved in a barber's chair. De Angelo's body was found stuffed in the luggage compartment of his own automobile. Another gangland figure, Onofrio Vitale, has been missing since Feb. 25, and isn't expected to be seen again unless his body bobs up in the drainage canal, a favorite dumping ground for gangster remains.

On March 18, a watchman at a Lake Michigan generating plant near the Indiana line saw a body floating in the water. Police fished it out and found that the man had been beaten, tortured (his nails had been pried away from his fingers), shot in the head. The body was grotesquely clothed. It wore three shirts, oversize shoes, a suit of winter underwear, two pairs of underpants. The body is still unidentified.

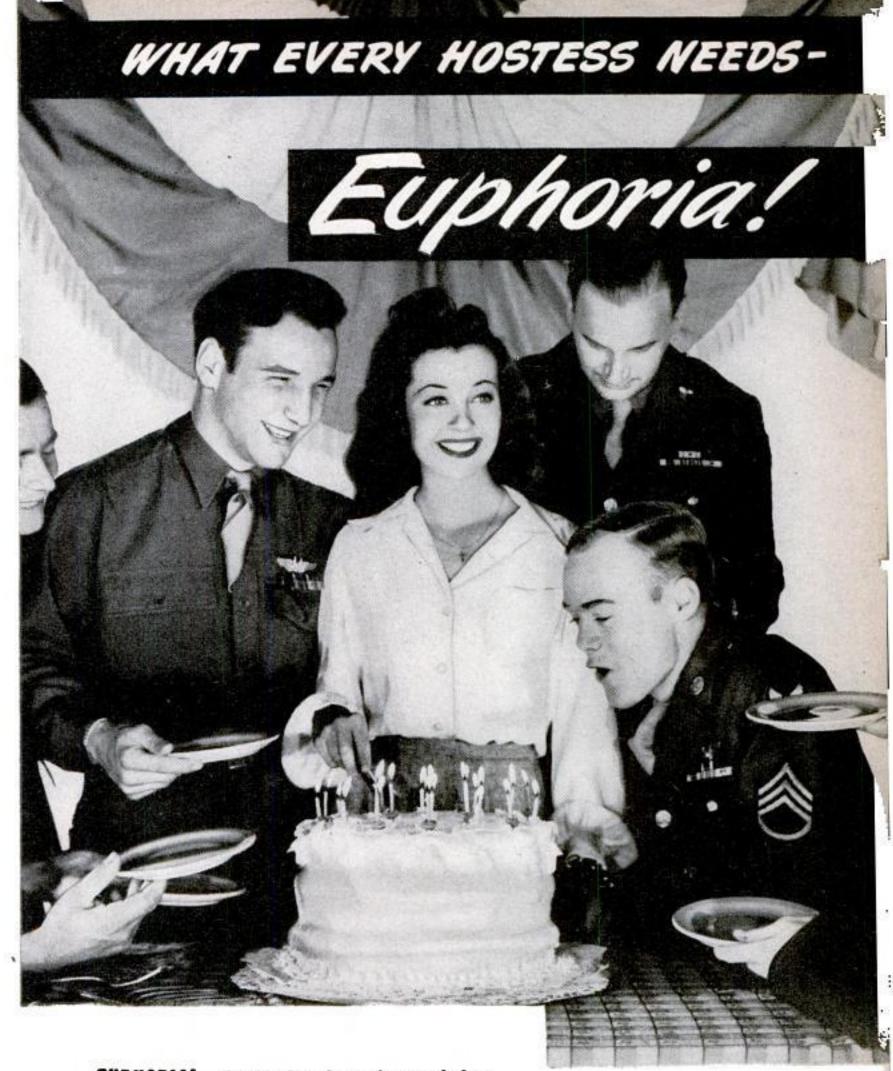
Jack Guzik is snatched

On April 7, John Livert ("St. Louis") Kelly, a Negro vice overlord who was connected with all the rackets, was slain in a political argument. In South Side night clubs M.C.'s stopped floor shows to announce Kelly's slaying and the crowds cheered and applauded.

These were the events preceding the kidnapping of Jack Guzik, stubby, pudgy, little former business manager for Al Capone.

Jack Guzik, whose business acumen and tightness with money are as pronounced as the dark circles under his beady little eyes, wouldn't have broken into the headlines if it hadn't been for the presence in the automobile of his son-in-law, Frank Garnett. Many gang kidnappings never get into the newspapers. The gangster or gambler merely pays off with the minimum of fanfare. It's all handled quietly like a family affair. About three years ago a gang of kidnappers went on the rampage, kidnapping about 30 Chicago gambling bigwigs and cleaning up a fortune in ransoms. Some of the gamblers were snatched two and three times. Police try to learn about such snatchings, not because they want to save the gamblers money, but because they know that unless kidnappers are curbed their successes make them bolder and they widen their activities to kidnapping upstanding citizens. Garnett apparently knew nothing of the gangland code of silence. When Guzik was snatched from his car, Garnett called on a passing laundry-truck driver named Lee Thomas for help. He shouted to Thomas, "Follow that car" and without thinking, Thomas raced after the kidnappers' automobile until it whirled around a corner on two wheels. Then Thomas suddenly asked himself what he was doing chasing the car and turned back. Police say that Thomas probably came pretty close to getting himself "ventilated."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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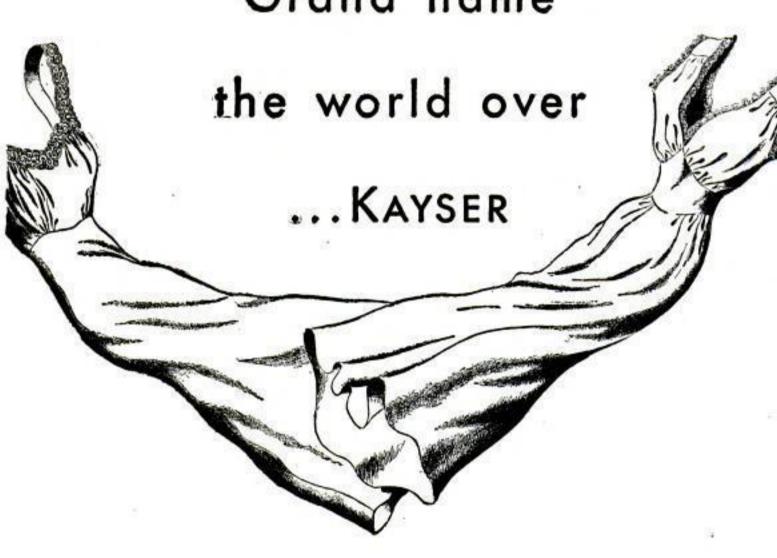


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LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

As soon as Guzik's kidnapping was reported, police spread a dragnet, only to find that all the "hoods" as usual had vanished. Their haunts in Cicero, Melrose Park, and around Chicago's Loop were deserted.

According to police, West Side gangs are made up mostly of Italians who feel that they should be making more money themselves instead of having a predominantly Jewish triumvirate controlling them. The Jewish leaders are Guzik, his right-hand man, Hymie ("Loud Mouth") Levin and Eddie Vogel.

The Outfit takes over

Guzik, before his kidnapping, was already well on his way toward being a has-been, but he wasn't quite bright enough to realize it. The Syndicate, Capone's legacy to Chicago, was being taken over by its junior executives. This syndicate, generally called The Outfit, is a sort of federation or holding company operating in various illegitimate, semilegitimate and legitimate fields of business. The fields include gambling, bookmaking, night clubs, towel-renting to Loop hotels, cleaning and dyeing, labor-leading, maintenance of cigaret and other vending machines, brewing, bottled water and, in season, operating slot machines.

The Outfit, according to Chicago police, is run by Tony Accardo, Murray Humphreys and "Red" Fawcett. Accardo, 39, 5 ft. 11 in., 187 lb. and a very cold character who has seldom had his picture in the papers, is believed to be the kingpin. In his youth Accardo was chauffeur and bodyguard to Scarface Al himself. In recent years Accardo has graduated from gun-toting and displayed considerable leadership. Murray Humphreys is known to hoods as "The Hump" or "Camel." James (Red) Fawcett has a baby face but an eager trigger finger.

Loyal to the gangland code, Guzik when he reappeared denied he had been kidnapped. Jumpy-looking, mussed up and unkempt and with a two days' growth of beard, Guzik walked late one night into a West Side drugstore. To the press Guzik said, "The whole thing was a lot of newspaper notoriety, a lot of fuss about nothing. On the way back from Willow Springs, I ran into a couple of fellows who wanted to talk to me. We went somewhere and talked a while. There was no ransom demand, no shots fired and no ransom paid."



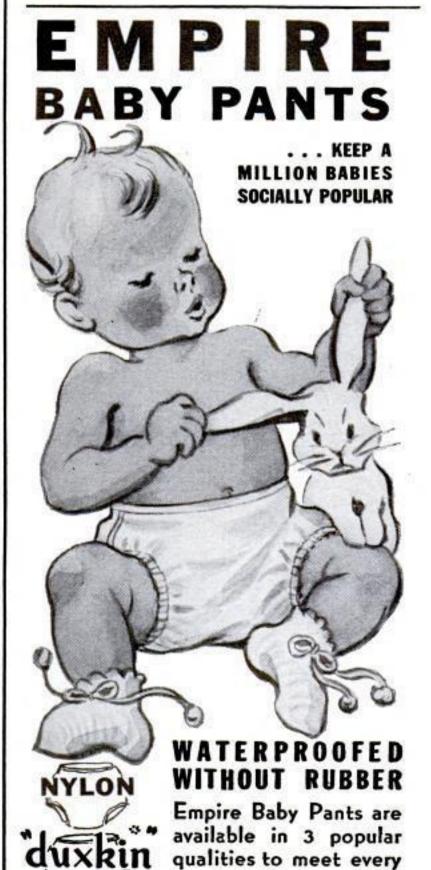
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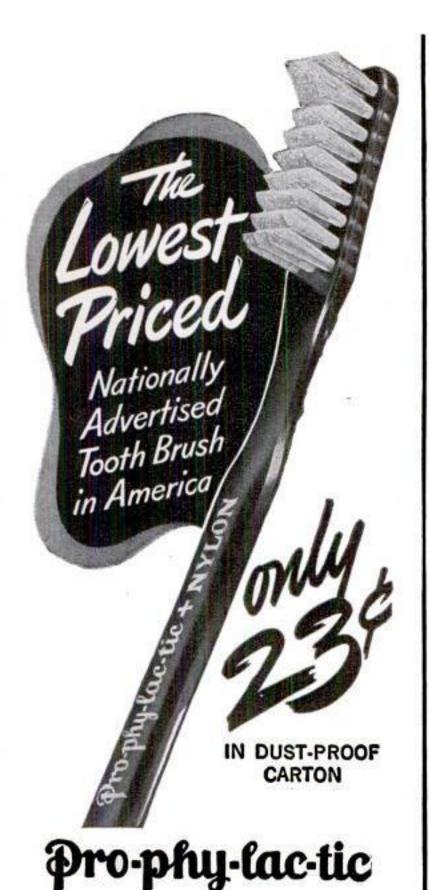
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NYLON



There are reports that between \$25,000 and \$100,000 was
paid for his freedom, but the
main motive seems to have
been control of the rackets.
Guzik has been given his last
warning by his junior partners
of The Outfit. The Sun, which
seems to have the inside track
on the Guzik case, actually
quoted their warning: "From
now on we count all the money.
You run everything just as you
always did, but we'll take
charge of the cash register."

With the town already tense over the Guzik kidnapping, Chicago soon had a new gangland cadaver on its hands. This one was James Daniel Larkin, 51, a former horse trainer. Larkin had been shot through the head in the rear room of a Cicero tavern called the Hall of Fame. Owner of the Hall of Fame is Matthew Capone, 35, strapping, opera-loving kid brother of Scarface Al.

Brother Matt is indicted

From tales told police by various persons who had been drinking with Larkin and Capone the night before, it appeared that Brother Matt, who attended Villanova College on Brother Al's money when The Syndicate was in its Prohibition heyday and who had never before been in a bigtime scrape, had fallen into a drunken argument with Larkin. One shoe off and one shoe on, bloody and covered with dirt, Larkin's body was found next morning in an alley off South Kildare Avenue.

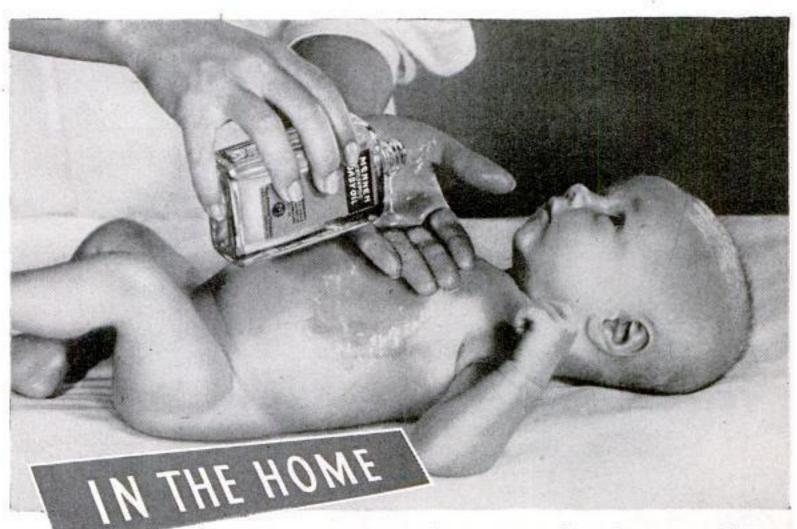
Meanwhile, to evade subpoenas to appear before a grand jury investigating gangland's revival in Chicago, Jack Guzik toddled off to Hot Springs, Ark., and his chief aide, Hymie Levin, went to see the Mayo brothers at Rochester, Minn. The grand jury didn't find out much about the Guzik kidnapping, but it did manage to come up with an indictment of Matt Capone for the Larkin murder. Capone, however, has been "on the lam" ever since the cops started to look for him.

The cops haven't been able to devote all their energies to the Capone hunt because other gangland matters have come up. Six days after Larkin was eliminated, Peter ("Mibb") Gallichio, part-owner of a North Side poolroom, was ambushed by unidentified hoodlums. Of the dozen shots fired at Gallichio, one lodged in his brain, but he managed to survive.

"What does it all add up to?" asked the Sun editorially, then answered itself, "Something big is afoot in the rackets."



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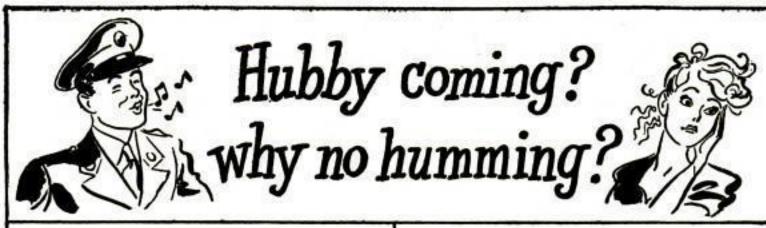
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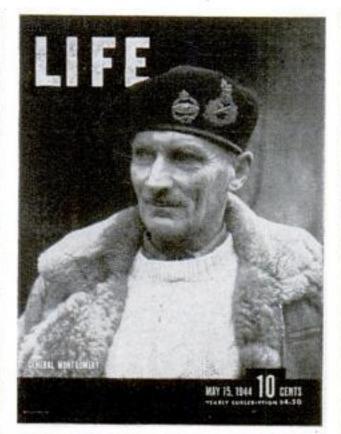
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LIFE'S COVER: General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery was born in Donegal, Ireland, 56 years ago. He took part in Dunkirk retreat, was given Order of the Bath and made a full general after his Eighth Army chased Germans out of North Africa. After Sicilian victory he fought on in Italy until called home last December to command British ground forces under General Eisenhower. For more on the Monty Legend, see page 53.

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A MAN, A MAID AND THE MINUET



"The Minuet," an interpretation of the third movement of Haydn's Symphony Number 94 in G Major ("Surprise"), painted for the Capehart Collection by Leon Karp. The painting is done in the romantic mood of the music and depicts two young people executing one of the graceful steps of the minuet. The artist has deftly caught the quality of an 18th Century miniature. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

HE curtsies deep as he touches her finger-tips. Violins sing for them in silken notes. The room is perfumed with musk and hyacinth. Great chandeliers light the dancers past drifting figures of satin and brocade. The melody tells their footsteps, tells their heart-beats . . . tells them that the minuet has just begun!

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Vol. 16, No. 20

LIFE

May 15, 1944

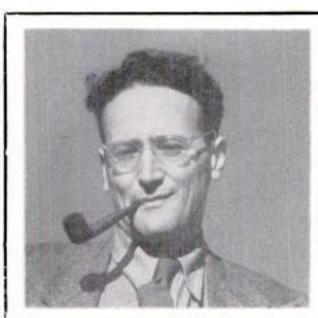
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CONTENTS

THE WEEK S EVENTS	
American Invaders in England	21
Editorial: Friends of the Wounded	28
Wounded Veteran of Anzio	29
Washington Buries Secretary Knox	30
Voting in the South	32
ARTICLES	
The "Monty" Legend, by Joseph J. Thorndike Jr.	53
The Chimneys of Leipzig, by Barbara, Christina and Sybilla Knauth	100
PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY	
	046
War Production in the U. S	91
NATURAL HISTORY	
Babytime at the Zoo	11/22
Babytime at the Zoo	43
MODERN LIVING	
High-School Fads	ativacania Ar
High-School Fads	65
ART	
The beauty of th	40.00
Thomas Eakins	
MOVIES	
"The Hitler Gang"	18
ARMY & NAVY	
Aces of World War II	
Aces of World War II	85
OTHER DEPARTMENTS	
Letters to the Editors	
Speaking of Pictures: Hands Accent Indonesian Dances	
LIFE's Reports: Gangland Stirs Again, by Gene Cook and Robert Hagy LIFE Goes to Shirley Temple's Birthday Party	
Disturce to the Editors	122
Pictures to the Editors	1//
Ar .	

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Taking the magnificent industrial photographs for the essay on U. S. war production (see pp. 91-99) involved Andreas Feininger in his second long transcontinental trip within a year. The first, made last summer for his "American Names" essay (LIFE, Jan. 31), took Feininger from Nantucket to San Francisco. The production story took him from Schenectady to San Diego. Stopping at 12 factories, Feininger spent seven weeks on the job.

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COVER-GEORGE RODGER

4—CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

8, 9, 10—MARIE HANSEN

21, 22, 23—FRANK SCHERSCHEL 24—BRITISH OFFICIAL

25-NEWSREEL POOL exc. t. BRITISH COM-

BINE
26—BOB LANDRY

27—FRANK SCHERSCHEL 29—GEORGE SILK

30, 31—GEORGE SKADDING, GEORGE TAMES (2)—GEORGE SKADDING,

32—THOS. D. MCAVOY—EDWARD CLARK
33—EDWARD CLARK

34—EDWARD CLARK EXC. f. A. P.

37—HARRY PENNINGTON, JIMMY PRICE
—HARRY PENNINGTON

38—THOS. D. MCAVOY—EDWARD CLARK 40—EDWARD CLARK exc. bot. WILLIAM DAVID BELL

43—EDWARD CLARK—YLLA from RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE 44—EDWARD CLARK

(3), rt. PHOTO ASSOCIATES (2)
46, 47—WALLACE KIRKLAND — GEORGE

SKADDING
48—EDWARD CLARK—WALLACE KIRK-

53—BRITISH OFFICIAL

54—P. L.

56—BRITISH OFFICIAL 58—GEORGE RODGER

60—BRITISH OFFICIAL

65—HAROLD TRUDEAU
66—EARL HENSE—ROBERT BURNS

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67-EDWARD CLARK-JAMES LAUGHEAD

70, 71—JAMES LAUGHEAD—HAROLD TRU-

72—Courtesy THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM

73, 74—FERNAND BOURGES, courtesy

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

75-FERNAND BOURGES, courtesy UNI-

OF ART-courtesy THE METROPOLITAN

69-BARL HENSE-JAMES LAUGHEAD

DEAU-HAROLD TRUDEAU

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MUSEUM OF ART

68-ROBERT BURNS

104, 106, 109—NORMAN MINGO 112—MAX POHLY—B, S. 115—TONI NICHOLS 116, 117—HAROLD TRUDEAU

118-T. CULVER SERVICE (2)

121-Bot. HAROLD TRUDEAU

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But even now, there aren't nearly as many of her as there were, and she's not so experienced, and she's serving more of you civilians than ever, too. So if she can't always give you service right up to the old-time Fred Harvey standard, we know you will understand.

We appreciate your good natured patience. Just remember... when it's all over this young lady will be more numerous...with more time to serve your Fred Harvey meal in the tradition of hospitality you have come to expect.

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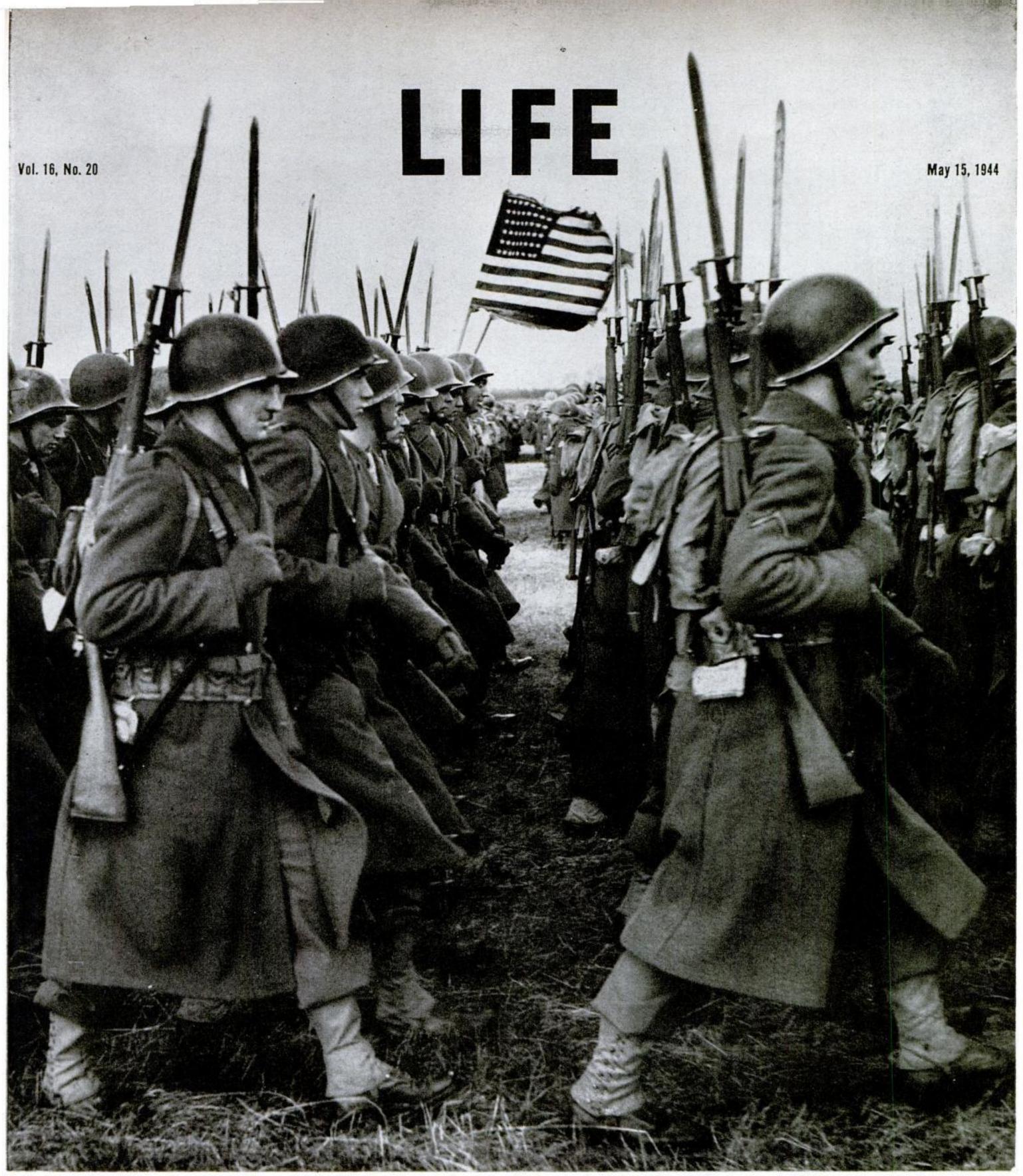
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AMERICAN INVADERS MASS IN ENGLAND

There are probably more fit young men in England than in the U.S. today. Presently, the American young men in England, in conjunction with Englishmen, Scots, Irishmen, Canadians, Norwegians, Poles, Belgians, Dutchmen, Czechs and Frenchmen, will leave England to do a job. The job will be the toughest American soldiers have ever taken on. It will be to breach the steel and concrete shore of Europe and

annihilate the crafty and blooded armies of the Nazi Reich. The expectations are that they will do the job, but some will die doing it. Before they have died they will have confronted the Nazi with the qualities of the man America produces in the year 1944. Some of these men in England are shown on the following pages. Here at home those who pray may pray now for the immediate future of these American men. A responsible Army official has estimated that total casualties in the first month of the invasion, including wounded and prisoners, will come to 150,000.

D-Day (the D stands for Day) is Adolf Hitler's No. 1 concern today. The Germans have announced that D-Day will be preceded by a rolling Russian offensive and a concentrated air bombardment. The air bombardment has been on now for three weeks.

GEN. EISENHOWER INSPECTS ALLIED INVASION FORCES

The commander in chief of the invasion—British, American and Allied—is General Dwight David ("Ike") Eisenhower, whose unmistakably American face is shown on these pages. He has already received Russia's highest military award, the Order of Suvorov, First Class, and Britain's highest literary

award, membership in The Athenaeum Club. The Germans describe him thus: "The American General has an athletic appearance, full health and strength, a well-formed head and jaw showing great will, and is a man whom his countrymen would call a he-man." For four full months now he has worked with his



General Eisenhower sizes up the American men he has to deal with. One corporal sized up Eisenhower: "He looks sort of like the guys you know at home." Behind him here is the keen,

clenched face of Montgomery, the British field commander, who is now engaged in one of the most detailed inspections of the invasion troops ever attempted by a modern general.



The commander in chief (standing, with binoculars) watches maneuvers with steady hands. The setting is an M-4 Sherman tank. Prostrate is Eisenhower's deputy, Air Chief Marshal

Tedder, who has worked up the intimate coordination of the allied air forces with the allied ground forces. The air of sober optimism in allied headquarters is most marked in airmen.

subordinates: Montgomery (see p. 53), Bradley, Tedder, Leigh-Mallory, Ramsay, Spaatz, Franklyn, Van Strydonck de Burkel (Belgium), Phaff (The Netherlands), Hansteen (Norway), Ingr (Czechoslovakia) and Sosnkowski (Poland).

His German opposite number is Field Marshal

Rommel, German field commanders are Field Marshal von Rundstedt (France & Belgium), von Falkenhausen (Belgium), von Falkenhorst (Norway), Hanneken (Denmark), Christiansen (The Netherlands).

The German strength is probably centered on Brest, Morlaix, St. Malo, Cherbourg, Dieppe, Le Havre, Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, Antwerp and Flushing, possibly a division at each, with a reserve of 15 divisions, all motorized, half armored. A substantial part of the world's steel is massed along the shores in innocent-looking houses, underground batteries, buried tanks, all waiting for Eisenhower's men.



The face of Eisenhower is mobile, frank and tough. He is exceedingly friendly and easy to get on with, but he can be brutal with the occasional officers who fumble or malinger. There

is no use in weighing a general's generalship before he has fought his big battle. General Eisenhower will be judged soon enough by events, as have been Pershing, Zhukov, Montgomery.



INVASION BY AIR WILL BE THE BIGGEST IN HISTORY

The U. S. and Britain have developed paratroopers and gliderborne troops to the point where they must not only seize guns and airfields and blow up bridges, but set up and hold a front in the enemy's rear. American paratroopers are the best equipped, British the most experienced, the exiled governments' troops the most bloodthirsty. By parachute or glider these forces, the biggest ever assembled anywhere, will land 75-mm. guns, bazookas, antitank guns, machine guns, explosives, jeeps, baby bulldozers, plus medical, signal corps and engineer units. These forces may capture whole cities well inside the German defense perimeter and hold them against German reinforcements, thus blocking German roads to Allied landing points. They may assault from the rear the coastal ports, at the same time sea-borne troops are attacking from the sea. These extra-skilled, extra-hardened young men constitute the Allies' best hope for total surprise.

The special nightmare for the Germans is that the Allied airborne commanders can feint with small forces until the last hour, revise their plans until the last minute and then throw their main forces at the most damaging possible point at the last second. Last week Adolf Hitler did what he could about this by moving his paratroop expert, Lieut. General Kurt Student, and picked airborne troops to positions on invasion coast.





Just before the jump, a planeload of U.S. paratroopers is shown receiving cigarets from the jumpmaster. The officers and men usually wear insignia under lapel, carry Garands,

carbines or submachine guns. Their uniform has now been adapted for regular infantry use. Notice (bottom center) the "static lines" that automatically release the 'trooper's back

parachute 15 feet below and behind the plane. He has a smaller, reserve parachute on his chest. A jump is usually from 600 feet up, taking about 45 seconds to the ground.

The Invaders (continued)



The coast of England is much like the coast of the continent of Europe, and so for months past the Americans have been mock-invading it in preparation. Here the American infantry slides up a Devonshire beach near Dartmouth, whose double they may find on the coast of

Europe. Notice heavy invasion packs with entrenching tools, mortar (left center), walkie-talkie aerial. Men are wearing old uniforms, to be replaced. Though this resembles many a photograph of South Pacific Marines in action, the Marines will not join this landing.



The faces the Germans would like to see, the commanding generals and staff officers of the U.S. divisions and corps, are on the other side of these grim-backed figures watching American maneuvers in England. These officers have had up to three years to teach their men the

skills of war. How well they have done so will be tested on the Continent. Relatively few U.S. infantry divisions, beyond those now in Italy and the Pacific, have had training of actual combat. If they get a good break on their first meeting with the enemy, they are made.



AND STILL THEY COME, DOWN ALL DOCKS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, ON LAST STOP BEFORE FINAL SEA TRIP THAT WILL BRING THEM FACE TO FACE WITHITHE NAZI

FRIENDS OF THE WOUNDED

A MANUAL OF HOW TO TREAT THE DISABLED OF THIS WAR WHEN THEY RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE

"AND ANOTHER THING, 'LIFE'," writes a disabled parachutist in angry capital letters, "WHY DON'T YOU PUBLISH AN ARTICLE ON 'HOW TO TREAT THE HURT AND WOUNDED'? NOT ONLY IS THE PUBLIC INCONSIDERATE TO THE WOUNDED BUT THEY DO NOT OBSERVE THE ORDINARY RULES OF COURTESY. THEY ARE SADLY LACKING IN THE POWERS OF OBSERVATION.

"HERE I AM, A DISCHARGED CRIP-PLED VETERAN OF THIS WAR. I HAVE A HELL OF A TIME. I WOULD SWING ON MANY A PERSON IF I WAS JUST ABLE TO RAISE MY ARM."

The wounded are coming home. Already 1,220,036 men have been honorably discharged from the armed forces and have returned to civilian life. The exact percentage of those dischargees who were disabled in combat is secret, but there have been enough so that you have begun to see them—perhaps you have one of them in your home. Not all are as bitter as this parachutist, but many have just cause for complaint.

This page will serve for you as an elementary manual of behavior toward these hurt men.

Intelligence Is a Duty

First of all, it is your duty to be well-informed. If the man is close to you, you should be in touch with the nearest rehabilitation agency to find out all there is to know about the readjustments a wounded man must make, especially about how he can get a job. If you do not know what the best local agency is, call his draft board.

Second, it is essential that you realize that the men who are discharged from the armed forces in and after World War II are not cripples. They are men. The services do a spectacular job of rehabilitating them before turning them back into civilian life. Expert doctors do plastic surgery and supply prosthetics, or artificial parts, so that the man looks whole. Hospitals work hard at restoring confidence. In one, for instance, pretty girls come to the bedsides of men who are totally deaf. The girls engage the men in "conversation" by writing questions down and letting the men talk. After several such "talks," in which the girls catch the men's talk perfectly normally, perhaps after the men have had fun playing cards or other games, the girls reveal in an offhand way that they, too, are wholly deaf.

Third, be casual. Treat the man as if he were the normal human being he was before he went away, for that is what he wants to be now. In order to be casual, it may be necessary to be tough—not with him but with yourself. One of the most important things is not to show grief or pity. Exaggerated sympathy is far worse than no sympathy at all.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

There is no safe place on the Anzio beachhead. Even the sick and wounded are within range of German guns. In the picture on the opposite page Fourth, it is important to know that when he first gets home, the wounded man goes through a period of lethargy and apathy. He seems depressed and lazy. You must realize that this is a natural phenomenon and that you cannot expect him to take an immediate interest in civilian life. Do not scold him for loafing and indifference. Try, instead, to get his mind interested and his body busy—but without goading.

Fifth, never help him unless he shows that he wants your help. If he has only one hand, never cut his meat for him; he can and ought to do it himself. If he is on crutches, he will resent your taking his arm and fussing over his sitting down or standing up. Never tie his shoes, even though he seems to go through agony tying them himself. If necessary, but preferably only if he himself thinks of it, you can make things easy for him-by buying buckle shoes, for instance. But keep mechanical aids to a minimum, and especially avoid the noticeable ones, such as the complicated knife-and-fork-in-one which has been designed for one-armed men. Give him, instead, a razor-sharp steel-bladed knife and a reinforced fork that looks as much as possible like the rest of your table silver. If left alone he will invent his own devices and feel

On the other hand, you must bear in mind that disability is tiring. An artificial leg up to the hip is a burden as well as a support to its wearer. It is fastened to him with a harness which goes over his shoulders. He has to work when he walks. With every injury, new muscles must be trained, new habits formed. Friends can help by realizing, but not showing that they realize, how tiring the effort is.

A Sympathetic Ear Helps

surer of himself as a result.

Sixth, be natural and considerate in your conversation. He will talk about his disability when he wants to, but should not be probed and pestered with curiosity. Above all, if he wants to talk about his war experiences, do not cut right into his recital with amateur observations such as: "The other day I saw a ship tied up at a dock with a hole in it. It must have been torpedoed." If you cannot talk about war theaters, plane types, generals or battles with intelligence, it is better just to listen. Few things are so nerve-racking to returned soldiers as inaccuracies, half-understandings, eager interjections to show knowledge.

Seventh, don't stare. It is natural for people who have not been touched by calamity to be curious about those who have. But the most hurtful thing you can do is to fasten your eyes on a prosthetic hand or a glass eye. This is especially true in the case of facial deformities.

Eighth, never forget that a man's own family can make him more irritable than anyone else. You may be fond of him but you do not serve that fondness well if you coddle him and sigh, if you are too busy on his behalf, if you show any anxiety for his future—if, in short, you do not make yourself just as impersonal in his presence as his casual acquaintances are.

Besides these general rules, there are, of course, special treatments for different traumas. For instance, you can help a blinded man by rearranging the furniture in your home so that it is easiest for him to find his way around—and then never changing it. On behalf of an orthopedic casualty, you can find out what kind of chair he is especially comfortable in, and then have plenty of such chairs handy. For specific ideas for various handicaps, consult the specialized agencies, which the local chapter of the Red Cross will track down for you.

The Very Heart of a Comeback

At the very heart of the wounded man's comeback lies the question of his going back to work. Do not forget that Article VIII of the Selective Service Law says of honorably discharged men: "An employee of . . . a private employer, unless the employer's circumstances have so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable to do so, must be restored to his position or to a position of like seniority, status, and pay." But to benefit from this law, wounded men must apply for reemployment within 40 days after being discharged. If the injury disqualifies a man for his former job, his draft board will help him find work he can do.

There is one way in which families can help wounded men readjust themselves to work. That is not to forget that the man's first job may not be the best one for him. There is a discharged marine in Binghamton, N. Y., whose shoulder was so cruelly hurt in action on Guadalcanal, that certain tendons were destroyed and he could no longer lift, stretch, push, reach. He got a job lifting airplane propellers. He could not handle this job and lost it. He got another, pulling a heavy cart in a factory and lost that. After losing two more jobs, he became very depressed, thinking he would never find work he could do. Finally he got a job sitting at a table assembling camera parts with his fingers. Now he is leading a normal, happy life again.

But no one can help the returning wounded so much as the employers. They must not make these men feel that they are, or ever could be, objects of charity. They must not let them think they are being hired just because they were hurt. On the other hand, a decent sense of gratitude should give employers a sense of duty toward disabled fighters.

All this adds up to just one truth. The wounded man who comes home has many adjustments to make, but he will never make them unless his family, friends and fellow-workers take the trouble to adjust themselves to him.

trouble and was not hit until a shell exploded just outside his ward. The mesh of holes in background show how tent was sprayed by shell fragments.

Pfc. Robert Scullion of Salem, Ohio, holds Purple Heart given him for wound received in the beachhead hospital. He had been sent there for stomach



WASHINGTON BURIES KNOX

Notables and ordinary citizens attend his funeral

On May Day Frank Knox, newspaperman, Republican, soldier of two wars and secretary of the world's biggest navy, was buried among the heroes in Arlington National Cemetery. It was Washington's most impressive official funeral since the death of William Howard Taft in 1930. As the black caisson which bore the casket moved down Constitution Avenue, the thousands lined on the sidewalks saw just about every dignitary in the city. The list of honorary pallbearers, led by Acting Secretary of the Navy Forrestal and Admiral King (bottom center), read like the





WHITE HOUSE PARTY MOURNS AT ARLINGTON. IN SECOND ROW ARE HENRY WALLACE AND SECRETARY OF STATE HULL



PROCESSION TURNS AFTER CROSSING BRIDGE OVER THE



HONORARY PALLBEARERS SALUTE CAISSON. AT THE LEFT

opening pages of the Navy Register. Representing the President, who on doctor's orders had remained on vacation in the South, was a party which included Mrs. Roosevelt, Anna Boettiger, White House Aides Major General Watson and Rear Admiral Brown (bottom left). These were only part of the full weight of big names.

Although Washington was uncomfortably hot on May Day, the funeral was stately and beautiful. It began with a short ceremony in Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, where Frank Knox had worshipped. Over the flag-draped coffin and

gorgeous wreaths an organ and violin played Schubert's Are Maria. Dr. Fred Buschmeyer, Knox's pastor, conducted a simple service. A choir of 40 Navy men sang the Navy hymn Eternal Father, Strong to Save. At the Reflecting Pool of the Lincoln Memorial another choir sang Rock of Ages and Nearer My God to Thee. On Constitution Avenue the funeral procession was joined by battalions of Navy men, Coast Guardsmen, Marines, Waves, Spars and Women Marines. Then everyone filed across the Potomac and quietly watched as the body of a good man was laid to rest.

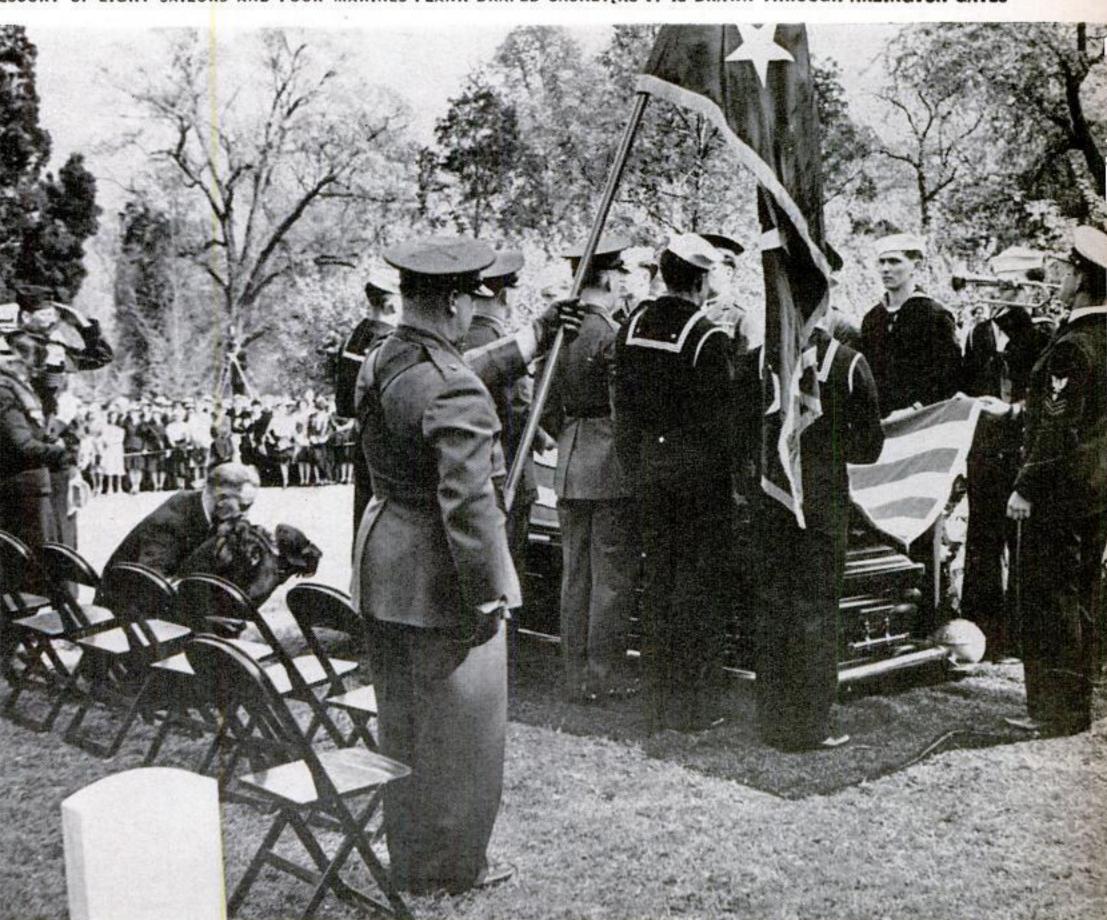




ARE ACTING SECRETARY FORRESTAL AND ADMIRAL KING



ESCORT OF EIGHT SAILORS AND FOUR MARINES FLANK DRAPED CASKET[AS IT IS DRAWN THROUGH ARLINGTON GATES



MRS. KNOX KNEELS (LEFT) AS BUGLER SOUNDS "TAPS" OVER CASKET. MARINE IN CENTER HOLDS SECRETARY'S FLAGI



The Hill-Simpson campaign in Alabama's Democratic primary was argued out in the courtrooms and main streets of little rural towns. Lister Hill, speaking, above, at Tuscumbia, defended his pro-Roosevelt record in the Senate, where he is Majority Whip and where he has

supported most New Deal measures. Jim Simpson attacked federal bureaucracy, wartime strikes, race equality and loss of power by the states. Below, in Hanceville, Simpson explains how Washington has pegged farm prices down while allowing other prices to go up.





BIG BILLBOARDS LIKE THIS WERE ON DISPLAY ALL OVER ALABAMA, URGING VOTERS TO VOTE FOR JIM SIMPSON. THE FENCE NEAR THE HOUSE AT LEFT ENCLOSES A FEW PIGS

VOTING IN THE SOUTH

Lever since April 3, when the Supreme Court ruled that Texas could not bar Negroes from voting in its Democratic primaries, there have been new and ominous political stirrings in the South. Some southern Negroes thought the decision would automatically open polls to them. By registering and paying their poll taxes they have been preparing to exercise the franchise. But most white Southerners have no intention of sharing their political rights with Negroes, regardless of the Supreme Court decision. In addition, a rising sense of race tension has been threatening to complicate an already complicated problem.

In Alabama last week Senator Lister Hill won renomination to the U.S. Senate by 25,000 votes in the state's Democratic primary. His victory over Jim Simpson, a Birmingham lawyer and president pro tem of the state senate, was a relative

HILL WINS ALABAMA PRIMARY, BUT SUPREME COURT DECISION FAILS TO LET NEGROES INTO THE POLLS

victory for race tolerance. Into the campaign Simpson injected the issue of white supremacy (see billboard above). His supporters accused Lister Hill of being a "nigger lover," of favoring the abolition of race segregation in the South. These charges were denied by Hill, who declared that he always had been in favor of white supremacy. He then went on to press his campaign, not on racial issues, but on his support of President Roosevelt and the war. Most of Alabama's farmers and laborers voted for him, and his victory was interpreted as an indication of the continued strength of the New Deal in the South.

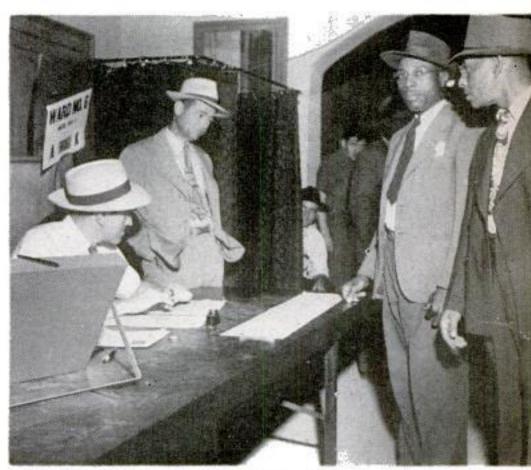
In the primary itself, very few Alabama Negroes got to vote. Some were allowed into the polls in Birmingham and a handful elsewhere. The pictures below show what happened on May 2 to groups of Negroes trying to vote in the city of Mobile.



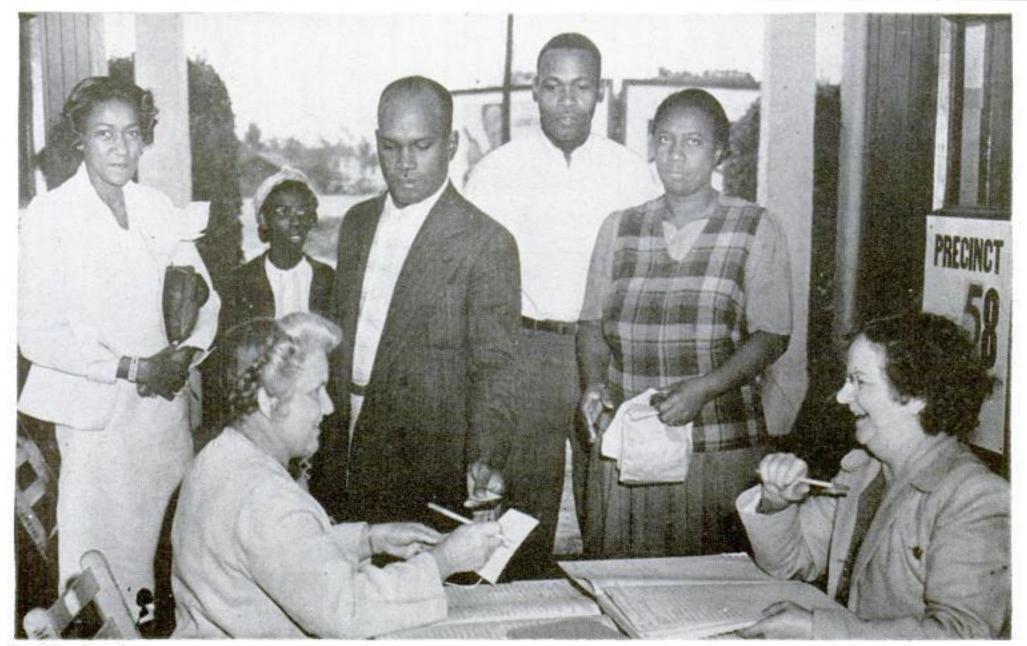
A group of Negroes in Mobile walks up to St. Joseph's Parish School to vote in the Democratic primary May 2. They have paid their poll tax and have been duly registered as voters.



They are refused entrance to the polls. A deputy sheriff bars door, saying, "This is a white primary. You can't vote here." The Negroes left quietly. There was no violence on either side.



Two other Negroes are refused permission to vote after being allowed inside a voting place. Some are told to take complaints to the courts. They plan to.



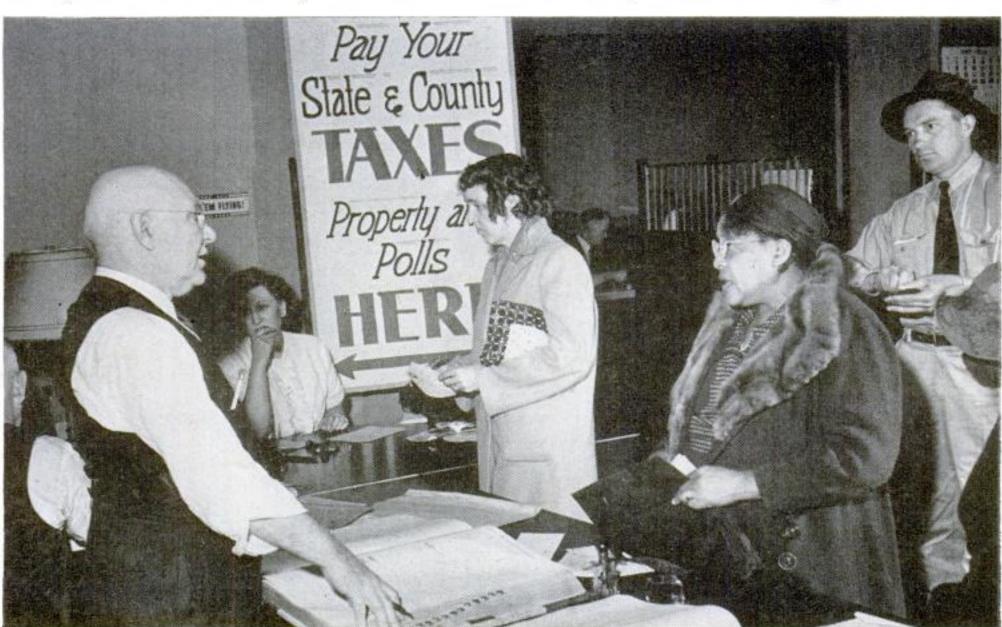
In Miami, Fla., May 2, Negroes voted in the Republican primary, but not in the Democratic primary which was kept exclusively white. In Miami's Dade County Negroes are

not permitted by law to register as Democrats, but some 8,000 of them are registered as Republicans or independents. Senator Claude Pepper won Democratic nomination.



In Atlanta, Ga., in which state voting age has been cut to 18, Negro high-school children are brought by their teacher to register. These kids were among 150 from Booker T.

Washington High School. There was no disturbance at any of the registration places and the Negroes were treated in the same way in which the white registrants are treated.



In Nashville, Tenn. a white woman and a colored woman pay their poll taxes. In Tennessee the legislature recently repealed state's poll tax. State Supreme Court, however,

ruled it did not have such power. The poll tax, it said, could be repealed only by constitutional amendment. Poll taxes actually keep more poor whites than Negroes from voting.

NEGRO REGISTRATION AND VOTING IS HEDGED AROUND WITH MANY RESTRICTIONS

In the South Negro voting is made difficult if not impossible with a variety of restrictions. There all campaign issues are settled in the Democratic primary, leaving the general election itself as something of a political appendix. To vote in a primary, Negroes (as well as whites) must first pay a poll tax (in eight states) and then register. But a series of legal technicalities, differing from state to state, are used to discourage the Negro from attempting to vote. In some states registration is closed months ahead of the primary so that the improvident Negro will not get around to it until too late. In other states residence or literacy qualifications are either strict, or enforced strictly where the Negro is concerned.

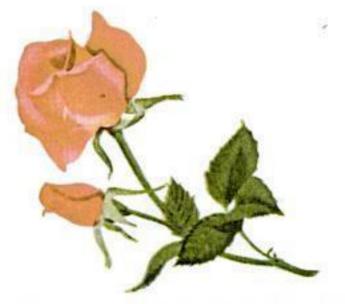
It is easier for Negroes in the large cities of the South to vote than in the rural areas. In some cities like Memphis Negroes are registered and voted as a bloc by the white machine boss who uses them to counterbalance the all-white rural vote. It is also easier for a well-educated Negro who is willing and financially able to take his case to the courts to vote, than for the uneducated masses. For the overwhelming majority of southern Negroes, however, voting is still something only the white man does.

Association for the Advancement of Colored People are attempting the dual job of arousing the Negroes' interest in voting and pressing the Negro-vote issue through the courts. They urge as many Negroes as possible to go to the polls. Last week their urgings were behind many Negroes who turned out to vote in Alabama and Florida and to register or pay poll taxes in Georgia and Tennessee. In some few places their people were permitted to vote; in most places they were turned away. But nowhere was there violence. White southerners apparently realize the conflict cannot be solved by physical means. And colored southerners had no desire to make a rough-and-tumble spectacle of their political ambitions.



A Negro student registers in Atlanta, Ga. The boy has been urged to do so by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The primary in Georgia is July 4.

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"No wonder they invite him so often"

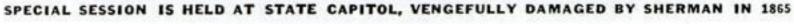
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FIVE SOLICITORS SEARCH STATE CODE FOR ALL LAWS PERTAINING TO PRIMARIES

SOUTH CAROLINA MOVES TO RETAIN WHITE SUPREMACY

A week after the Supreme Court's decision on Tex-as primaries Governor Johnston of South Carolina called a special session of the State Legislature to "repeal all laws pertaining to primaries in order to maintain white supremacy in our Democratic primaries." His idea was that if all such laws were

repealed, the primaries would be left without a legal basis. Hence they would not be subject to regulation by the courts (i. e., Supreme Court) and could be run any way South Carolina wanted to run them (i. e., without Negroes). In six frantic days about 170 statutory references to primaries were repealed.



FLOOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES JUST BEFORE GOVERNOR JOHNSTON AND MEMBERS OF THE STATE SENATE ENTERED FOR OPENING OF SPECIAL SESSION



Time was when Bob was quite a "dandy"—due in no small measure to the quick, clean, smooth shaves he got with his Schick Electric Shaver. But, when he carelessly dropped and broke it—well, you see from the picture what he preferred rather than go back to old-fashioned shaving methods!

If mishap should befall your Schick, don't miss out. True, our factory is too busy with its war job to build any new Schicks for the duration BUT—at any of the offices listed below you can get expert repairs and genuine Schick renewal parts—at low cost. Even a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head costs only \$3!*

Just to be safe, rather than sorry, why not take or mail your Schick in, today, for a check-up job of cleaning, lubricating and adjusting? The charge will be trifling!

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CHICAGO 3, ILL.
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CINCINNATI 2, OHIO
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LOS ANGELES 13. CALIF.
443 So. Spring St.

MIAMI 32. FLA.
112 Shoreland Arcade

MILWAUKEE 3. WIS.
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
Rm. 312

MINNEAPOLIS 2. MINN.
612 Andrus Bldg.

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
17 E. 42nd St., Rm. 600

NEWARK 2, N. J.
810 Raymond-Com. Bldg.

OKLAHOMA CITY 2. OKLA.
206 Hightower Bldg.

OMAHA 2. NEB.
647 Omaha Natl. Bk. Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA 7. PA.
912 Chestnut St.

PITTSBURGH 22, PA.
908 Investment Bldg.

PROVIDENCE 3, R. I.
506 Turks Head Bldg.

ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.
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ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
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SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.
787 Monadnock Bldg.

SEATTLE 1, WASH.
701 Republic Bldg.

WASHINGTON 5, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

Com. Bldg. Arcade

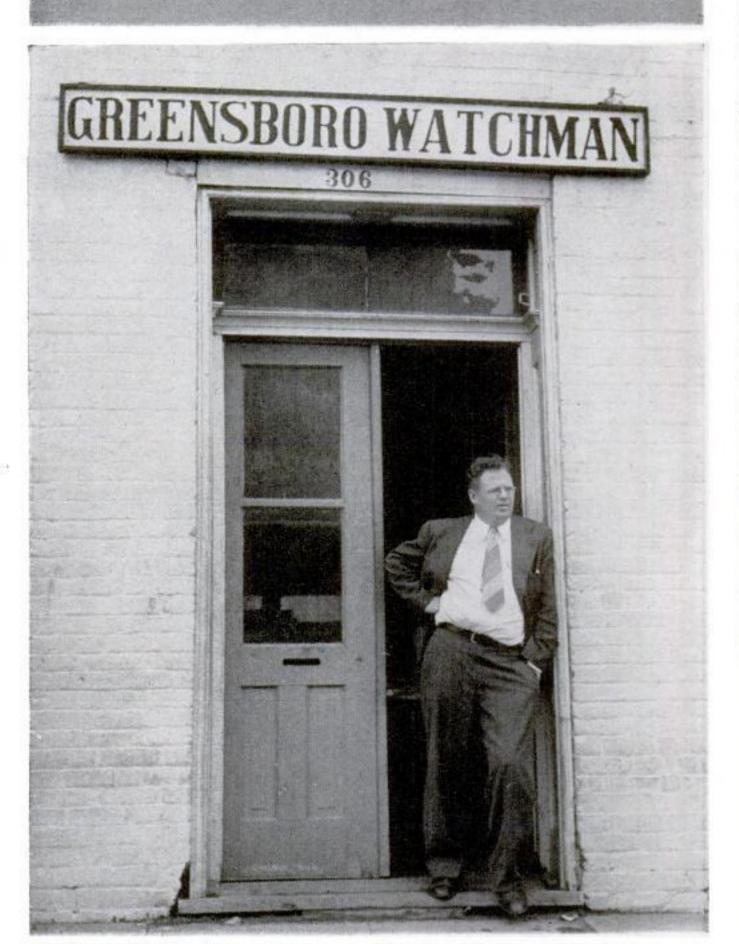
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SCHICK SCHICK SHAVER

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS



Hamner Cobbs, Greensboro Watchman and Southern Watchman editor, is famous as Alabama's most militant "white supremacy" newspaperman. He supported Simpson. Cobbs featured Mrs. Roosevelt meeting Negroes with such headlines as, "Eleanor Advised to Keep Nose Out of Dixie Problems," or, "Race Riot News Not Bad Reading, Says First Lady." Some southerners have protested Cobbs's type of journalism.



Ralph E. McGill, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is famous for his tolerance and depth of understanding of southern problems. He feels that the South must gradually change its attitude toward the Negroes, but realizes that any change cannot be arbitrarily imposed. He has always been a supporter of minority groups. He led the fight in 1942 to defeat Governor Talmadge, a militant "white supremacy" man.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



A cotton harness GUARDS HIS LIFE

"Never waste a life" is the precept and practice of our Army and Navy.

Every American flier must be protected by a parachute that is perfect in every detail. No pains are too great to make sure...doubly and triply sure...that the chute will open the instant he pulls the rip cord.

When that all-important moment comes, there is a mighty shock as if a giant hand suddenly slammed on the brakes. The harness that holds the flier to the chute must be strong to hold its human cargo firm.

Before the war and during its early months, parachute harness was made from linen or woven from imported longstaple cotton. Those materials rapidly grew scarce.

But the Army and Navy needed more and more parachutes, more and more harness. They demanded harness that would stand the strain as well or better than any ever used before.

Drawing on years of experience in its own textile mills, United States Rubber Company scientists found a way to transform plentiful American grown cotton into a new superstrength yarn...a yarn lighter and stronger than the materials used before the war.

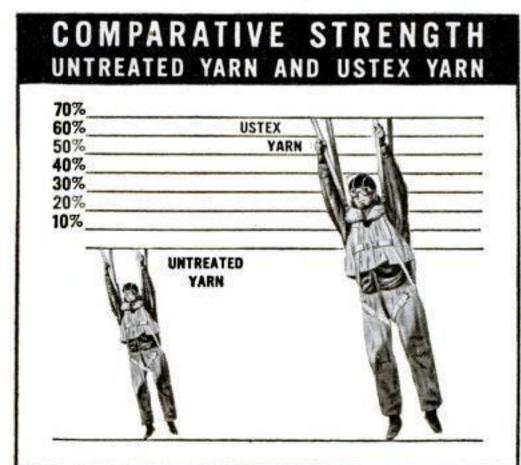
They called this new, stronger material Ustex yarn.

Today, parachute harness made from Ustex yarn is protecting the lives of American fliers and paratroopers all over the world...helping our military leaders carry out the American precept...never to waste a life.

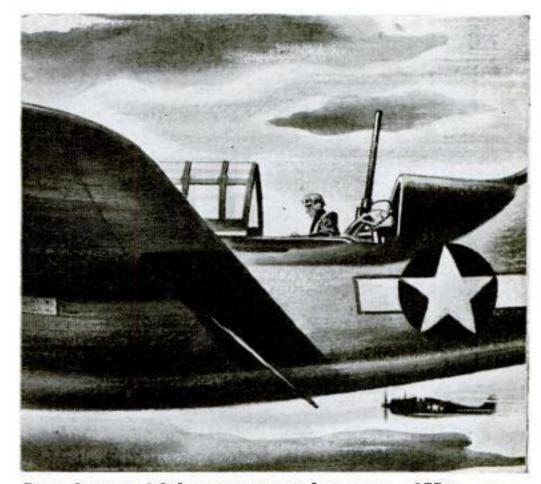
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE that men may live to build a better world



Ready for instant use, the parachute is strapped to the flier as a seat pack. A parachute is no stronger than the harness that holds it to the flier. It must be of great strength to stand two to four tons of shock when the parachute opens.



Ustex yarn is as much as 70% stronger than untreated yarn. This means that Ustex yarn has more than enough strength to take up the tremendous strain and shock. Today Ustex far surpasses linen both in strength and lightness.



Parachutes with harness strongly woven of Ustex yarn guard the lives of our fliers and airborne troops over every land and every ocean. This Navy aerial gunner is ready for any emergency, his chute firmly strapped to him by Ustex webbing.

Listen to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

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No other product at any price matches all of Vimms' advantages!

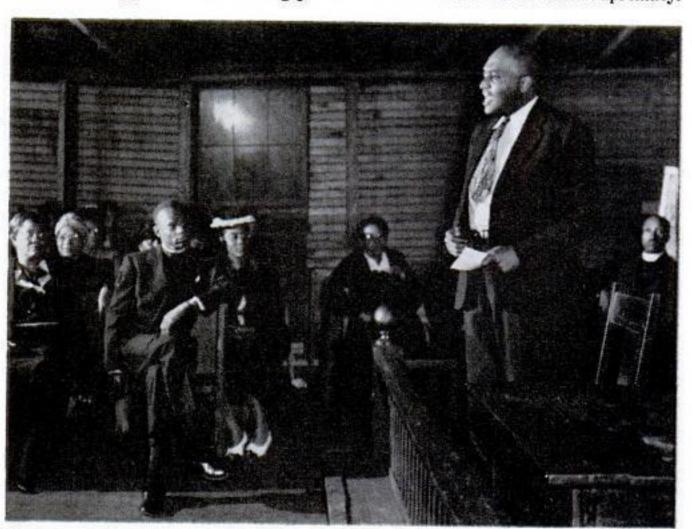
Vimms cost only a few cents a day. Take 3 Vimms at breakfast. Get them from your druggist—your qualified dealer. Lever Brothers Company, Pharmaceutical Division, Cambridge, Mass.



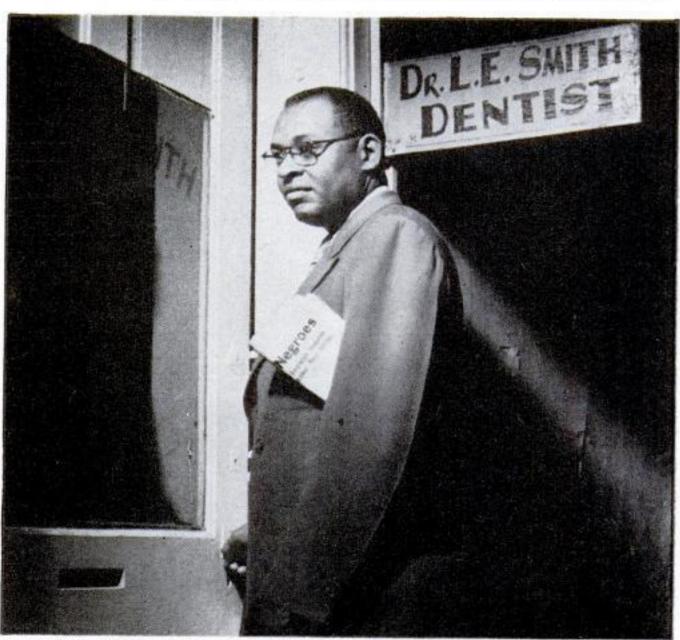
Voting in the South (continued)



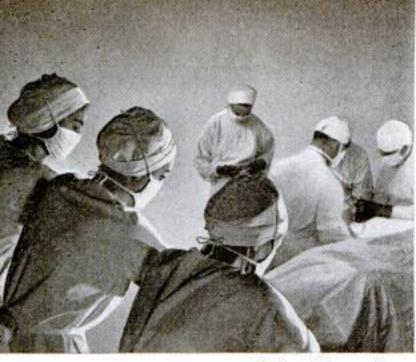
White men and Negroes meet in Southern Regional Council at Atlanta to work out "social, economic, political, and racial problems of the South." At meeting a resolution was approved condemning politicians who raise issue of white supremacy.



Negro candidate for Republican nomination to House of Representatives, John Calhoun, speaks in Atlanta: "Every man in Georgia has the right to register. Don't be scared... nobody's going to hurt you. Most of the white people are your friends."



Man behind Supreme Court decision is Lonnie E. Smith, who was barred from voting in a 1940 Democratic primary in Houston, Texas. On April 3, the Supreme Court ruled (8-1) that right to vote "may not be abridged by a State on account of race."



"A big advantage we Cadet Nurses have is that the course in most schools has been stepped up. It now takes only twenty-four to thirty months, where it used to take three years. If you're still in training when the war ends-and if you have at that time been enrolled for 90 days-you get your full course just the same."



"The Cadet uniform is so smart! It's for outdoor wear, and I don't think there's a better looking one in the women's services; but I'm glad it's optional. It is nice to be able to get into an honest-to-goodness dress now and then to remind yourself, and the boys, that you're a girl after all."



"Of course, I want to get married; but being a nurse doesn't mean that I can't. There are lots of chances to meet nice men, and there's free time for dates. In many schools, a girl can marry while she's still a student."



I signed up the very week I graduated"

"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year . . . the U. S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms-all are free . . . and we get a monthly allowance besides."

Free training with pay in the U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS



"Nursing's the war job with a future! There are so many opportunities-as an Army or Navy nurse, a public health or industrial health nurse, in child care, orthopedics, psychiatric nursing ..."



"I like my school-the work is fascinating, it's a comfortable, pleasant place-and the girls are fun. You're allowed to choose your own nursing school, you know, just as though you were going to college."



"It's a nice feeling to know that you're doing your part in the war, for even student nurses help release nurses for other war service. I love children, and can't wait to help with the new babies."



"Our allowance keeps me in spending money very nicely. It starts at \$15, jumps to \$20 after nine months, at least \$30 after twenty-one months."



Can you qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? High school graduate or college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Then mail the coupon today. *Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Mail coupon for FREE

booklet . . . giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

P. S. You girls who are entering you Senior Class in high school next fall are eligible to become Cadet Nurse Pledges if you qualify. Mail the

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Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.
Age High school graduate?
Graduation date
High school graduate this June?
High school senior next fall?
Present occupation, if any
Name
Name



The oil that's poison...to the Japs

This Jap ship is about to become a memory.

Half a mile away, and sixty feet below the surface, a voice with a Yankee twang will announce: "Two bull's-eyes! Take her down, Tommy".

That's an American submarine at work. She's come 3800 miles from her base—and has 3800 more miles to go to get home. The responsibility for seventy highly-trained American sea fighters and their \$8,000,000 weapon rests on her great Diesel engines.

The responsibility for those Diesels rests, to a large extent, on an amazing new detergentoil that lubricates them.

That oil has boosted the odds on their get-

ting to Japan's doorstep-and back-without engine trouble.

For it won't permit carbon to form beyond almost microscopic particles. They're prevented from "ganging up" to form the larger, gummy masses that clog lubrication holes, and ruin bearings; that cling to valves and make them stick; that cake, and cut down engine efficiency.

No, these tiny particles are held in suspension and rendered harmless. They actually are drained out at every oil-change, leaving the engine almost factory-clean!

Oils with detergent characteristics were developed by America's petroleum industry. Tide Water Associated, together with the other oil

companies, is now producing such oils in required quantities. There is no rivalry about it. We are concerned only with providing the Army and Navy with all they need for any purpose whatsoever — with perhaps a little over for essential civilian commercial use.

For the country's oil refiners are fighting as a unit. We have, where necessary, pooled equipment, shared patents and processes, in order to make our efforts most effective.

For ordinary business can't matter as much as the business that is taking American lads abroad. Our most important enterprise now is helping speed the day when they'll come back to us.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

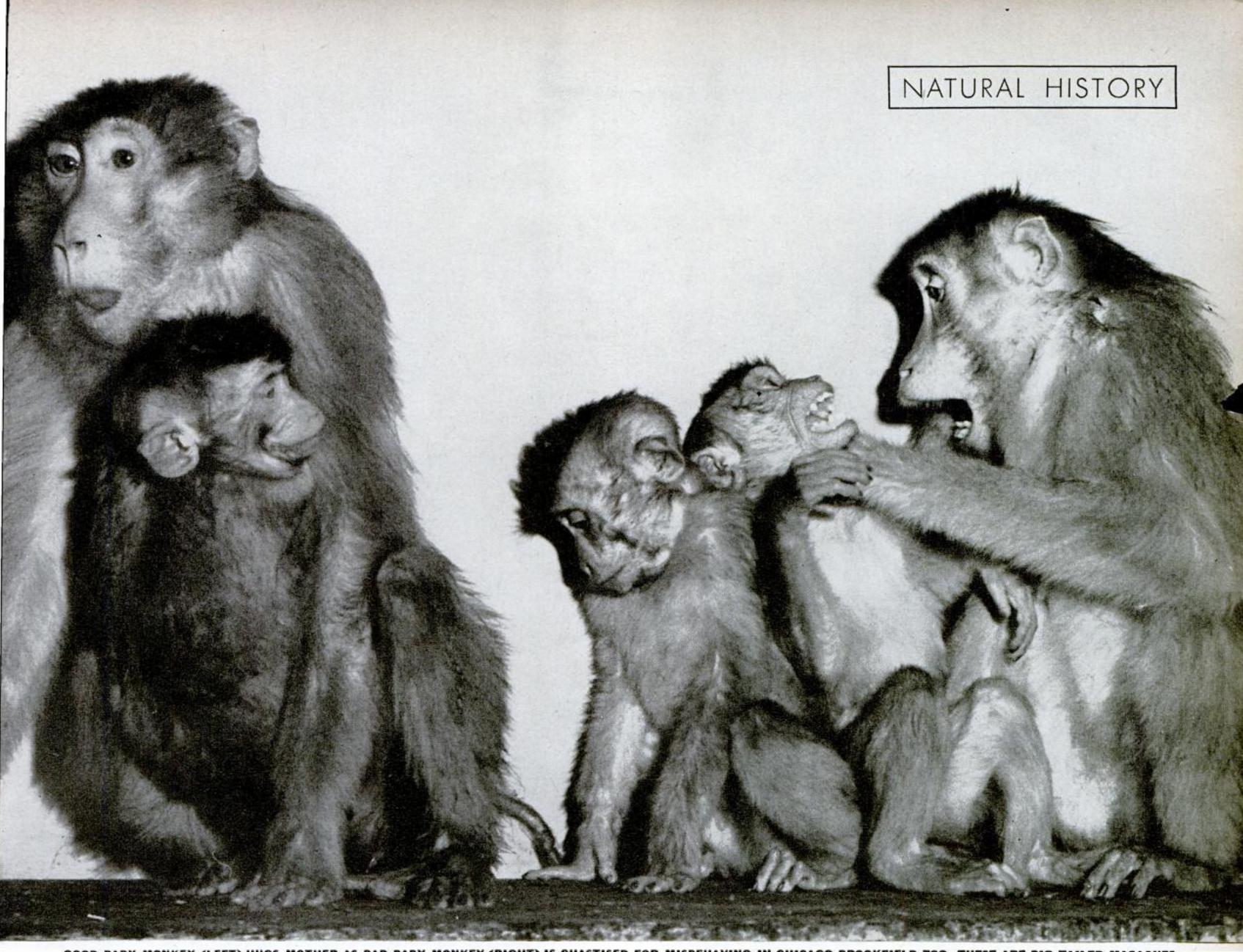
WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK - DON'T WASTE A DROP



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



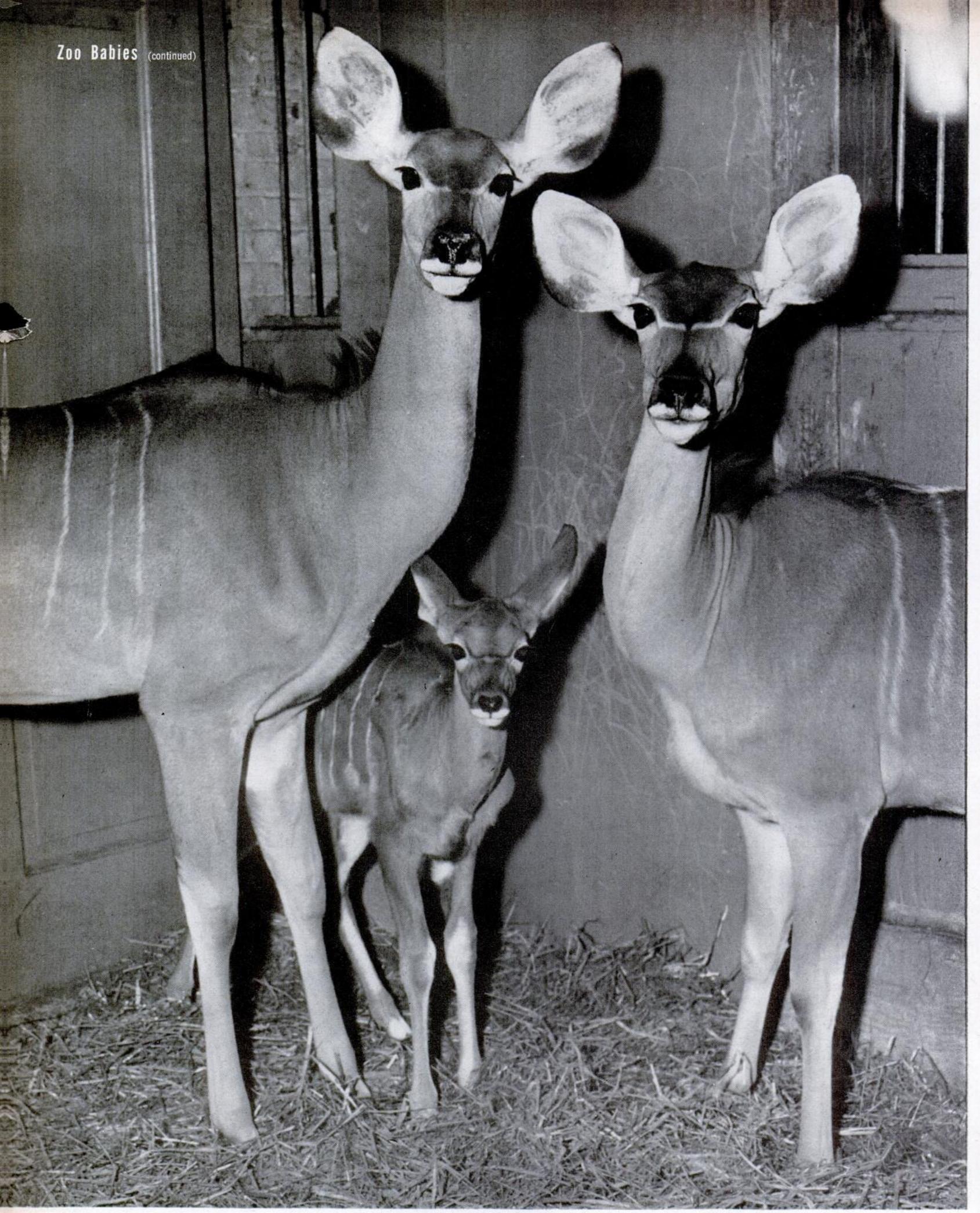
BABYTIME AT THE ZOO

Mother animals have new problems to solve now that their mating and waiting is over

700 babies are born almost any time during the year, but spring is L the time when they get their pictures taken. This year, as usual, there are all kinds of interesting new babies in the nation's zoos. The rarest are Philadelphia's twin kangaroos (see p. 45). Kangaroos aren't used to multiple births, and apparently the mother pushed one of the twins out of her pouch onto the floor of her cage. It is now being bottle-raised on a formula. The little monkey at right in the Bronx Zoo in N. Y. is obviously no worry to its mother, but the pig-tailed young ster in the photograph above (right of picture) is one of the worst-behaved babies in Chicago. He carried on so while this photograph was being taken that his mother grabbed him by the throat and gave him a shaking.

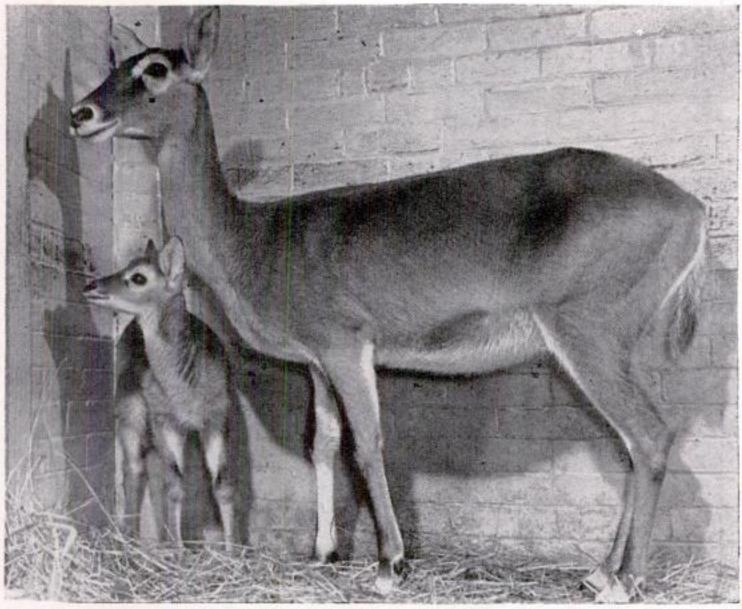
The monkey mothers on this page went through a worrisome seven months' pregnancy before their babies were born. That is the average gestation period for many types of monkeys. Among other mammals it varies widely. Some sample statistics: elephant, 21 months; whale and camel, 12 months; man, gorilla and kudu (see p. 44), nine months; lion, three-and-a-half months; mouse, 21 days. Whales have the biggest babies (seven tons and up) and opossums the smallest (12 of them will fit into a soupspoon). Animals that eat grass (deer, buffalo) have babies that can walk almost as soon as they are born. But the fierce flesh-eaters (bears, lions) are born blind and helpless (see p. 46-47).





The greater kudu is a big brown African antelope with perpendicular white stripes, knobby knees and oversized ears that look like antiaircraft sonic devices. It has the same gestation period as man: approximately 270 days. The two-month-old kudu shown standing between its

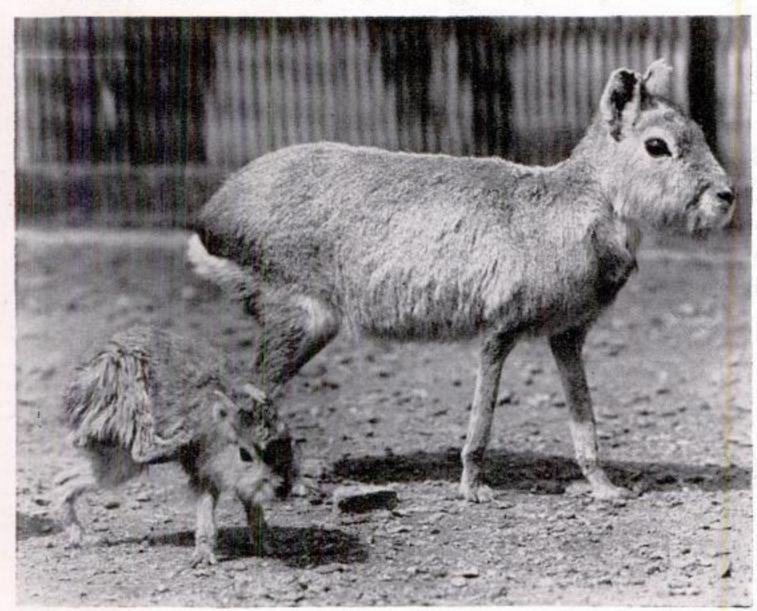
mother and another female, already has a name: "Grand Son o' Kruger," after Oom Paul Kruger, the Boer War leader. Like his mother and grandmother, he was born in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo. When he grows up he will be 5 feet tall and have a set of spirally twisting horns.



White-eared kob antelope was born March 13 at Bronx Zoo. Zoo babies get sick sometimes, and this one developed an infection that was difficult to treat because it was so easily frightened. It died on April 20 after an operation. The gestation period of the mother: 243 days.



Baby aoudads cluster around their parents in the Bronx Zoo. These shaggy beasts are also known as Barbary sheep. They look and act like American billy goats, are generally healthy in captivity and are very persistent and prolific in breeding. Their gestation period is 160 days.



Patagonian cavy is another Bronx Zoo baby. It was born March 19 and was able to find its own food the following day. Cavies are related to guinea pigs, have no tails, converse in faint squeaks and grunts, and they have only one or two babies a year. Gestation period: 90 days.



Baby kangaroo sees the world from mother Susie's pouch in Philadelphia Zoo (above). Below, its homeless twin is fed by Mrs. Isabelle Kauffeld, who also knitted the little sweater. Kangaroos rarely have twins and Susie dropped her extra baby on floor. Gestation period: 40 days.



Overheard in the bedroom ...

You're a smart shopper, Sis.
That negligee is two years old—and still charming!

It pays to buy the best. Like my wonderful Lady Pepperell Sheets! They're four years old—and lovelier after every washing!

Why Lady Pepperell Sheets are as strong as they are lovely . . .



BEAUTIFUL PEPPERELL PERCALES! Such lovely sheets—loomed dreamy smooth from strong, long-staple cotton. Very fine threads . . . high thread count . . . firm, close weave . . . and lustrous texture make Pepperell Percales lasting favorites.



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Read every word of this 23-page booklet to learn how to make Pepperell Sheets and blankets last until they are again available in normal quantities.

For your free copy of "Sheets and Blankets—How To Buy And Conserve Them," write: Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 165 State St., Boston 2, Mass.



Zoo Babies (continued)



This lioness in Pittsburgh Highland Park Zoo had five cubs but only four teats to feed them with, so the weakest one soon began to starve. The mother watched him



Baby Bactrian camel was born on March 31 in the Washington Zoo. Its two future humps already show in faint outline. Camels are stupid animals, too lazy to be really



with pitying eyes, weighed him in her mouth, finally ate him up one night as an act of mercy. Other cubs are now doing fine (see above). Gestation period: 90-105 days.



wild, too dumb to be tamed or taught. During mating season male camels emit loud bubbling roars and fight savagely with other males. Gestation period: 12 months.



TRUSHAY*...THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on <u>before</u> you tackle daily soap-andwater jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Like to serve your guests really good coffee . . . smartly, gracefully, in the modern manner? Then, use Nescafé . . . made in a moment without fuss or muss.



A quick cup of

FULL FLAVORED COFFEE

-that's Nescafé

FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, all the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

And Nescafé is so easy to prepare... a coffee extract, powdered for your convenience, it saves so much time and work. There's no coffee maker to get ready or to clean, no grounds to dispose of. Each cup is made to individual taste, always delicious, always the same.

Nescafé is economical, too, especially so as you make only the amount you want...you get all the advantages of Nescafé for about l¢ per cup.

MESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A
PARIS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE
(DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE)

ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR.

CONTINUE TO TAKE

THE NESCAFÉ WE MANUFACTURE.

Small quantities are available for civilians ... and grocers have Nescafé occasionally.

NESTLE'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. . NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Zoo Babies (continued)



Hartebeest in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo are the survivors of the last family of wild hartebeest on record. Once these big, red, fleet-footed antelopes ranged over all of Africa; now they are believed to be extinct. Their gestation period: 214-242 days.



Sicilian dwarf donkey in Pittsburgh Highland Park Zoo is named Thomas Jefferson. Its mother (right) stands only three feet high but has real donkey ears. She was a gift from Democratic chairman of Pennsylvania. Gestation period: about one year.



TODAY RCA radios and electronic equipment fight on world-wide battlefronts. At home, thousands enjoy the finest in radio-phonograph performance with RCA instruments like this one made

before the war. *Tomorrow* RCA radios and phonographs, advanced by wartime research, will contribute to the greater beauty and finer living of the American home. After the war, RCA will also bring

to fulfillment the glories of television, plus the RCA-developed FM Radio Circuit. RCA leads the way . . . in Radio . . . Television . . . Phonographs . . . Records . . . Tubes and Electronics.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA RCA VICTOR DIVISION · Camden, N. J.

CONVOYS CANT WAIT!

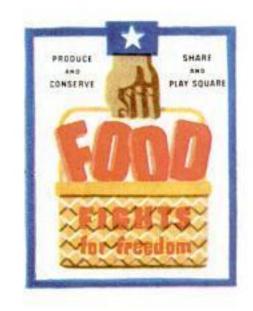


SAILING SCHEDULES FOR convoys are part of intricate military plans. Ships bearing food and supplies must arrive on time at the designated spot. Victory depends on it!

And that may very well be the reason why your own neighborhood retail meat dealer is at times short of meat or short of some particular *kind* of meat that you may want.

The nature of military demands for meat has brought to America's great livestock and meat industry problems never encountered before. But our fighting men and our fighting allies must be

fed—and meat is the mainstay of their diet. Meat proteins help build strong vigorous bodies, stamina, staying power.



The ranchers on the western ranges, the farmers, the railroads, the truckers, the meat-packing plants . . . from one end of America's meat-production line to the other, manpower and facilities have been strained as never before to produce meat in unprecedented quantities to meet the needs of war.

The men and women of Swift & Company regard with pride their part in this gigantic accomplishment. They're keeping Swift plants going twenty-four hours a day. And to compensate for the absence of almost 18,000 comrades now in active service, every man and woman is working harder than ever.

You, as a civilian, have accepted with understanding and patriotic spirit the inconvenience resulting from scarcity of

SWIFT & COMPANY

Swift pledges that these famous products



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM— Voted "best" by America in a nation-wide poll, Swift's Premium Ham affords maximum nutrition with minimum waste. You'll enjoy its famous mild, mellow flavor—the result of its brown sugar cure —whether you broil, bake or fry the center slices, bake

the butt, or boil the shank.



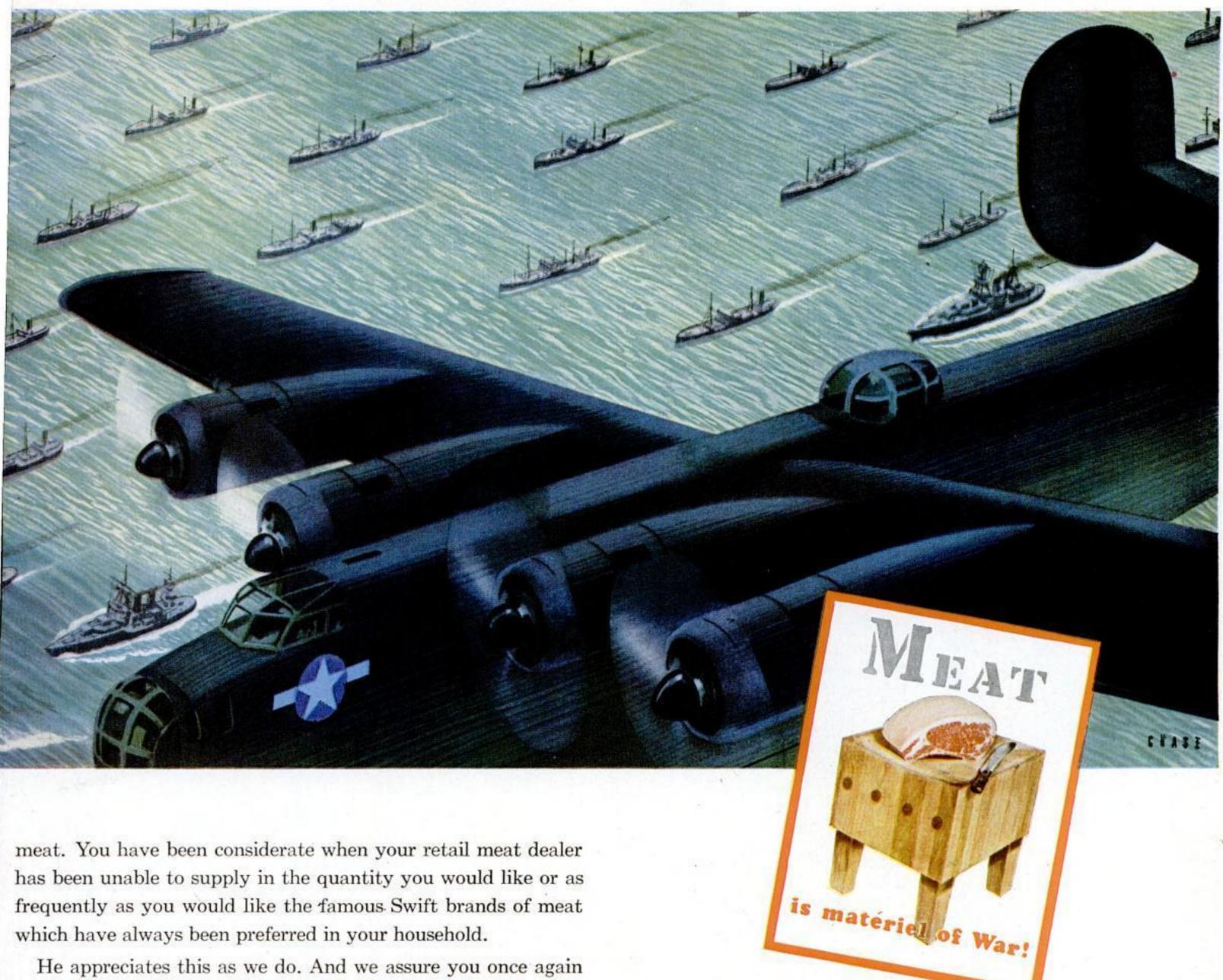
SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON

- not only assures you that "sweet smoke taste" that is the delight of millions but affords an extremely economical and flavorful way to "stretch" your share of meat. A single pound of bacon provides a main dish for four when served with vegetables or other plentiful foods.



SWIFT'S BRANDED BEEF-

of special value to homemakers. A Swift brand on fresh beef is your guarantee of quality. Look for these brand names when you buy: Swift's Premium, Swift's Select, Swift's Arrow. Although less of this better beef is now available, these Swift brands are still the finest of their type.



that Swift's Fair Distribution policy operates to insure that you and your meat dealer, no matter where you are located, get your fair share of available civilian supplies of products bearing the brands "Swift's Premium" and "Swift's Brookfield".

To Help You Conserve and Extend Your Meat, Swift Advertising in Women's Magazines and on the Radio Offers Practical Help and Suggestions.

SWIFT'S WARTIME POLICY—We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U.S. Government to help win the war. We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties, we will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure a fair share for all consumers everywhere.

Food Purveyors to the USA

will continue to be the finest of their kind



SWIFT'S BRANDED LAMBchops, roasts and other cuts of this fresh, tender lamb carry the brand name Swift's Premium right on the meat for your protection. We regret that this superb lamb may not always be obtainable now. But when it is, you can be sure of lamb of superior freshness and flavor



PREM — This delicious meat by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham is made from Premium quality meat, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. Prem is a particular wartime favorite because it's all meat and no waste. It comes ready to serve cold or can be made into a delicious hot meal.





FRANKFURTS - Juicier, finer-flavored, and made from quality beef and pork for extra nutrition. One pound serves four people -saves time, fuel and cuts shrinkage to a minimum. Swift makes them truly super-tender by tendering the skins in pineapple juice.





Thy can't you smile like husbands in the movies?" complained Elsie

"Movie Husbands get paid for smiling," bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I get leftovers for dinner. Smile? Bah, I won't even look pleasant."

"Those leftovers were delicious-as you would have found out if you'd tried them," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Besides, we can't waste food. Do you realize that nearly enough food to feed all our millions of fighting men for a year is wasted in American homes annually? Doesn't that make you stop and think?"

"Well, maybe," grunted Elmer, "but it doesn't make me feel much like laughing about leftovers. I'd rather have something good to eat."



"We get our share of good foods," insisted Elsie. "Take my Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk, for example. We take the finest milk a cow can give, then mix the cream all through it so there's cream in every sip. It tastes better, it's quicker-digesting, and there are 400 units of sunshine Vitamin D in every last quart!"

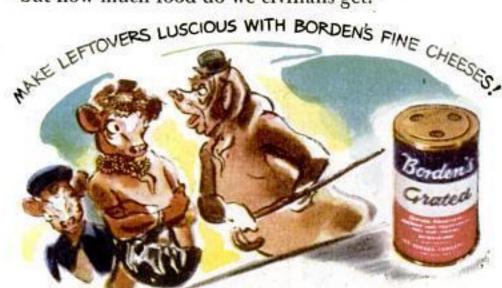
"Every time you take an example, it turns out to be Borden's Milk," sputtered Elmer. "I tell you there'd be plenty of food for everyone if we didn't ship so much stuff overseas."

"Our Allies overseas," said Elsie quietly, "get less than 10% of our food. That's not so much, but it gives them strength to fight our enemies. The harder they fight by our side, the sooner we'll win. I'm proud to



such as Borden's Evaporated Milk and powdered milk like Borden's Klim."

"You make everything sound swell," snorted Elmer, "but how much food do we civilians get?"



"Plenty," laughed Elsie. "Another 15% goes to our

Armed Forces, and we civilians get all the rest. That means home folks will get three quarters of all the huge amount of food to be produced in this country during the next 12 months. And, thanks to rationing, we'll each get a fair share of such valuable protein foods as Borden's Fine Cheeses. There's nothing like Borden's Cheeses to make leftovers taste like more."

"In that case," hinted Elmer, "it's a pity you didn't try a little of your precious cheese on that so-called meal you served me this evening."

"Gracious," smiled Elsie, "if you'd taken the trouble to taste it, you would have found out that I did. I no-



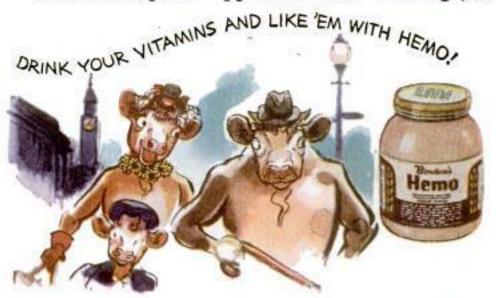
tice you ate the dessert all right. And no wonder. Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbet are not only delicious, they're nutritious dairy foods as well. The boys in our Armed Forces eat lots of ice cream."

"Sometimes I wonder if they don't eat too much," mused Elmer.

"These words come from your stomach and not from your heart," rebuked Elsie. "Our men in uniform deserve the best food available and all the food they need. Would you want it any other way?"

"Well, no, of course I wouldn't," admitted Elmer. "By golly, I'm going right home and eat those leftovers I turned up my nose at when we had dinner."

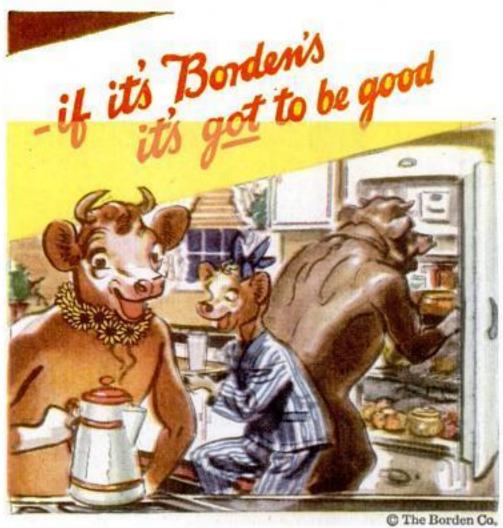
"That's the spirit," approved Elsie. "Hearing you



talk like that perks me up as much as a glass of Borden's Hemo. And scads of people say Hemo-the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em-is the perkiest milk drink they ever smacked a lip over."

"Stop talking or we'll miss our bus," mumbled Elmer, "and, woman, I'm hungry, I can hardly wait to get at the icebox and make Food Fight for Freedom!"

PRODUCE, CONSERVE, SHARE, PLAY SQUARE WITH FOOD.





THE "MONTY" LEGEND

GENERAL LEADING BRITISH WING OF INVASION BUILDS TROOP CONFIDENCE ON HIS PAST SUCCESSES

by JOSEPH J. THORNDIKE JR.

Imost every morning now a special train pulls A into some British town where troops are training for the invasion. General Montgomery comes out of one car, his Rolls Royce comes out of another, and the General is driven out to some open field where several thousand men are lined up at attention. Severe and straight, he walks down the long ranks, then jumps up on a jeep and says into a microphone: "Gather round me." The men break ranks and rush headlong to form a circle around him.

"I have come out here to see you," "Monty" says, "so that I can get a look at you and you get a look at me." He pauses. "Not that I'm much to look at, I guess." The men laugh. Then he tells them what a fine-looking bunch of men they are. He says that the greatest thing an army can have is a feeling of confidence between the commander and his men. He talks a little about the German soldier. ("He's good but he can't think for himself. He has to follow orders.") He says that the second front has already started with the air bombardment of Germany. He finishes on a note of confidence: "I never put an army in action until

I know it can win. We're going to give the enemy one hard blow and that will finish him."

The soldiers cheer and shout "Monty! Monty!" as the little General jumps down and speeds away to see more of his troops.

For almost two months now Monty has been traveling up and down, back and forth across the British Isles, talking to the troops he will lead in the great invasion. Soon he will have seen virtually every fighting man in these islands. It is a gigantic process of getting acquainted which has never been matched by any commander of any modern army. By carrying it out Monty has gained a unique hold on his troops. He has also added a new chapter to a military saga which has been building up for nearly two years —the Monty Legend.

It is possible to put a precise date on the beginning of the Monty Legend. It began on Aug.

3, 1942, the day when Monty arrived in Cairo on his way to take command of the Eighth Army. He came with none of the fanfare or build-up that had preceded the earlier commanders of the desert army-Wavell, Wilson, Cunningham, Ritchie, Auchinleck. The only thing the Eighth Army knew about this little Irishman was that he came as second choice. General "Strafer" Gott, the first choice, had been killed in a plane crash on his way to Cairo to take command.

Monty, on the other hand, knew a good deal about the Eighth Army. Twice it had chased the enemy halfway across the western desert, and twice the enemy had turned to drive it back. Now it was spread out across the sands with its back to Cairo digging in for another battle. Behind it the machines of war were arriving in quantities the Eighth had not had before, but the Army was without confidence, trusting neither itself nor its leaders. And Rommel was getting ready to attack.

Monty walked into his headquarters and said to General Auchinleck's chief of staff: "What are you doing?" "Preparing the plans for retreat,

sir," replied the officer. "Tear them up," said Monty and walked out.

He found another officer who was arranging for transport to take the retreating troops east of Cairo. "You have no transport," said Monty. "I have taken it all away for the attack."

Then Monty went out to see the troops. He found some of them digging a trench behind the front lines. "You can stop digging," said Monty. "The Germans aren't going to get this far."

In a few days these stories were known throughout the Eighth Army. The spirit of the Army turned from depression to hope. Then Monty called all his officers together in a meeting. It was in the desert, within easy bombing range of the Germans, and someone suggested that the Germans might hear of the meeting and drop some bombs in it. "Fine," said Monty. "Let them know what manner of men we are."

Monty spoke to his officers. "The enemy is going to attack," he said. "If he attacks within a week, things may be difficult. If he attacks in a fortnight-well-not so bad. If he waits till the next moon, that's fine-fine."

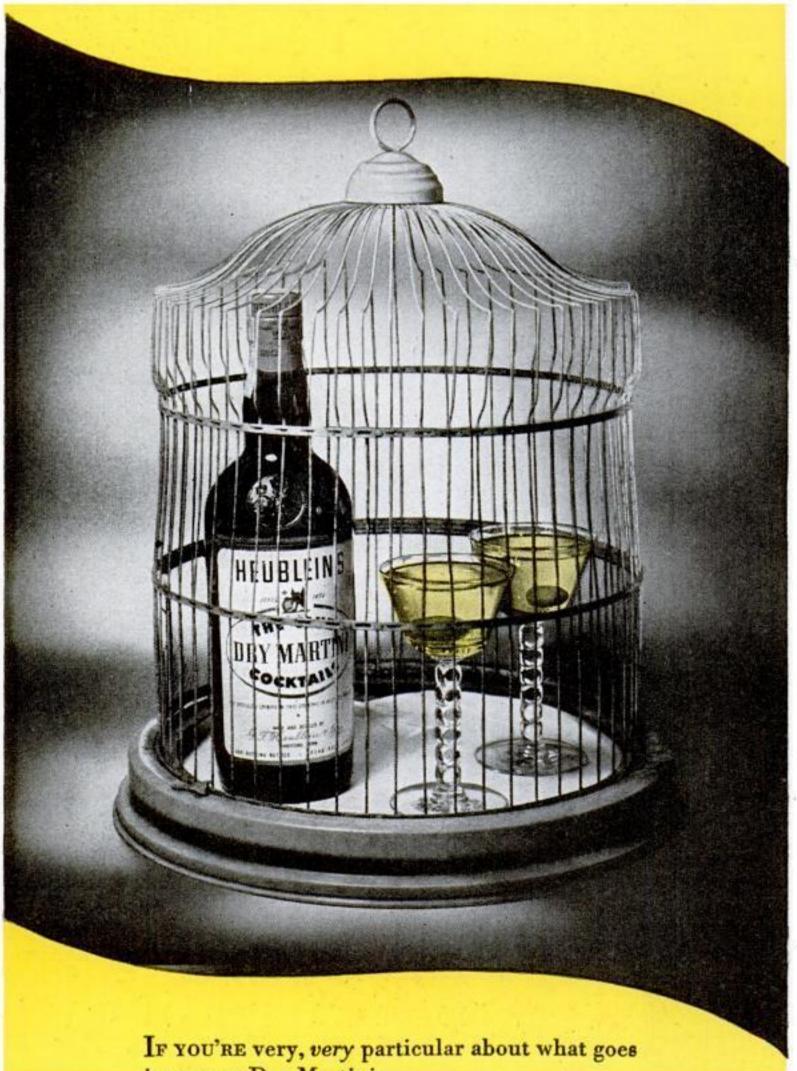
Rommel attacked in a fortnight. The British line held, and seven weeks later Monty launched his own attack at El Alamein. "The battle which is now to begin," he told his army, "will be one of the decisive battles of history. It will be the turning point of the war." But Monty did not bother to watch the first phase of the battle. An hour before the British barrage began he went to bed in his desert caravan. He thought for a while, read a bit of the Bible and then slept soundly. In the morning he arose, calm and fresh, to go out among his men.

The Monty Legend springs from the particular conception which Monty has of a general's function. It is an unusual conception for these times. The typical modern commander in chief likes to compare himself to the head of a huge corporation, sitting at the top of a great administrative



MONTGOMERY'S HIGH, QUIET, SLIGHTLY LISPING VOICE INSPIRES HIS SOLDIER AUDIENCES

It's the cagey thing to do



into your Dry Martinis...

Take note: These Dry Martinis are made with scarce and precious MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest Dry Vermouth.

Just ask your liquor store for Heublein's Dry Martinis - perfectly mixed, ready to add ice and serve. It's the cagey thing to do.

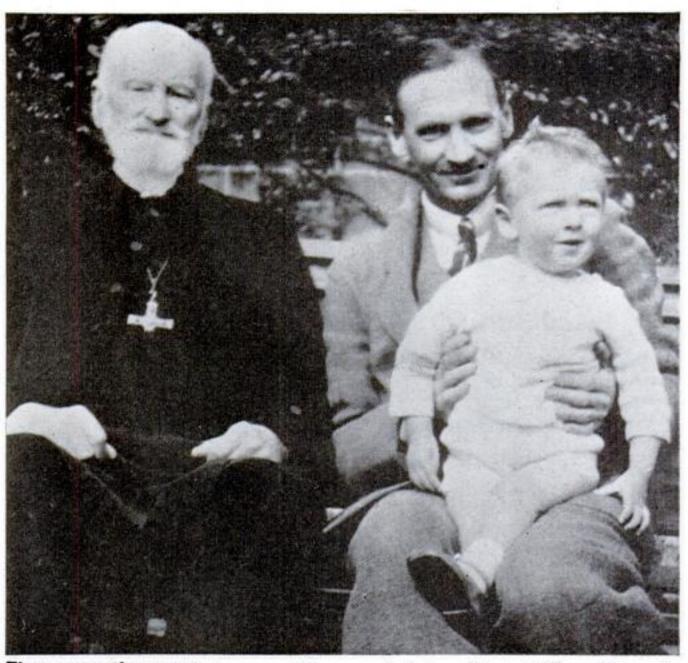
THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Manhattan, 65 proof • Dry Martini, 71 proof Martini medium, 60 proof • Side Car, 60 proof Old Fashioned, 80 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof

HEUBLEIN'S Club

WIN THE WAR IN '44 -BUY WAR BONDS! COCKTAILS

re Distilled Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.



Three generations of Montgomerys: The general's father, a former bishop of Tasmania who died in 1932, Monty and son David, now 15, who captains his school cricket team.

"MONTY" LEGEND (continued)

structure. Monty's conception of his job is more like that of a football coach and even more like that of the great captains in history— Alexander or Hannibal or Caesar.

When a campaign is going on, Monty spends many hours a day visiting his troops. He usually wears his black beret, so that he can be recognized at a glance, and rides alone in the back seat of an open car, answering the cheers and salutes of his men. He stops frequently to chat with his men and ask them "How are you getting along?" "Are you getting your mail all right?" "Have you got any cigarets?" "Any complaints?"

The back of the car is usually stocked with cigarets and newspapers. "Seen the paper?" Monty will ask. "Here, take my copy." Or: "Have some cigarets? My lady friends send them to me." This has truth in it, for nonsmoking Monty several times appealed for cigarets and Sunday papers from home. The response was so great that one day in Africa it took six trucks to carry the newspapers sent from England.

His solicitude for his troops never flags. Once in the desert he came upon a stock of reconditioned shoes which were to be distributed to an infantry regiment. Monty turned on the commander and said: "I will not have my infantry wearing secondhand shoes. Give them to the transport men if you like. But get my infantry new shoes. By tomorrow," he added.

Monty's way with soldiers was well shown in a brief morning's visit to the American troops of the Fifth Army in Italy. At a river he came upon some engineers struggling to get a girder in place for a bridge. Jumping out of his car, he pushed and tugged at the girder until it was in place. A little farther on he spied a barber cutting a GI's hair. Monty jumped out again, pulled off his beret, explained in detail to the gaping barber how he liked to have his hair cut.

Monty treats his troops as men of intelligence who have a right to know what their job is and whether it is properly planned.

During a campaign Monty likes to drop in on a company and give the men some personal instruction in tactics. Often, in the desert, he would stand among his men and, with the toe of his right boot, diagram the plan for attack in the sand, remarking, "Don't know how I could ever plan a battle without sand." On one such occasion, before the battle of the Mareth Line, Monty had dropped in on a forward post just after a patrol had brought in some German prisoners. As he talked, the prisoners and their guards joined the circle around the General. "Now you," said Monty, looking at one soldier, "you are to go around behind this hill and wait. And you," turning to another, "come around this way-not over here," drawing a line and rubbing it out again, "but near this tree. And you," turning to a third, "you go across this little gully and wait for a signal." The third man looked terrified and managed to stammer in broken English: "But, Herr General, I am German prisoner."

Monty's object is not merely to please his men by giving them cigarets nor to flatter them by explaining battle tactics. It is to give

them confidence in his leadership, to make them sure of victory. He never lets them forget that their job is to conquer the enemy. When he was ready to attack the Mareth Line, he called together all the noncombatant sections of the army: cooks, barbers, bandsmen, public relations officers, headquarters staff, photographers and the rest. "Tomorrow we are going into battle," he told them. "But you won't be able to go with us. I want only men who can fight the enemy. We don't need food. We don't need any music. We don't need our pictures taken." The men looked crestfallen. A few asked if there weren't some way they could go along. "Ah, yes," said Monty. "That is, if you want to kill Germans like the rest of us." Then, as the men cheered, he ticked them off, group by group: "You cooks, you kill Germans first and then cook meals. You bandsmen, you kill Germans and then play music. You photographers, you kill Germans and then take pictures. And you barbers, you just kill Germans. They won't need any haircuts."

Monty never loses a chance to build up a feeling of comradeship between himself and his men. Just before the invasion of Italy he was addressing a group of his veterans. "We have had great adventures together," he said. "I hope that, wherever I go in the future, I will always have you with me." A groan arose from the men, who felt pretty sure that Monty would always be where the fighting was heaviest. For a moment the General was taken aback. But the next moment he had them with him again. "Ah," he said,

"but maybe I shall go home to England."

It is partly in order to be with his men that, when he is in the field, he lives at a special forward headquarters, away from his staff. But it is also to avoid getting tied up in paper work. "I must have time to think," he often says. When he wakes in the morning he thinks for an hour before getting up. Again, after he retires at 10 p. m., he lies and thinks for a while and then reads, before he goes to sleep.

The caravan consists of three trailers, one for working, one for sleeping, one for maps. The first two are well-appointed vehicles originally built for two Italian generals. During the desert campaign Monty had only one decoration on the wall of his sleeping trailer: a picture of Rommel. As he lay in bed he would look at it and ask himself: "What is in the mind of my adversary? What is he planning? How can I outwit him?" He started off with great respect for Rommel but by the end of the campaign felt that he could predict quite accurately how his enemy would react to any move.

A good general never loses

When historians in later years go through the files of the Eighth Army or the allied expeditionary force which Monty is now preparing for the second front, they will find hardly a trace of the commanding general. Since he took command of the Eighth Army he has never signed a paper. "If I want a man to do something," he says, "I must tell him to his face." This works both ways, for he requires his officers to make all their reports verbally. They get their answers verbally and at once. It is they who draw up the written plans and they who sign them.

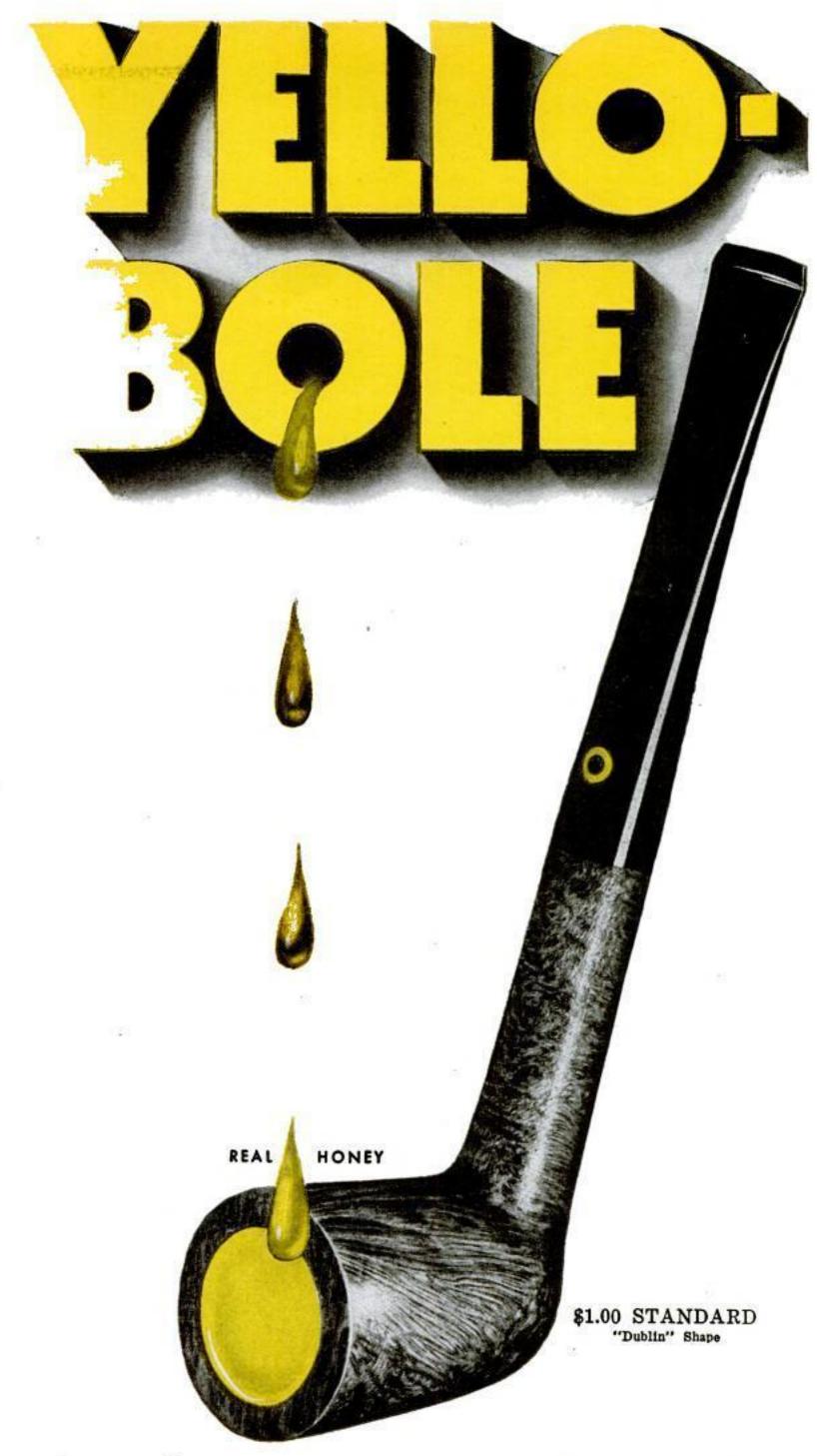
In planning an action, Monty thinks out his general plan, explains it to his staff officers and then leaves them alone to figure out how it can be done. His chief of staff is Major General Francis W. de Guingand, the same officer whom he told to tear up the plans for retreat when he first arrived in Cairo. His chief of administration is Major General Miles Graham. They are as quiet and unknown as

Monty is flamboyant and famous.

A good general, Monty believes, must never lose. For if he is once defeated he does not merely lose a battle, he also loses the confidence of his men, their belief that he will lead them to victory in the next battle. That is why Monty never launches a campaign until he feels reasonably certain of victory. If his staff officers report that they lack the strength to carry out an action, he alters his plan to suit the conditions.

But once a campaign has been launched, he carries it through with boldness. Even in a serious crisis he never allows his officers to see him in doubt or in fear. Perhaps the greatest crisis of the African campaign came when the forward corps of the Eighth Army was at Buerat, ready to start the dash for Tripoli. During this 200-mile move across the desert, the army was to be supplied by ships which were loaded and waiting in Bengasi harbor. The night before the Army was to start, a storm hit Bengasi and broke the ships loose. Word of the disaster was brought to Monty one morning before breakfast by General (then Lieut. Colonel) Graham. "Ships dancing about in the harbor, are they?" mused Monty. "Well, what's the admiral doing? He'd better catch 'em." Then, within a few minutes, Monty and his staff revised their whole plan. The rear corps of the Army was "grounded" and all its transport taken away to supply

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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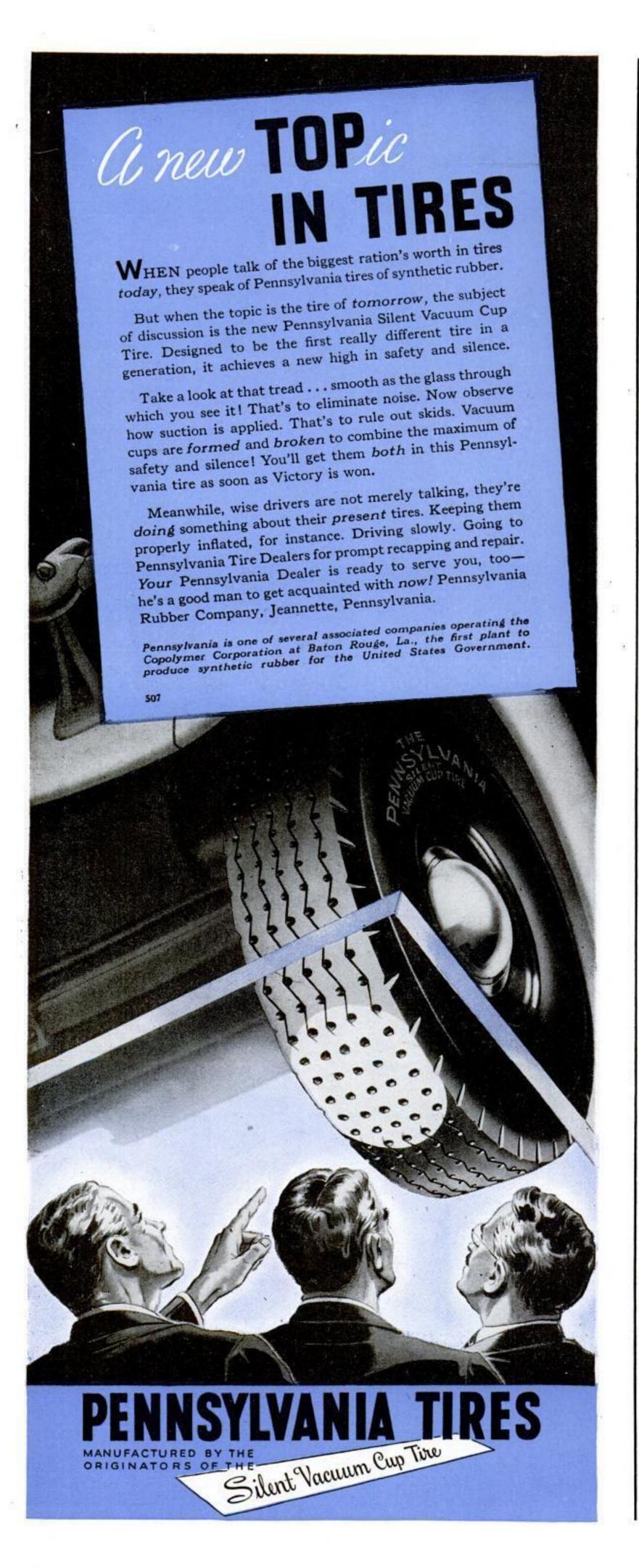


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YELLO-BOLE . . . A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE and WHEN YOU COME HOME





Hero to workers as well as troops, he visits many war plants. At one he diagramed El Alamein; at another he told coal heaver, "Your job is more important than mine."

"MONTY" LEGEND (continued)

the forward corps. All the supplies for the Army were hauled overland and Tripoli was captured 10 days later.

So long as an officer is serving him, Monty gives him absolute confidence. If anything goes wrong Monty demands an immediate explanation and if this is not satisfactory he sacks the officer on the spot. This has happened so frequently that it is something of a joke among correspondents. In Italy one correspondent asked another who had just come back from the front line, how the battle was going. "Right on schedule," was the reply. "The attack began at 7 and at 10 Monty sacked the brigadier." There is little time wasted on such unhappy events. Monty may simply say to an officer who has failed to carry out his mission: "Brigadier, you're good. But you're not good enough." The next morning a plane is waiting to take him back to England.

Monty was once described by Winston Churchill as "a Cromwellian character, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless." He lives in complete simplicity, eats the plainest food and has no recreation except that of reading novels and detective stories. He is often impatient of human frailty.

When he speaks he demands absolute attention from his audience. Often he will start out: "I will give you two minutes to cough, sneeze and blow your noses. After that there will be no interruption." He may close with: "I have made myself perfectly clear. No questions are needed."

He permits no one to smoke in his office or caravan, but this is the result of personal distaste, not moral disapproval. He has even relaxed this ban when the welfare of his troops demanded it. For a long time the only cigarets available to the Eighth Army were the British "Victory" cigarets, a particularly foul variety which the men at first refused to smoke. To popularize them, Monty made a practice of singling them out, sniffing appreciatively and saying: "Now, there's one kind of cigaret I like." His staff officers and correspondents lost no time in taking advantage of him. They procured "Victory" packages from the soldiers, filled them with standard-brand cigarets and blew smoke all around the General. Monty, unaware of the fraud, was compelled to keep on commenting, "Ah, a fine aroma."

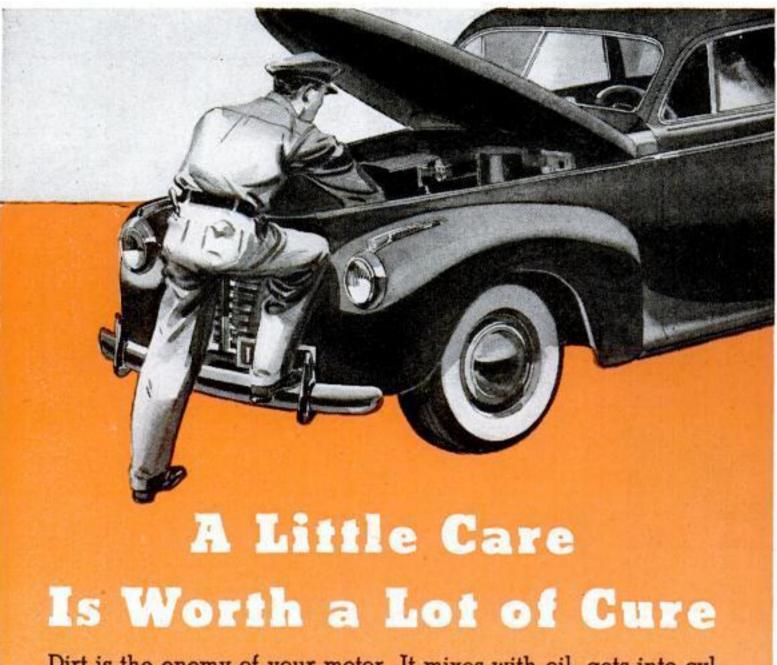
He hates fat men

Physical fitness is a passion with him. When he thinks his officers are getting soft, he may order them out for a five-mile run before breakfast. He despises fat men. His tour of divisional headquarters in the British isles was the occasion for a great deal of dieting, exercising and sucking in of stomachs on the part of over-plump officers. He was preceded on this tour by a story that at one camp he caught sight of a fat colonel, tapped him on the stomach and inquired, "Like your food, do you?" "Yes, sir," said the colonel. "Have a good lunch?" "Yes, sir." "That's good, because it will be your last in this mess."

For generals of his own high stratum, relations with Monty are not so fraught with hazard. But these too are likely to involve an element of drama and surprise.

After the Americans landed in North Africa Monty was planning the joint campaign against the Afrika Korps with General Walter B. Smith, General Eisenhower's chief of staff. Monty said he would beat the Americans to Sfax. Smith doubted him. "What will you give me if I do?" asked Monty cagily. "I'll give you a Flying Fortress,"





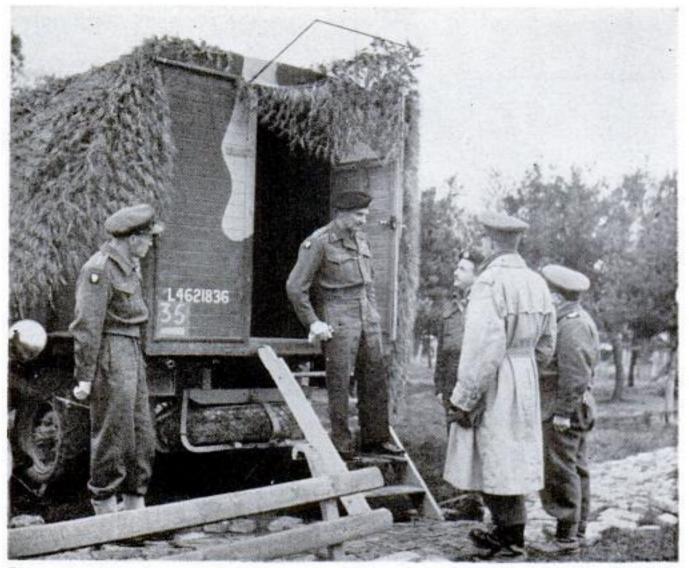
Dirt is the enemy of your motor. It mixes with oil, gets into cylinders, causes expensive overhauls and repairs. But dirt can be prevented from doing damage. It can be trapped and made harmless by filtering the oil.

Most cars today are provided with oil filters. The great majority are equipped with Purolators, because Purolator filters keep oil cleaner, longer. But even Purolator elements can't function forever. They've got to be changed before they get clogged.

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Desert caravan, made up of captured Italian trailers, was a combined traveling hotel and headquarters in African campaign. In England Montgomery uses a special train.

"MONTY" LEGEND (continued)

promptly replied Smith, jokingly. Monty beat the Americans to Sfax and promptly wired General Smith: "Fortress, please." The American chief of staff, considerably embarrassed to find he had been taken seriously, had to explain his plight to Eisenhower, who promptly dispatched to Monty a Flying Fortress, complete with American crew.

Monty used the Fortress for all his flights, often landing and taking off from fields where heavy bombers were never meant to land. It finally came to grief on a field at Palermo in Sicily, described by his pilot as a little larger than a tennis court. The pilot brought it down diagonally, ran the length of the tiny field and then looped it around and came back, avoiding a crackup but wrecking the undercarriage. After this experience Monty turned the plane back to the American air force and got in return a C-47 transport, the Army model of the familiar Douglas DC-3. He still has an American crew, headed by Lieut. Eddie R. Russel of Mississippi.

Even in his plane Monty manages to keep contact with his men. When he spies some troops, he gets his pilot to fly low over them while he stands in the cockpit waving his black beret at the men below. After one such stunt in Italy, the plane was severely reprimanded by Air Vice Marshal Broadhurst for buzzing troops.

His fellow generals are never quite sure what to expect from Monty. When Alexander and Coningham landed in Italy they found Monty waiting alone on the beach to greet them. As they came ashore he bowed low, and said, "Welcome to Italy, gentlemen."

At times Monty has been pretty hard on other generals. During the Sicilian campaign, General MacNaughton, then commander in chief of the Canadian forces, arrived in Africa from England to inspect the Canadian troops in the field. As commanding general of the operation, Monty refused him permission to land in Sicily on the grounds that the troops would be distracted from their job by the ceremony of welcoming their commander. It was, Monty observed, no time for spit and polish. But Andy MacNaughton had his mild revenge for this rebuke. Some weeks later, he found Monty living in a splendid villa overlooking Messina Strait. "Not going soft, Monty?" inquired MacNaughton.

He sent Churchill to bed

Perhaps the only general who ever left Monty speechless, however, was an elderly Italian general. When Italy became a cobelligerent, this general sent a message to Monty saying: "Since I am senior to you in rank, I assume that you will henceforth be under my command."

Perhaps the most prolific single source of the Monty Legend is his relationship with Winston Churchill. Between these two men, the greatest British political personality of his time and the greatest British military personality, there exists a deep mutual respect tempered by the fact that they are completely opposite in makeup. One aspect of the difference was summed up in a conversation they held in the desert. Said Monty: "I don't drink, don't smoke, go to bed at 10 o'clock and am 100% fit." Replied Churchill: "I drink, smoke, never go to bed and am 200% fit."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



Picture of a Black Market

OF COURSE, you are not in this picture. But wait a minute . . . maybe you are!

Maybe the working members of your family have to drive a long way to work — with no practical way to get there except by car. Maybe you're dog-tired when the weekend comes — you need a little fresh air. So why not stretch your gasoline ration, if you can find a man willing to sell you extra gas? Other people do it! Many of them have far less excuse than you!...

That boy of yours needs good red meat . . . but most growing children can't add to their meat diet by lunching in restaurants. Can anybody really blame you if you find a market that will sell you some extra meat without ration points? . . .

THERE ARE plenty of rationed groceries that you are particularly fond of. Well — isn't this business of rationing overdone? Maybe you listen to rumors

that foreign nations get more of our food than we can spare. So, if you find a certain grocer willing to sell extra delicacies to good customers like yourself, who's to blame him — or you? . . .

We hope you and your family never have, and never will fall into any of these easy, plausible ways to get around the law. Because every good American has every right to blame you, if you do.

It's Everybody's Duty

It's your personal responsibility to have no part of black market foods — black market merchandise of any kind. Insist on giving up the required ration points. Speak up about ceiling prices.

If you do, you'll be helping to guarantee to our fighting men that their families can eat decently on a soldier's fixed pay. And provide food for the 32 million other Americans who live on low fixed incomes.

Here's a Home Front Pledge that puts to work a deadly weapon against our enemies:

I WILL PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES
I WILL PAY MY RATION POINTS IN FULL

How about pasting this pledge up on your kitchen cupboard just as a constant reminder?

Food Conservation Our Business Too

The conservation of food happens to be our business, here at Crosley. Since we first presented the patented SHELVADOR in Crosley Refrigerators, American women have enjoyed the added, exclusive convenience of having extra food shelves built right into the refrigerator door.

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Definitely Milder

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"MONTY" LEGEND (continued)

Monty is the most independent of Churchill's generals. The Prime Minister, as the world knows, is a great student of military strategy and likes nothing better than to plan some military operation, down to the movements of individual battalions. Many British generals find it difficult to reject the Prime Minister's ideas, especially since they know that a pet Churchill scheme will receive all possible support for its success. But Monty will tolerate no interference. If Churchill shows an inclination to go too deeply into a technical military problem, he usually finds that the facts which Monty has given him lead only to the conclusion which Monty has already reached.

Monty is probably the only general who ever refused a Churchill summons. When the Prime Minister asked Monty to meet him at Casablanca in January 1943, Monty replied that he was busy with a battle but would be glad to see Churchill at Tripoli. Churchill went to Tripoli. And Monty is certainly the only general who ever sent the Prime Minister to bed. This occurred at Tripoli in February 1943. Churchill had again traveled to see Monty and was just settling down for a night's talk when Monty announced it was bedtime and left.

It is Mr. Churchill, however, who usually gets in the last word. He is supposed to have described Monty as:

"In defeat, indomitable; In victory, insufferable."

After the battle of El Alamein word reached London that Monty had entertained the captured German commander, General Von Thoma, at dinner and had refought the battle with him on the tablecloth. Certain sticklers for military protocol protested to

Churchill that this was no way to treat a prisoner.

Yet it is Churchill who has always supported Monty against all critics. His true opinion of Monty was shown on another occasion when some stiff-necked Britons protested at the flashy array of badges on Monty's beret—a breach of military regulations. "If I thought," said Churchill, "that badges would make my other generals as good as Monty, I would order them all to wear badges."

The Monty Legend is a great asset to the General. It precedes him now wherever he goes and makes it easy for him to establish that feeling of personal comradeship with his men which is so rare in a huge modern army. Monty adds to the Legend all the time. It is not simply that he likes the glare of publicity, though no one could say that he dislikes it. But he wants his men to believe that he will lead them to victory. His methods have paid off, for Monty is held by his troops in a personal esteem amounting to heroworship which is unmatched in this war. In the great invasion of Europe that confidence will be a priceless asset to the allied cause.

Monty seldom thinks beyond the war but on one occasion he became philosophical. It was shortly after he had taken command of the Eighth Army. He spoke of the fleeting quality of military glory—how cruelly a general is cast aside if he fails, how quickly the people forget his victories. Another general tried to cheer him up: "Don't take such a dim view of things, Monty. You have everything ahead of you."

"Oh," said Monty, "I wasn't thinking of myself. I was thinking

of Rommel."



King George called on Montgomery at has headquarters in Tripoli while touring the theater last June. King wore informal khaki and bunked in one of General's trailers.

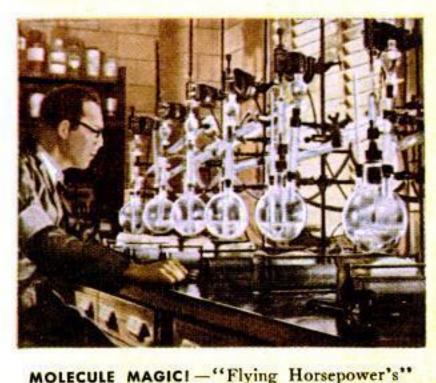


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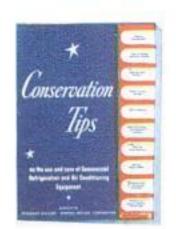
Frigidaire, busy with war production... today is no less proud of the millions of Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving their users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

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BOBBY SOCKS AND "LOAFERS" ARE ON ACTIVE FEET OF NEARLY EVERY U. S. HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL. HERE IS A LINE-UP OF COEDS AT HOLLYWOOD HIGH IN SAN MATEO, CALIF.

HIGH-SCHOOL FADS

THE EVER-CHANGING FASHIONS AND LANGUAGE OF YOUTH INDICATE A HEALTHY SPIRIT OF REBELLION

U.S. high-school kids always baffle their elders. No sooner does a grown-up get accustomed to curious high-school fashions and talk than the styles undergo changes and the language finds new involved ways of saying simple things. Though this bothers grown-ups, it pleases psychologists who say it is a healthy sign of youth's dissatisfaction with things as they are.

To report on 1944's high-school fashions and idioms, LIFE visited schools in nine states. Among girls it found 1) the craze for wearing men's clothing—shirts, bow ties, sweaters and jackets—is spreading, 2) white bobby socks have replaced colored anklets, 3) moccasin-type shoes ("loafers") are being worn in place of the no longer available saddle oxford. The

only radical fad among boys is their deliberately sloppy way of wearing short shirts outside their pants.

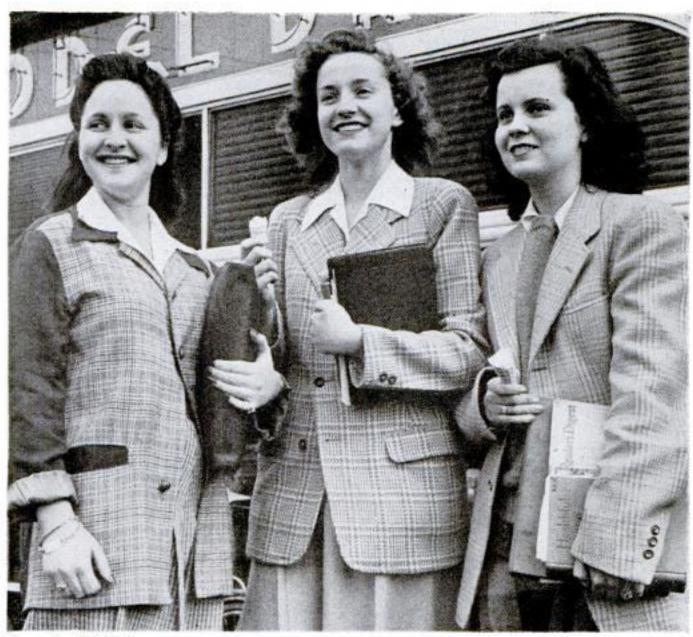
Both boys and girls speak an ever-changing language. They now understand that a drip is a "bag," that a "passion issue" is a letter to a boy, that to "beat feet" means time to leave and that Kay Kyser's imitation of a twanging spring is the new wolf cry.



At Southwest High School, Kansas City, pace-setter is the girl in knee pants and suspenders. The pig-tailed girl wears a boy's shirt and bow tie. Note fluffy Angora bobby socks at right.

At Tucson Senior High School blue jeans ("levis") or corduroys, rolled at bottom, are worn by almost all boys. Short-tailed shirts may be worn out of pants, long-tailed ones tucked in.





Opportunist fad is sported by the girls at Atherton High School in Louisville, Ky., who consider it "Sinatra" (wonderful) to wear discarded jackets of boys in service.



Traditional garb of all school girls is "Sloppy Joe" sweater, single string of pearls, pleated skirt, socks and shoes worn by these misses at Highland Park H. S., Texas.



Eccentric fashion is one adopted by the "slick chicks" at Sequoia Union High, Redwood City, Calif. It includes men's shirts worn loose, rolled-up blue jeans, no socks.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Douglas Oraftsmanship at its Best



Shoes that air-condition your feet!

It's sound economy, this Spring, to invest your shoe ration coupon in quality. That's why so many men are buying W. L. Douglas — the shoe made with painstaking care and styled for long-lasting good looks. Typical of Douglas craftsmanship are the two styles illustrated — easy-fitting ventilated oxfords that keep your feet cool on the hottest summer day!





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BUY ANOTHER BOND TODAY!

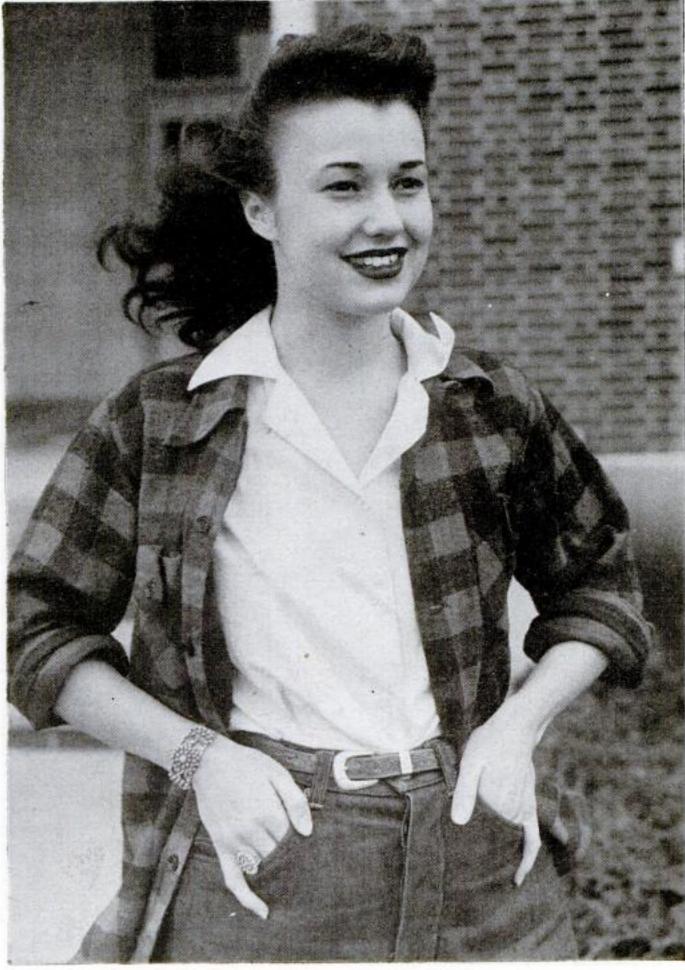


Quantities of Indian jewelry—bracelets, rings, hair clasps—are worn with "slick-up clothes" by every high-school miss in Tucson who isn't "absolutely poverty-stricken." Large hair clasps

of silver and turquoise (like one on girl at left, bottom) cost \$10. A "gow job" (flashy girl) wears at least two. A girl with less than two bracelets feels like "a homely" or a "shot cookie."



Identification bands, gifts from boys, are worn as bracelets. The many tags on Marguerite Brooking of Southwest High School, Kansas City, testify to her popularity.



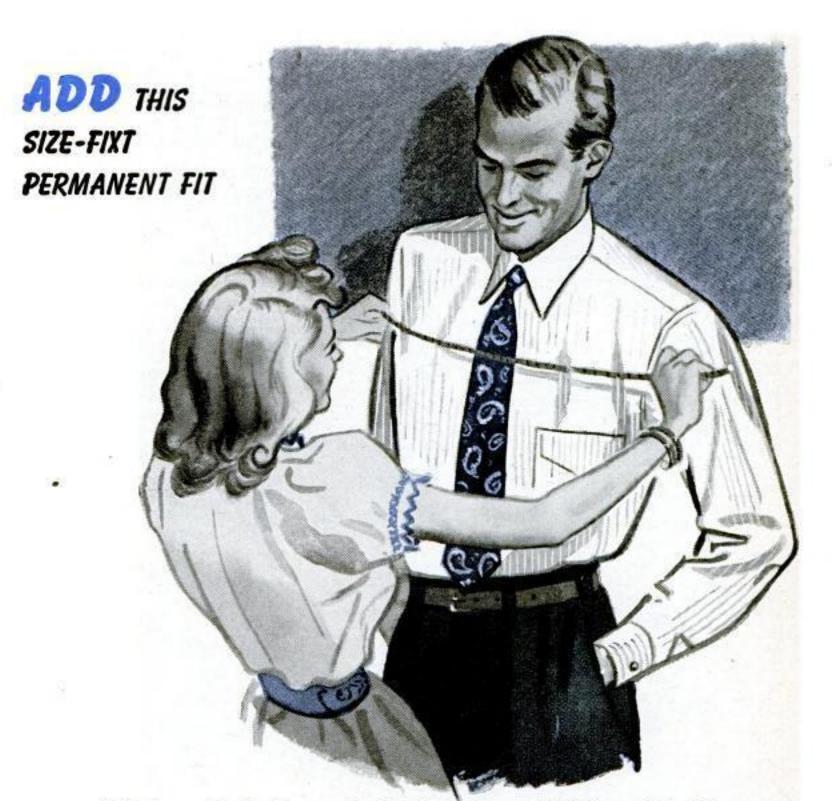
Silver buckles on tooled belts are prized by high-school girls throughout the Southwest. Martha Croley of Dallas wears hers with blue jeans and two mannish shirts.

ADD THIS COOL
BREEZE-INVITING
WEAVE TO A
CORKING SHIRT



ADD THIS
SLOPED COLLAR
AND "MANFORMED" SHAPE

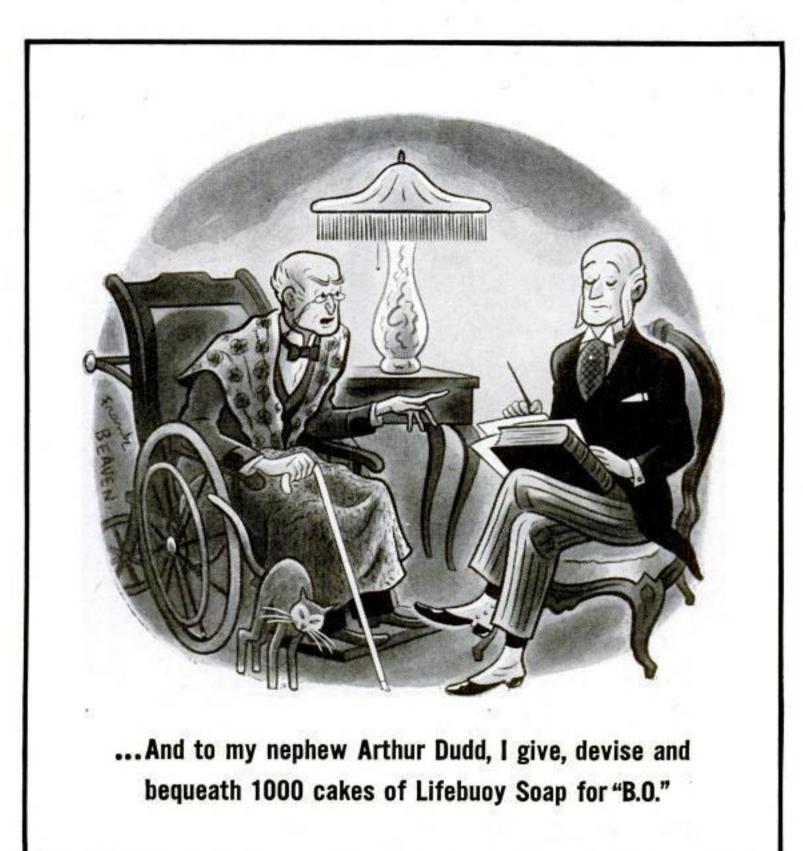




IT ALL ADDS UP TO Manhattan VERICOOL SHIRTS

Vericools keep ship-shape all day long—and so do you. You won't even feel their wisp of weight. Made of Skip-dent shirting—a sturdy, open-weave fabric that subtracts heat and adds comfort . . . Tailored by Manhattan with scrupulous care, Vericools are a summer blessing. Begin at once enjoying their crisp cool comfort!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS, THEY ADD UP TO VICTORY!

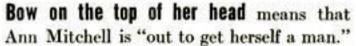


Don't wait for a rich uncle to give you the tip-off to more friends and more fun. You know that everyone perspires—over a quart a day winter or summer. You can't stop this perspiration—but you can stop "B.O." Use Lifebuoy in your daily bath. It's the only soap especially made to stop "B.O."



High-School Fads (continued)







Bow worn in back means that Betty Dupree is "not interested in men."

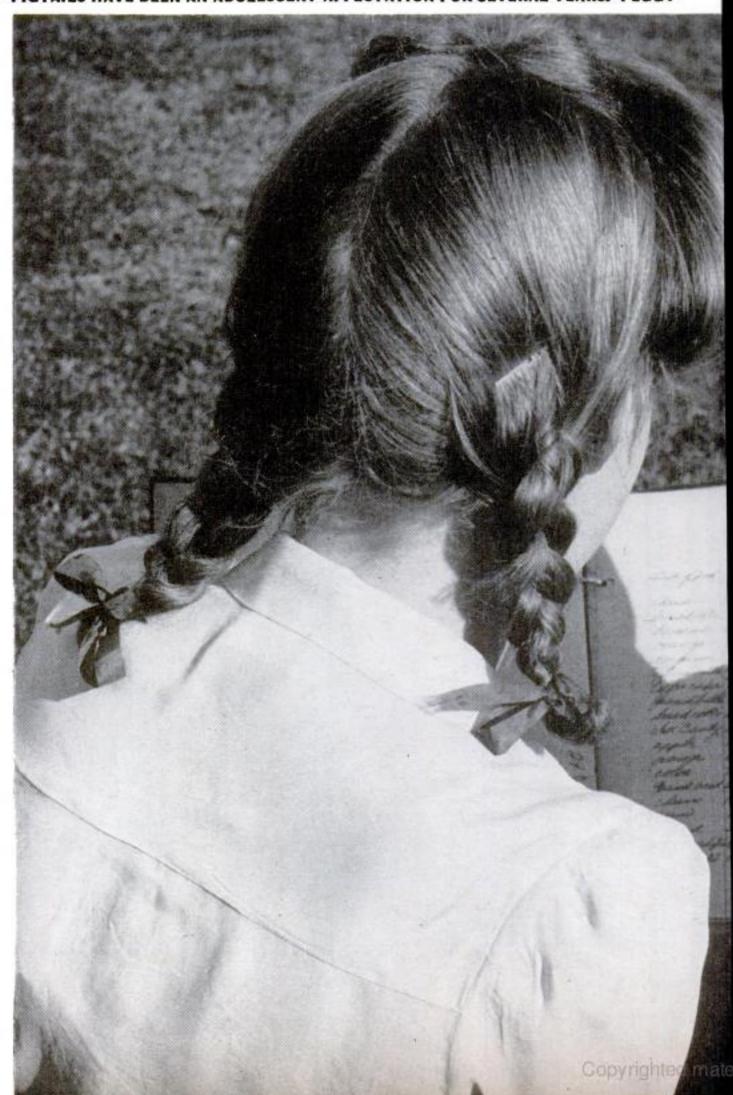
GIRL'S HAIR-DO REVEALS LOVE LIFE

To high-school girls hair-dos are a great medium for self-expression. The teen-agers have no traffic with beauty parlors. They wash and cut their own and each other's hair, thinking up their own styles and original ornaments as they go. Today girls' heads are fair territory for shoelaces, dish towels, cellophane bows, colored soda straws, lacy paper doilies, Christmastree ornaments, bells, cowboy kerchiefs and strips of bright colored felt. The simple hair ribbon has become a weapon in the battle of the sexes.

In Louisville the color of the ribbon is significant. A yellow ribbon is the symbol of a man-hater. A white ribbon is a signal to the boys to lay off because the wearer is someone else's "witch" (best girl). At Highland Park H. S. in Dallas, Texas, position of the ribbon is revealing (see strip at top).

Boys at the same high school last fall contributed the first innovation in boys' hair styles since the crew cut. Players on the football team started a fad of hair-dyeing. Some bleached their hair so that it showed streaks of white. Others changed from their natural color to a bright red. A daring few burst forth in mops of poisonous green. By now this fad has abated.

PIGTAILS HAVE BEEN AN ADOLESCENT AFFECTATION FOR SEVERAL YEARS. PEGGY





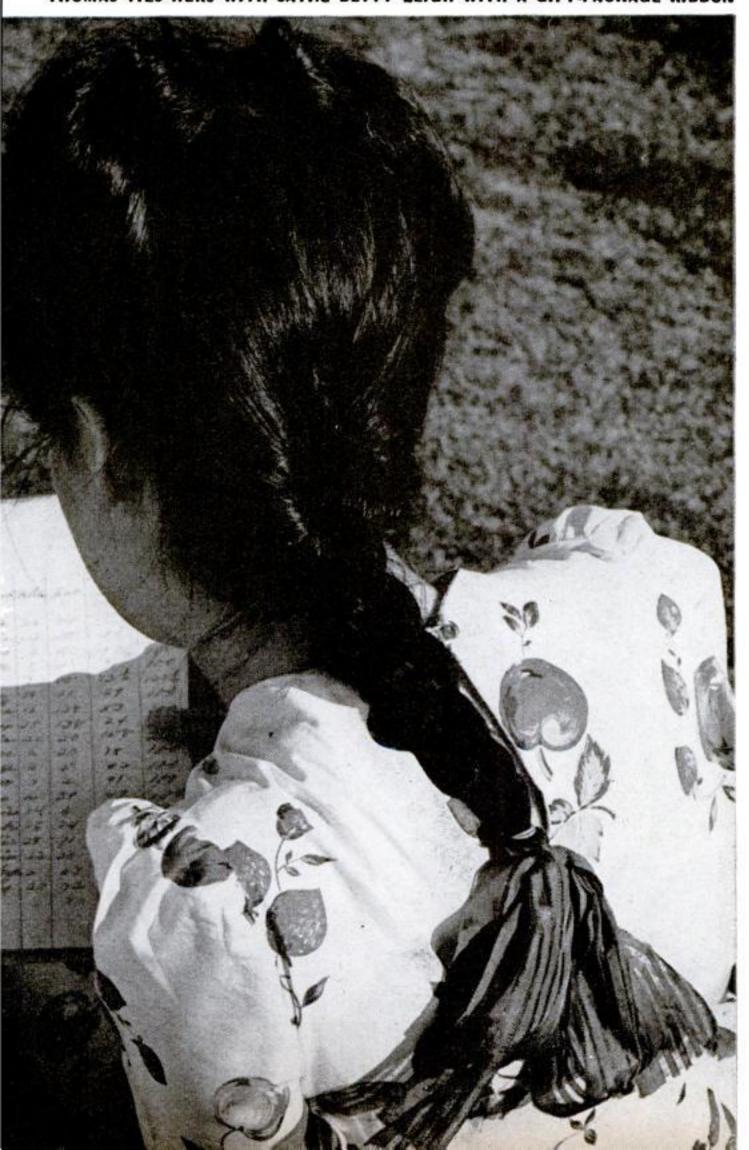
Bow worn on the right side indicates that Becky Brown is deeply in love.



Bow worn at left is a signal and challenge. It means Betty Chaney is "going steady."



New flat-top look is achieved by these four "classy chassis" at Hollywood High by binding folded bandannas or broad bands of colored ribbons over the top of hair.



Swank Newport Rhode Island

offers Tomato Rarebit at The Viking

RECIPE

for eight servings of tomato rarebit as prepared by The Viking Hotel

11/2 pints milk 2 egg yolks 101/2 oz. can condensed tomato soup 1/2 cup American cheese, grated

6 tablespoons flour salt and pepper to taste 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute 2 teaspoons dry mustard

Mix flour and mustard to smooth paste with small amount of milk added. Heat milk to boiling point in double boiler, thicken with above mixture. Beat egg yolks until lemon color. Combine with tomato soup, add to milk mixture. Add grated cheese, salt, pepper and butter-beat until smooth. Just before serving, add one-half bottle of Goebel

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Beer. Serve very hot on toast points.

If you would like to try the good taste that won America, call for Goebel Beer.

GOEBEL BEER

Available in 7 oz., 12 oz. and 32 oz. bottles

Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit 7, Mich.

Co make her happiness complete be sure it's a genuine registered Keepsake . . . the eternal symbol of the love you share. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of true quality and value. At your Keepsake Jeweler ... \$100 to \$3500.

Keepsake

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING Your Tribute and Her Treasure



VENICE 250.00 Also at 550 and 975.

If it is a "Keepsake"



HYANNIS Set 237.50 Engagement Ring 175.00



WESTBROOK Set 525.00 Engagement Ring 450.00 Rings enlarged to show details.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc. 214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Thomas Eakins posed in Philadelphia for this picture by his wife when he was 45, five years after he was married. A realistic painter like her husband, Mrs. Ea-

kins shows him as serious, rugged, outdoor man. Eakins once lost a lady's portrait commission because he received her in his undershirt and not in a smock.

THOMAS EAKINS

Philadelphians who snubbed him now honor him as an American Old Master

On the afternoon of April 8 Philadelphians milled about the spacious galleries of the Philadelphia Museum and looked with admiration and pride at 113 paintings and drawings by their own Thomas Eakins, who had been born in Philadelphia 100 years ago. It was the opening day of the biggest show ever held of Eakins' work and it was put on to honor him as one of America's greatest painters. Some of these paintings are reproduced on the following pages.

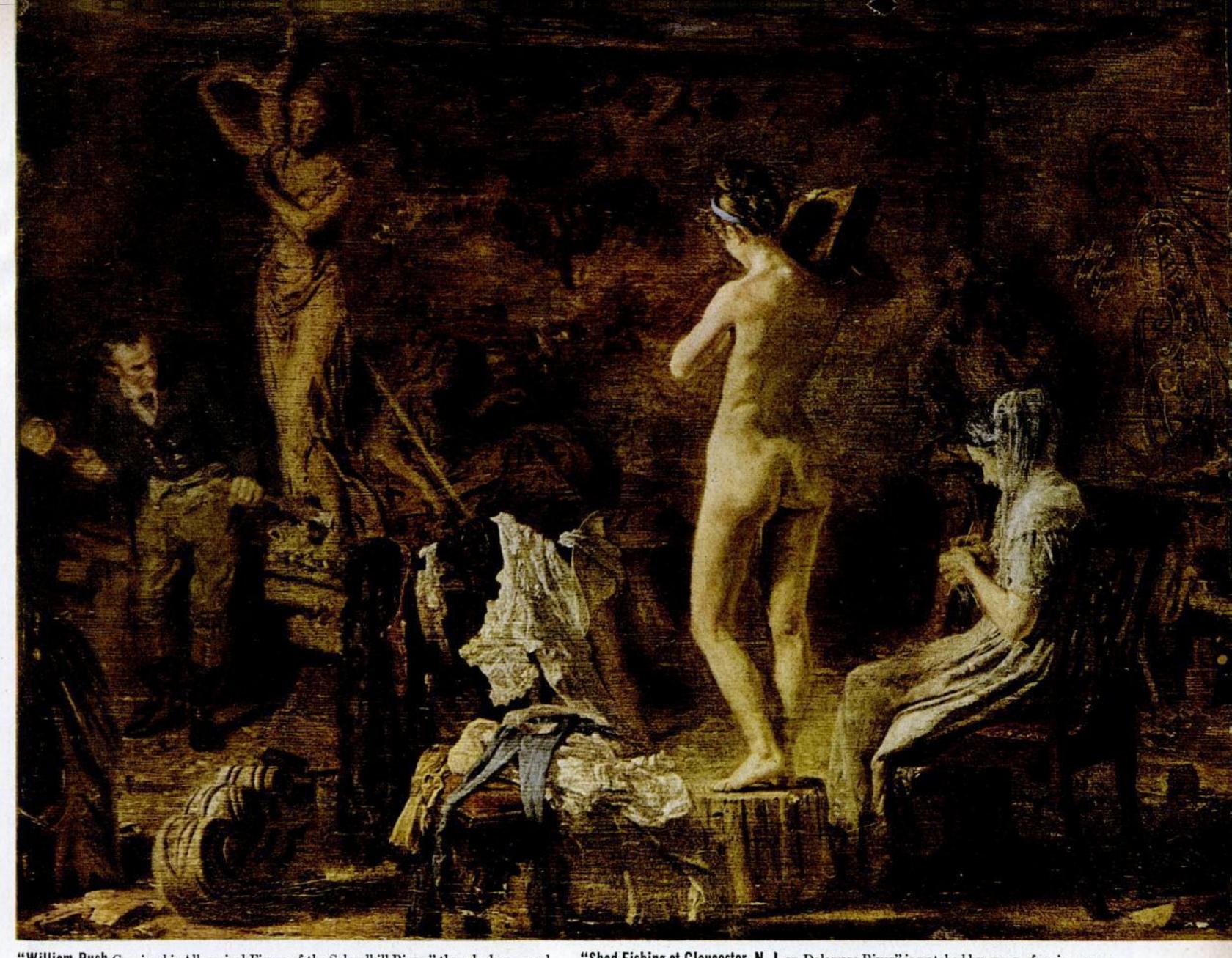
Among the spectators pointing with pride at Eakins' work were descendants of Philadelphians who, in the 1880s, had snubbed Eakins and gossiped about him so much that he was forced to give up his art-teaching job at the Pennsylvania Academy, which was then controlled by the "leading citizens" of Philadelphia. They objected mostly to Eakins' use of living models in his art classes. They did not mind too much when he brought a live horse into the classroom to teach students the anatomy of a horse. They did mind, however, when he brought human bodies into the classroom and made the students spend long hours dissecting the cadavers. Greatest howl of protest came from parents of girl students. The howl grew into an uproar when Eakins at the Academy one day, during an anatomy lesson on the human pelvis, removed the loincloth from a male model. Eakins was forced to resign.

Strangely, except for his scientific curiosity, Eakins himself cared little for painting nudes and in all his career he painted only the one subject on the opposite page. He preferred, instead, to do portraits, and even his sporting pictures, like the one below, included careful portrait studies of his friends. Yet here too he failed to win appreciation of fellow Philadelphians, who complained that his portraits were too realistic and not so flattering as those of other contemporary artists. He gave away many of his portraits to the sitters who accepted them skeptically. Today some of these are worth \$16,000, and some of bigger canvases are worth as much as \$75,000.



"Max Schmitt in a Single Scull" portrays Eakins' friend in foreground with artist himself in center background at his favorite sport—sculling on the Schuylkill River. Eakins gave pic-

ture to Max Schmitt whose widow later sold it to Mrs. Eakins. Now it is one of Eakins' most famous canvases and is owned by the Metropolitan Museum, which bought it in 1934.



"William Rush Carving his Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River," though chaperoned by woman knitting, shocked Philadelphians in 1809 because sculptor used as model Miss Louisa Vanuxem, daughter of a local merchant. Eakins recreated scene on canvas in 1877.

"Shad Fishing at Gloucester, N. J. on Delaware River" is watched by group of curious spectators on the beach. Among them are Eakins' brother Benjamin, and his sister standing beside their dog Harry. The fishermen on flat scow and in the water are paying out the net.

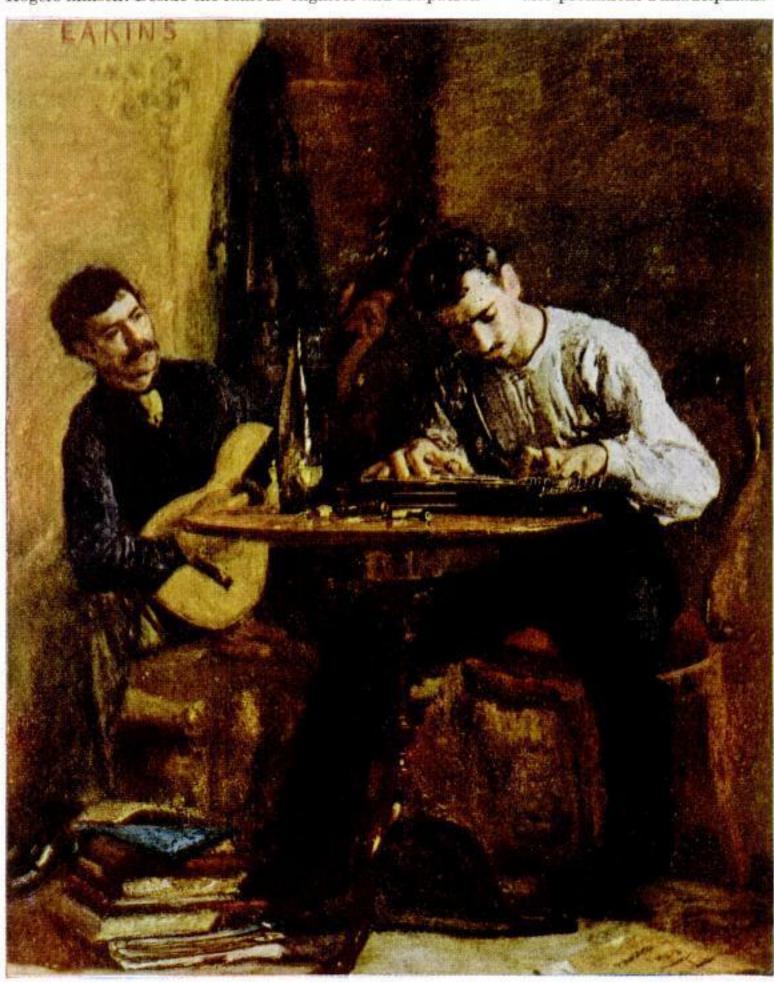




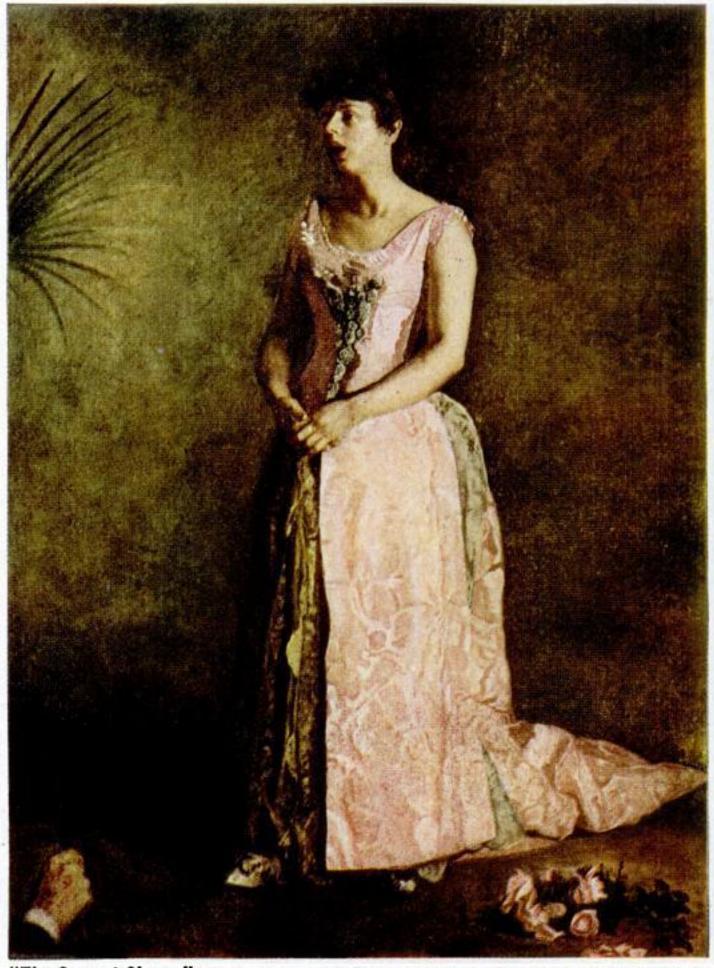
"The Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand" is driven by Fairman Rogers himself. Beside the famous engineer and art patron

is his wife. Except for two grooms on the rear seat, others are also prominent Philadelphians who just came along for the

ride. Because Mr. Rogers was so proud of his four-in-hand, one of first in Philadelphia, he had Eakins paint it for \$500.



"Professionals at Rehearsal," with bottle of wine between them, were guitar- and zither-player friends of Thomas Eakins. The man with guitar also studied art and later gave anatomy lessons.



"The Concert Singer," Weda Cook, was also a composer who died in Philadelphia in 1937. A friend of Walt Whitman, she wrote the music for his O Captain! My Captain!.



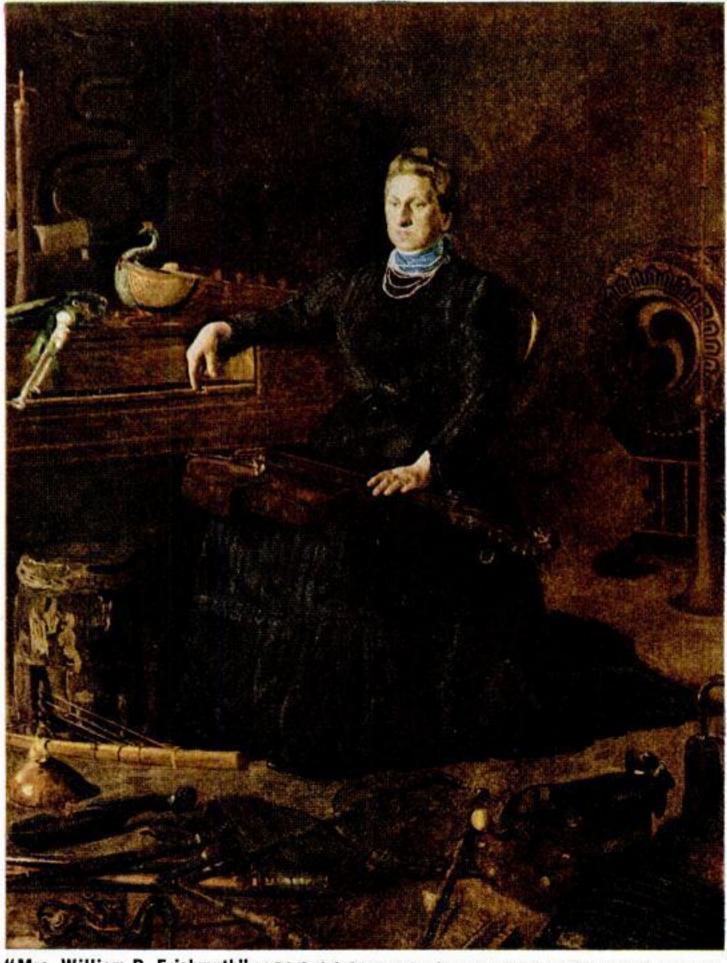
"The Agnew Clinic" started out as a portrait of the famous surgeon Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, who is shown with a scalpel in

his hand at left. The picture was commissioned by University of Pennsylvania medical students for \$750, But Thomas

Eakins became so interested that he painted an entire cancer operation, with portraits of student spectators thrown in.



"The 'Cello Player" is Rudolph Hennig, a famous musician in the 1870s. In 1897, a year after he painted it, Thomas Eakins sold the canvas for \$500, then gave Mr. Hennig \$250 for posing.



"Mrs. William D. Frishmuth" of Philadelphia sat for her portrait in 1900 amid a serpent, an oriental oboe, a hurdy-gurdy and other strange musical instruments which she collected.



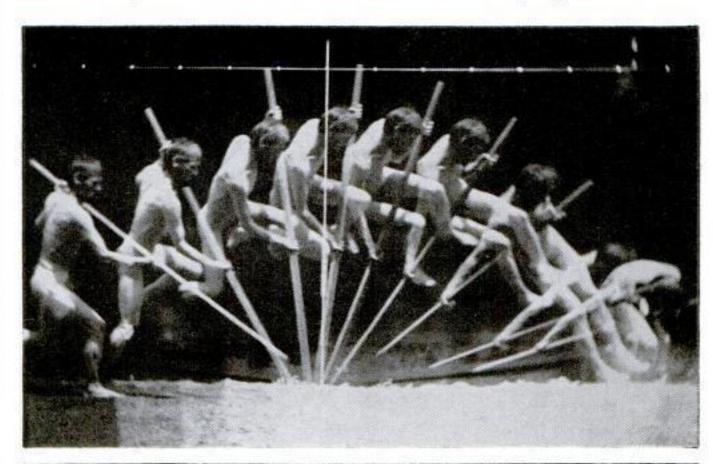
"Between Rounds" a prize fighter named Billy Smith is fanned with a towel by his second. One of the first great fight canvases in the history of U. S. art, this painting and others like

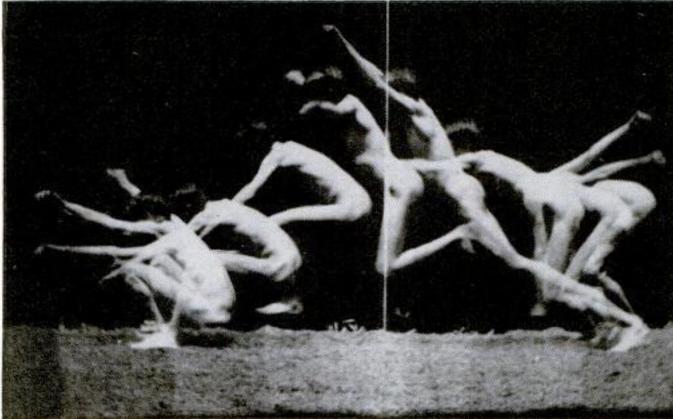
it by Eakins influenced oncoming American artists like George Bellows. While watching a match Eakins became so engrossed that he himself went through all the pugilists' motions.

HE MADE HIS OWN FIRST MOVIE CAMERA

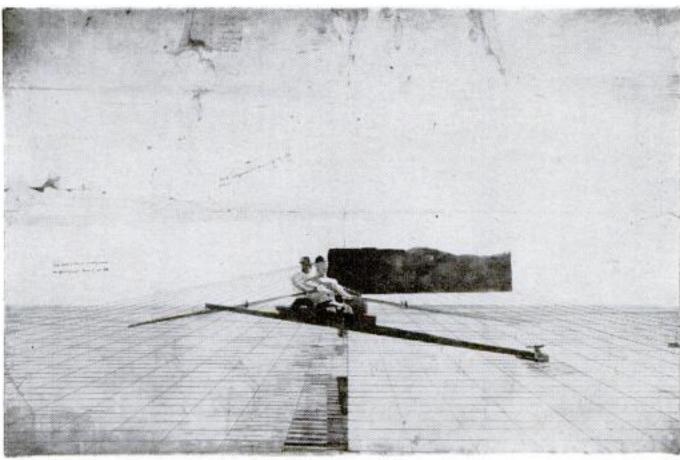
In 1884 when Eadweard Muybridge set up a \$30,000 laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania to develop experiments on the first movie camera, nine men were appointed to help him. One of these was Artist Thomas Eakins, who was himself a camera enthusiast. After tinkering with Muybridge's experiment for a while, which involved 24 cameras that were to take 24 separate photographs of a moving figure, Eakins decided to make experiments on his own. He made a single camera and with it took the pictures below which Muybridge was trying to take with 24 cameras. These pictures by Eakins are probably the first "moving" pictures ever taken. He then turned over all his experiments to Muybridge, who later developed them further. Thus Muybridge, rather than Eakins, was credited with developing the first stages of the moving-picture camera.

Eakins' scientific curiosity was reflected in his art. To learn all about anatomy before painting figures, he studied surgery and could have qualified as a surgeon, and he studied mathematics to learn perspective (bottom).





First "moving" pictures were taken by Thomas Eakins with a single homemade camera which he made with two disks cut from circular-saw blades. These blades had four radially cut openings. The lens was exposed by an electric shutter. Eakins then turned disks with a hand crank, letting the succession of figures fall upon negative.



Perspective drawing was the first step in Eakin's paintings of men skulling (page 72). After studying mathematics, Eakins planned such pictures as a draftsman would, and his mechanical drawings showed the exact way the long shell would float on the water and the exact position of the oars. Ruled lines indicate the vanishing point.





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- MIXMASTER has the exclusive MIX-FINDER DIAL on which all the everyday mixing needs are plainly indicated . . . you simply "Dial your favorite recipe." A wide range of powerful, EVEN mixing speeds.
- There have been no Mixmasters manufactured at the Sunbeam factory since Spring, 1942. Production of war goods replaced them at that time. But they will be back with Victory.





Göring's storm troops protect Hitler in Munich as he converts harmless German Workers' Party into a revolutionary party.

His clamor against the Jews and the Weimar Republic won him the support of Ludendorff, other ambitious militarists.



Beer-hall Putsch of Nov. 8, 1923 in Munich, a premature attempt to place the National Socialist Party in power, failed

the next day. Fired upon by police while marching through the streets, Hitler's troops were dispersed and some killed.



Hitler dropped to the ground after the first volley and escaped during the confusion to a waiting automobile. In the exchange

of shots, 16 were killed and 40 were wounded. Only the proud Ludendorff continued to advance against the heavy rifle fire.



Hitler's oratory against Jewry assured him leadership in the anti-Semitic Workers' Party. Rudolf Hess was an early aide.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Hitler Gang

It is a grim historical lesson in the art of political gangsterism

The lives and crimes of the Nazi party should by now be old stuff to movie-going Americans. Since 1939 Hollywood has offered increasingly intense arguments (recent examples: Hitler's Children, None Shall Escape) for the swift extinction of Hitler and his crew. Yet into The Hitler Gang, Paramount has managed to instill an original horror by keeping close to the sordid truths which history offers in evidence against the Nazi gang.

Dealing with the period between Hitler's release from an army hospital in 1918 and the Blood Purge of 1934, The Hitler Gang is best when it follows the narrative of history. Its great weakness, however, is that history is still in the process of working out the last act and so the movie has no place to go at the end. A few weighty sentences and a blurred montage of allied might results in only a dismal finesse.

The originality of *The Hitler Gang* is largely the result of the amazingly lifelike characterizations given by Robert Watson as Hitler, Victor Varconi as Hess, Martin Kosleck as Goebbels and Luis Van Rooten as Himmler. Relatively unknown previous to their appearance in this picture, this collection of actors will probably become so stereotyped by their splendid performances that they will have to make careers of playing the German bad boys or sink back into obscurity.



The police discovered Hitler trembling in a wardrobe at the Hanfstaengel home two days later. He was led away to trial



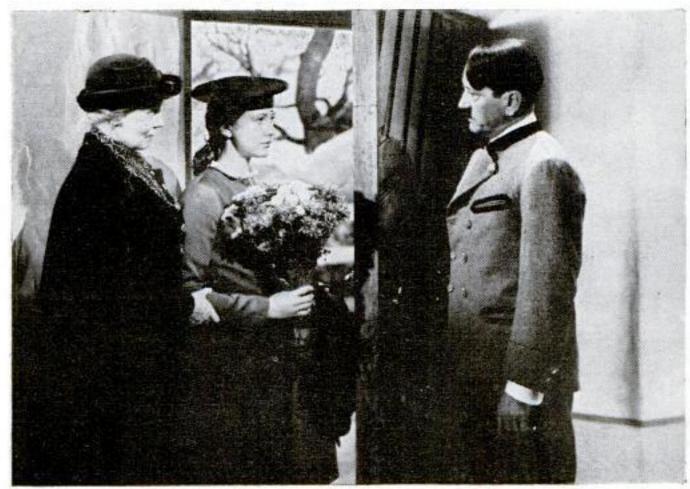
Sentenced to five years in the Landsberg Fortress, Hitler served only eight and a half months of term. There he wrote Mein Kampf, dictating most of it to Rudolf Hess.



Joseph Goebbels visits Hitler in prison. A latecomer to the Hitler gang, the crafty Goebbels quickly put himself in Hitler's favor by playing on his paranoidal fears.



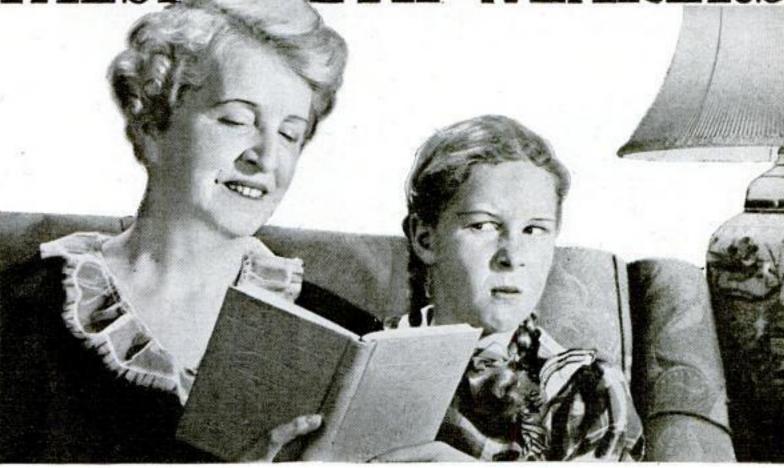
Heinrich Himmler was only a chauffeur when he joined the party. By wily investigation of his fellow members, he soon learned enough to be admitted to inner circle.



Released from prison, Hitler asked his sister and his niece Geli to live with him. A lonely and troubled man, Hitler developed erotic fixation for Geli, ignored his work.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



BEWARE OF THESE 2 DANGERS (DENTURE BREATH and LOOSE PLATES) DUE TO BRUSHING with MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

BRUSHING your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is 60 times softer than natural teeth. These scratches cause odorous film, food particles, and stains to collect faster and cling tighter... resulting

in Denture Breath. Remember, you may not know you have it, but others do! Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worndown ridges, of course, your plate loosens.



A safe, modern way to keep dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges sparkling clean is to soak them in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of

modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—keeps your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

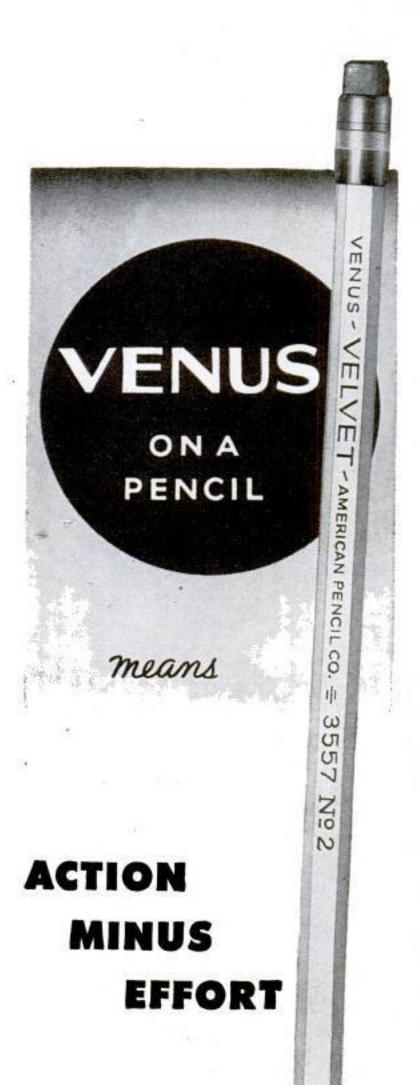


"Now I get real kisses ... not 'X's' on note paper." Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete plate, play safe. Use Polident daily to help maintain the original, natural appearance of your plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. Get Polident today. All drug counters—30¢—60¢.

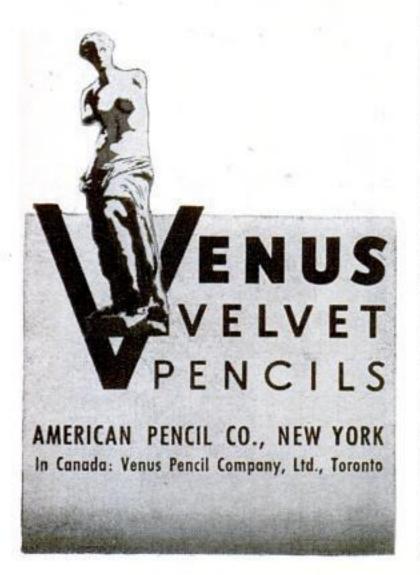
FOOD
Fights for
FREEDOM
produce and
conserve —
share and
play squarel

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

"The Hitler Gang" (continued)



A VENUS-VELVET pencil writes easily—because the lead is smooth. The lead is smooth because it is made by the Colloidal process.





Aided by German capitalists, Hitler had by 1932 made the party into an effective machine. In 1933 aging President Hindenburg was bilked into naming Hitler chancellor.



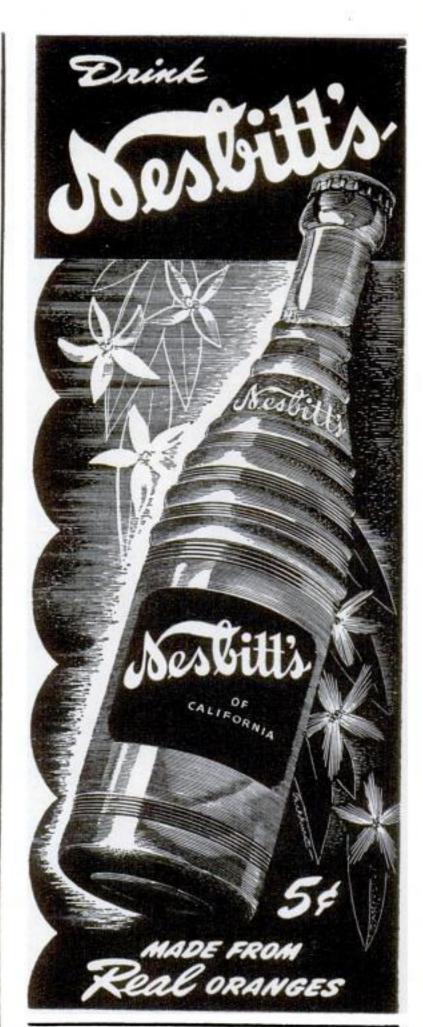
Burning of the Reichstag on Feb. 27, 1933 by the Nazis gave them chance to launch huge Red scare. To quell the Communists, Hitler was given full dictatorial powers.



Hitler's cutthroats used the flurry of the Red scare to clean out all of their political enemies. Storm troops attacked all political clubs of Jews, Reds and Catholics alike.



In complete control of Third Reich, gang plotted a purge of party's ranks. Hitler was at first opposed to elimination of Röhm and his clique of storm troops, later agreed.





CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

HELD SILL AS MORNING DEW!





WITH CERTAIN ingredients being used in war production, there are definite limits to the supply of Aqua Velva. Long the world's most popular after-shave lotion, there is now less Aqua Velva available to meet an ever-growing demand from service men and civilians.

Avoid waste. Bracing as a frosty morning, cool, refreshing Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother—with a clean, pleasant scent. So please use it carefully. That way you'll be able to enjoy it more often.



A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Rear Admiral YATES STIRLING, Jr., Ret.

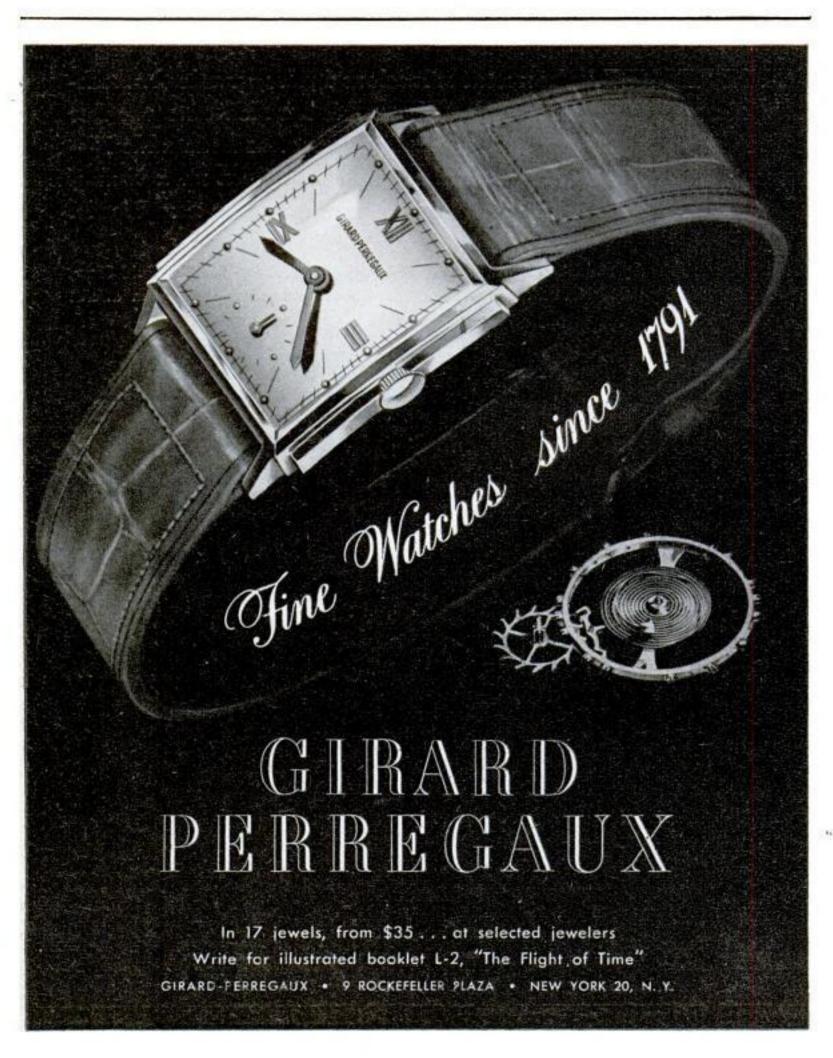
LUCIUS BEEBE

C. AUBREY SMITH

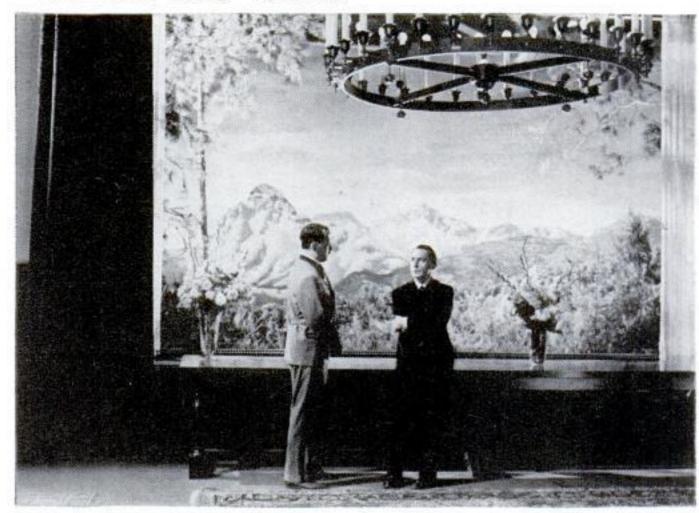
Brig. Gen. HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE



"The Hitler Gang" (continued)



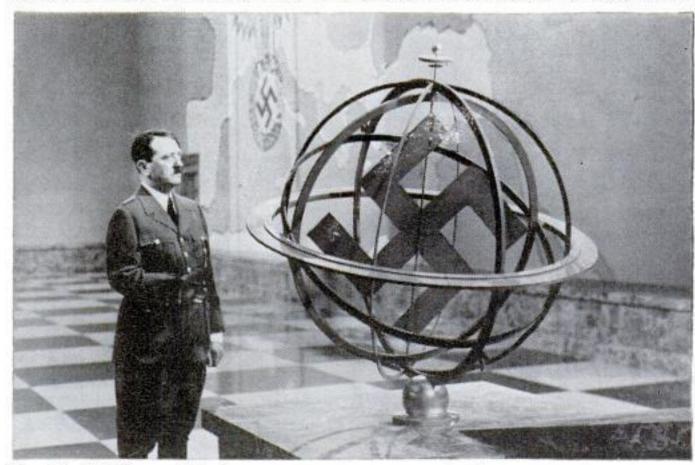
Sent to a mountain retreat while the gang planned details of the purge, Hitler fretted about losing Röhm. In early years Röhm had provided Hitler with protection.



Röhm was killed in his cell by SS men. Because of his long standing friendship with Hitler, Röhm was offered the dubious privilege of committing suicide. He refused.



Wholesale murder accompanied Röhm's death. In addition to storm-troop leaders, scientists, priests and many political enemies of the gang were quietly slaughtered.



The blood bath completed, Hitler was now in accord with German Army. He was left free to plot his world conquest beginning with small nations around Germany.



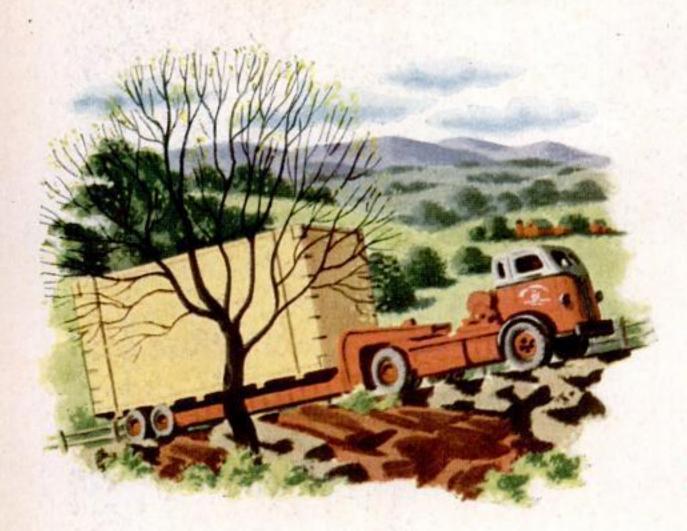
Forty years ago, the Hawaiian Pineapple Company packed its first crop of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple. Ten years ago, Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice was introduced. Since then, Dole Pineapple Products have become one of America's most popular canned fruit-treats. The Hawaiian Island of Lanai is the home of one of the largest of the Dole Pineapple plantations. The planting, cultivating and harvesting of Dole Pineapples is the sole industry of the island. From its miles of seagreen fields come millions of Dole Pineapples every year. Because of the nutritive values, keeping qualities, convenience and popularity of Dole Pineapple and Dole Pineapple Juice, generous quantities are going to our Armed Forces all over the world. But there are still Dole Pineapple Products left for your own enjoyment.

Today your ration stamps entitle you to your share of Hawaiian

Pineapple Products. If your grocer doesn't happen to have Dole

Pineapple Products on his shelves today—ask for them again tomorrow.

DOLE.



CONTENTS ... ONE HELLCAT

Hauling Hellcats and Wildcats (complete fighter planes in huge crates) is a job for masters of load and road. Heavy-duty trucks by Autocar! Equipped with a boom by Dade Brothers, Inc., one of these big tractors can lift its weight in Wildcats. Or Hellcats. On all fronts, Autocar provides special-purpose vehicles for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Forces . . . rugged reminders of heavy-duty Autocar Trucks to come at war's end.

More Hellcats

AUTOCAR TRUCKS for Heavy Duty

MANUFACTURED IN ARDMORE, PA. . SERVICED BY FACTORY BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST





27 Major Richard I. Bong, 23, of Poplar, Wis., made highest U. S. score in New Guinea area. In compiling record he used seven different Lightnings. He has been awarded D.S.C., Silver Star with oak leaf, D.F.C. with four oak leaves, Air Medal with 11 oak leaves.



26 Major Joseph J. Foss, USMC, 29, of Sioux Falls, S. D., was the first to equal Rickenbacker's 26. Flying Grumman Wildcats at Guadalcanal, he bagged 22 in six weeks. He is now in South Pacific as squadron commander. He received Congressional Medal of Honor.

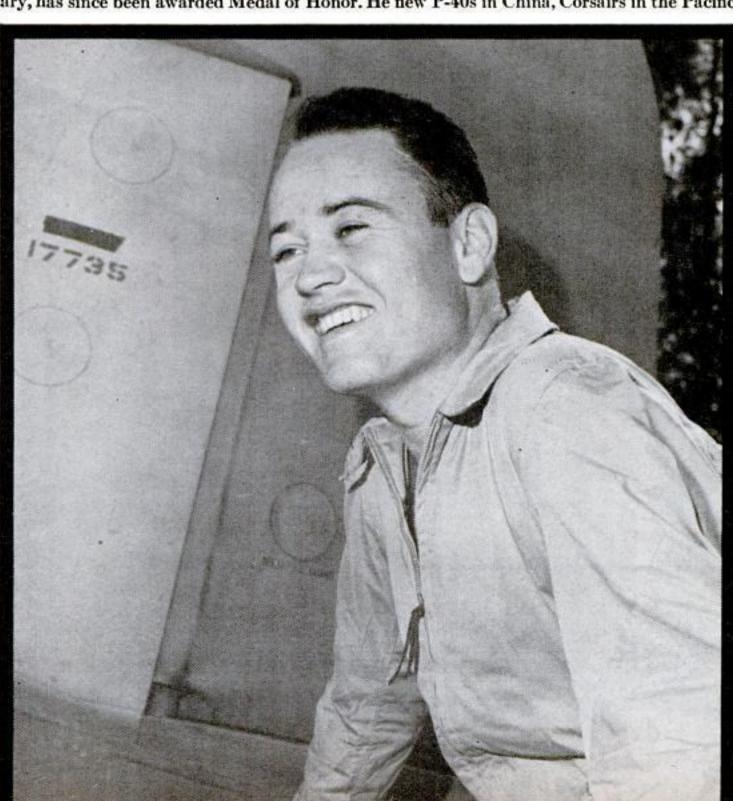
THEY HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN IN COMBAT BY 11 AMERICAN ACES

There are 254 little airplanes in the panel at the center of this page—count 'em! Each one represents a German or Japanese plane destroyed in the air by the top 11 U.S. fighter aces. Each of these men has destroyed at least 20 enemy machines. The exact number (as of May 1) is indicated with each of the informal portraits shown here. Five pictures are marked

with a black border, because five of the 11 have been killed or reported missing in action. And there is little chance that any of the missing are alive.

Pacific-theater pilots predominate in this group of supermen. Only three men have passed the 20 mark in Europe. But the vast aerial operations over the Continent will probably reverse this ratio before long. Navy fliers do not appear at all, because the Navy technically has no aces. This is partly because the Navy counts enemy planes destroyed, and rightly, by squadron operations and not by single pilots. Even though individual flying prodigies may be the spearhead of an air force, victories in aerial warfare are only won by masses of good planes and good pilots.

26 Major Gregory Boyington, USMC, 31, of Okanogan, Wash., flew against the Japanese in China, New Britain area and the Solomons. He was reported missing in January, has since been awarded Medal of Honor. He flew P-40s in China, Corsairs in the Pacific.



25 Lieut. Robert M. Hanson, USMC, 23, of Newtonville, Mass., was killed Feb. 3 near Rabaul when his plane crashed during strafing run. He was a member of Marine Corsair squadron which destroyed 135½ Japanese planes. His only decoration was the Air Medal.



d materia



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Buy More

War Bonds . . . Now!

At good stores everywhere

from \$3.50 up ... plus tax.



254 Enemy Planes (continued)



25 Captain Robert S. Johnson, 24, of Lawton, Okla., is ranking American pilot in the European theater. Since picture above was made, three more crosses have been painted on his Thunderbolt. Before the war Johnson was cabinetmaker.



23 Captain Don Gentile, 23, of Piqua, Ohio, is only Mustang pilot among top aces. He is sometimes credited with 30 planes, including seven destroyed on the ground. He first joined the RCAF, transferred from Eagle Squadron to USAAF.

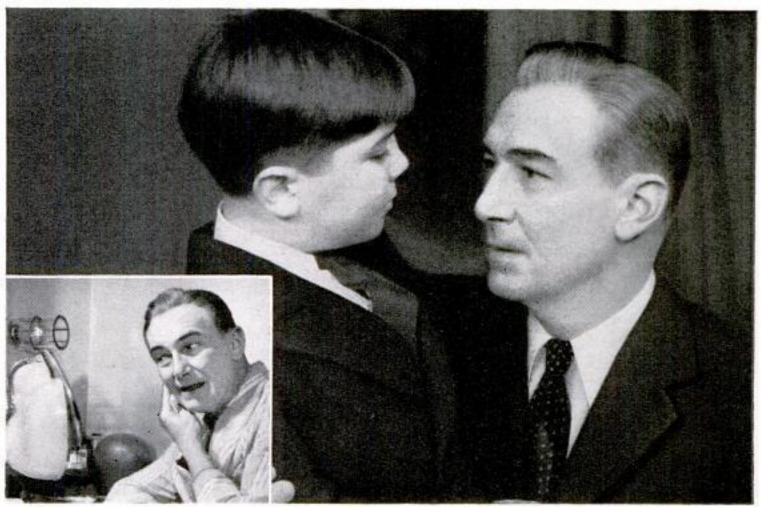


21 Major Walker Mahurin, 25, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was reported missing over Continent in March. A Thunderbolt pilot, he holds Silver Star, Air Medal with clusters, D.F.C. In picture above, he has just returned from a three-plane bag.



21 Colonel Neel E. Kearby, 32, of San Antonio, Texas, was reported missing in New Guinea early in March. He received Congressional Medal of Honor for shooting down six Japanese planes in one engagement. His plane was a Thunderbolt.

ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive



PAUL LUKAS, stage and screen star, says: "Removing make-up makes my face sensitive, but Williams lets me shave closely without irritation. It soothes my skin."

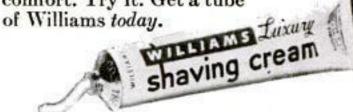
_that's why Paul Lukas shaves with soothing WILLIAMS

REMOVING make-up every day is hard on the skin, tends to make an actor's face sensitive to any irritant in shaving cream.

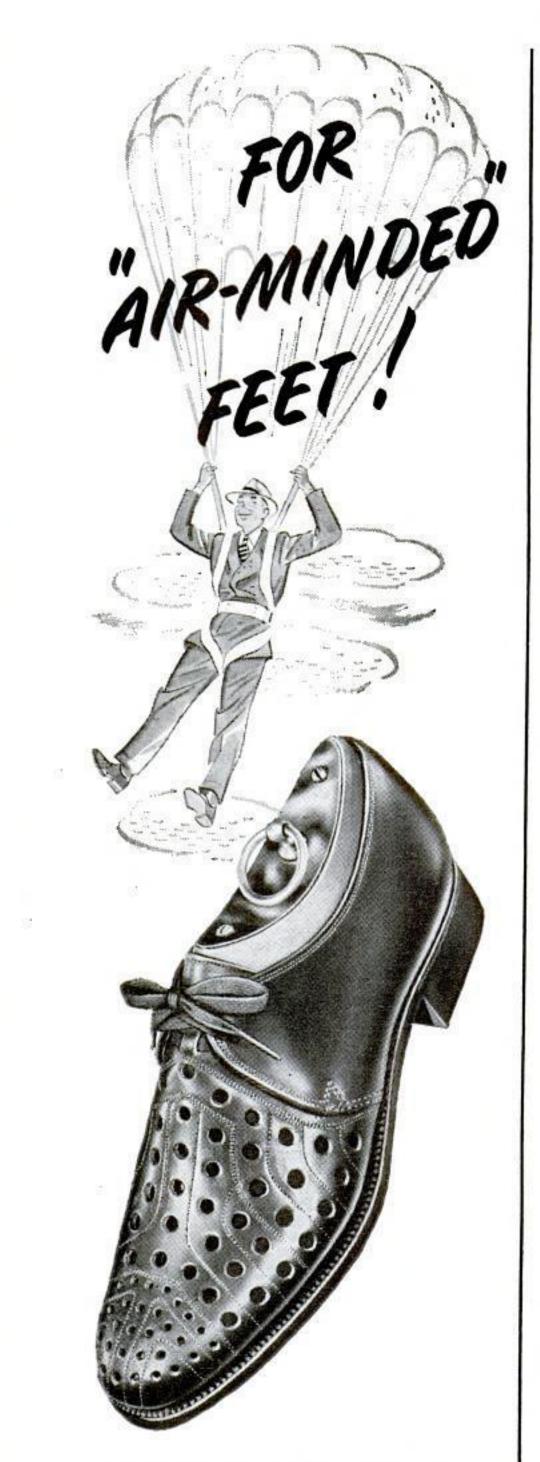
G: 图 原为现代

To be bland and gentle, a shaving cream must be made of premium-quality ingredients, combined in exact amounts. Williams is a cream like this, made with the knowing skill

of over 100 years' experience. Moreover, Williams softens whiskers completely...lets you shave closely with comfort. Try it. Get a tube of Williams today.





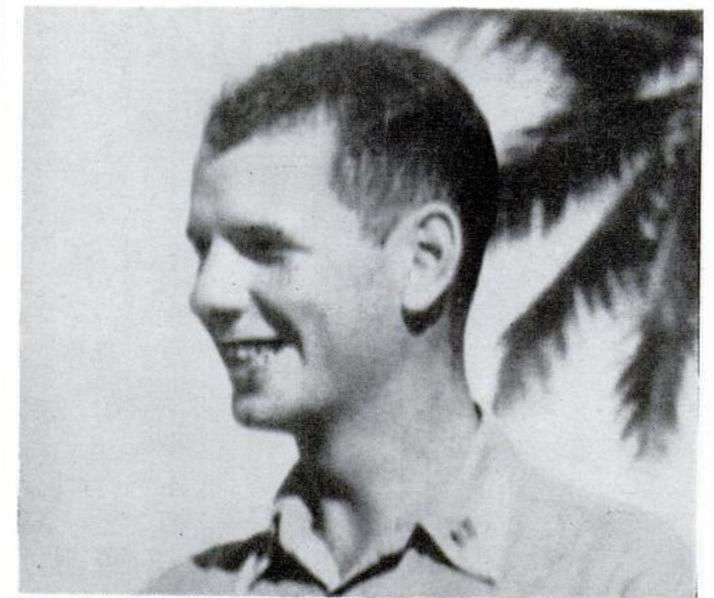


Strictly not a hot-foot, this superventilated new tie. Walk-Over took its famous military Jodhpur, styled it for civilian summer wear... punched it full of breezy portholes for coolness. Famous Walk-Over fit assures real comfort. It adds up to our smartest sport shoe of the season... Antiqued russet calfskin.

The New Ventilated WALK: OVER

Walk-Over prices \$8.95 to \$12.95 Geo. E. Keith Company Brockton 63, Mass.





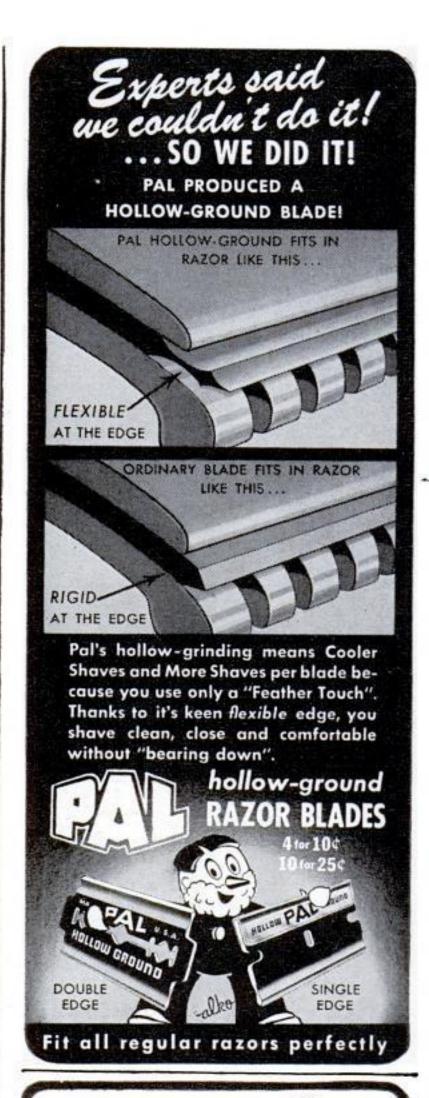
20 Captain Donald N. Aldrich, USMC, 26, of Chicago, was a member of same Corsair squadron as 25-plane ace Hanson. Before joining Marines he was a pilot in RCAF. He is now back in U. S. He holds D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple Heart.



20 Captain Kenneth A. Walsh, USMC, 29, of Washington, D. C., was member of first Corsair squadron sent into action, received Medal of Honor for attacking 50 planes alone, shooting down four. He joined Marines as private in 1933.



20 Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Lynch, 27, of Catasauqua, Pa., was killed over New Guinea in March. He had been in South Pacific theater for two years. He won D.S.C., D.F.C., Air Medal, Silver Star and Purple Heart. He flew a Lightning.



EVER HAD SEACH?

Fleas attack in the darndest places! They keep moving around—and that's the secret of our sure way to get rid of them. I call it the ONE-TWO.

ONE—dust flea-killing Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder through your dog's coat, on his undersides, along his back where he can't reach to scratch. Once a week—regularly—will kill new arrivals. TWO—bathe him with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap—it kills fleas as it cleans.

The ONE-TWO is sure relief for your dog. Get SKIP-FLEA at drug and pet stores. Free Sergeant's Dog Book, too, at stores or with this coupon.

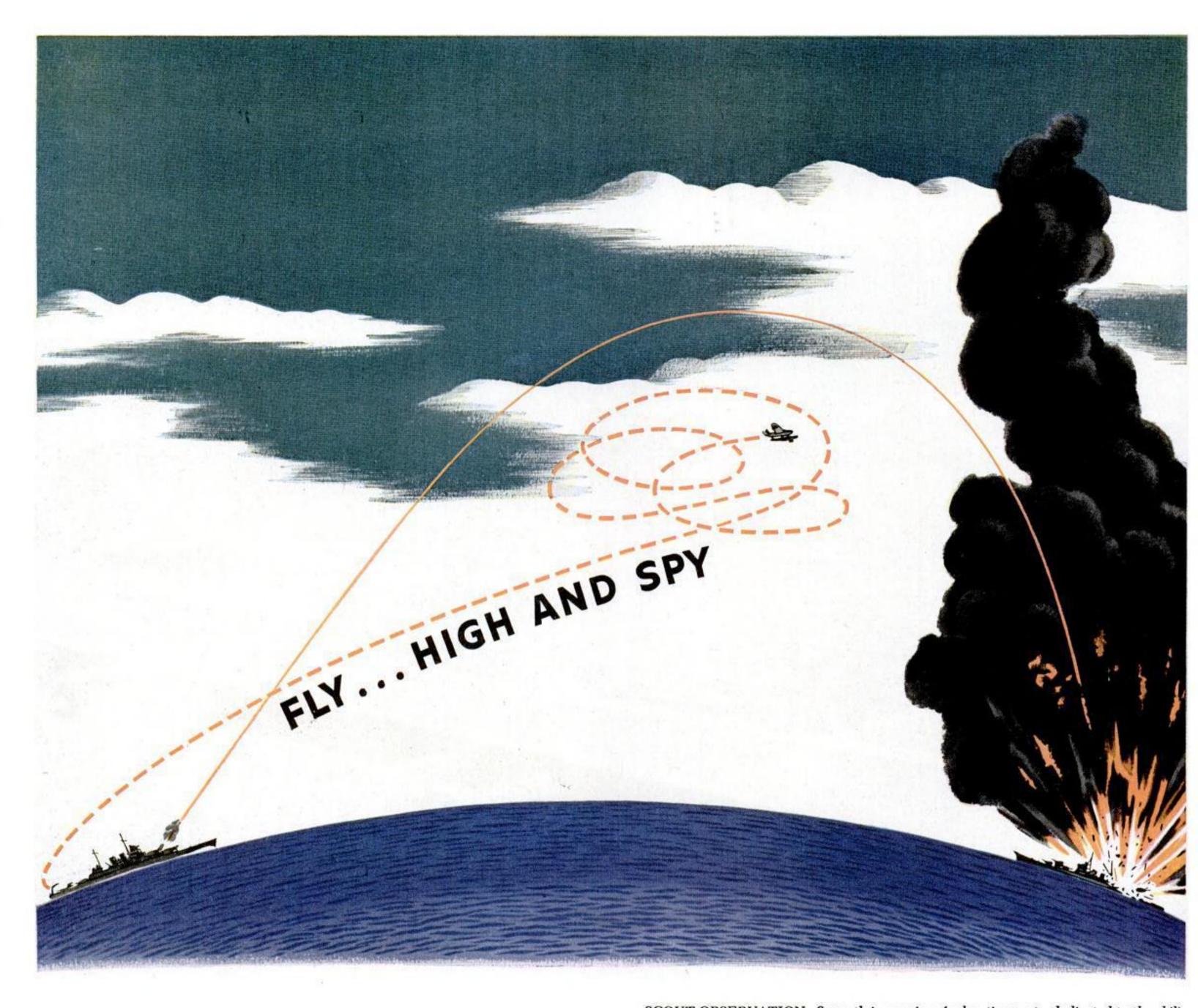


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Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.



Six Years Old - 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



SCOUT OBSERVATION—Seventh in a series of advertisements, dedicated to the skill and courage of American aviators, showing Army and Navy aerial combat tactics.

You're a Navy pilot of a Scout Observation Plane aboard a cruiser. Your Skipper wants to know what's doing beyond the horizon and you're elected to find out!

You high-tail it to your OS2U, perched on its catapult over the fantail. Your engine's warmed up and ready—your plane captain saw to that. You climb in and get set for the Big Push. You've got to brace yourself. You pull your chin in, neck stiff. You hold onto the stick with your elbow jammed into your midriff, give the engine full throttle and signal O. K.

You're Off-And How!

There's a sharp report, like a five incher, and you're on your way! In 55 to 60 feet you've accelerated to 70 miles an hour. That's pick-up!

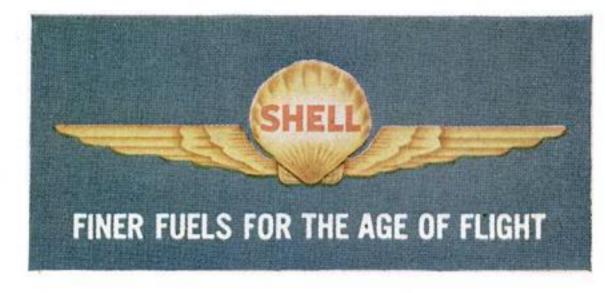
Now you're airborne and making altitude

—right for the trouble spot. Wow! A Jap
task force with transports and all! You send
back the news and await orders. They come

fast. You've got to stay up there because it's your job to spot hits for your cruiser. Good thing you know about gunnery . . . good thing you've got a cloud to duck into by and by

Close the Range!

There they go now—your shells from your own ships arching overhead—look at the elevation of those guns, almost perpendicular! You radio to close the range a bit—there they come—smashing the forward turrets of that Jap ship as if it were



made of matchwood. Now you see the dive bombers from your own Carrier come screaming in-there's a torpedo squadron, too.

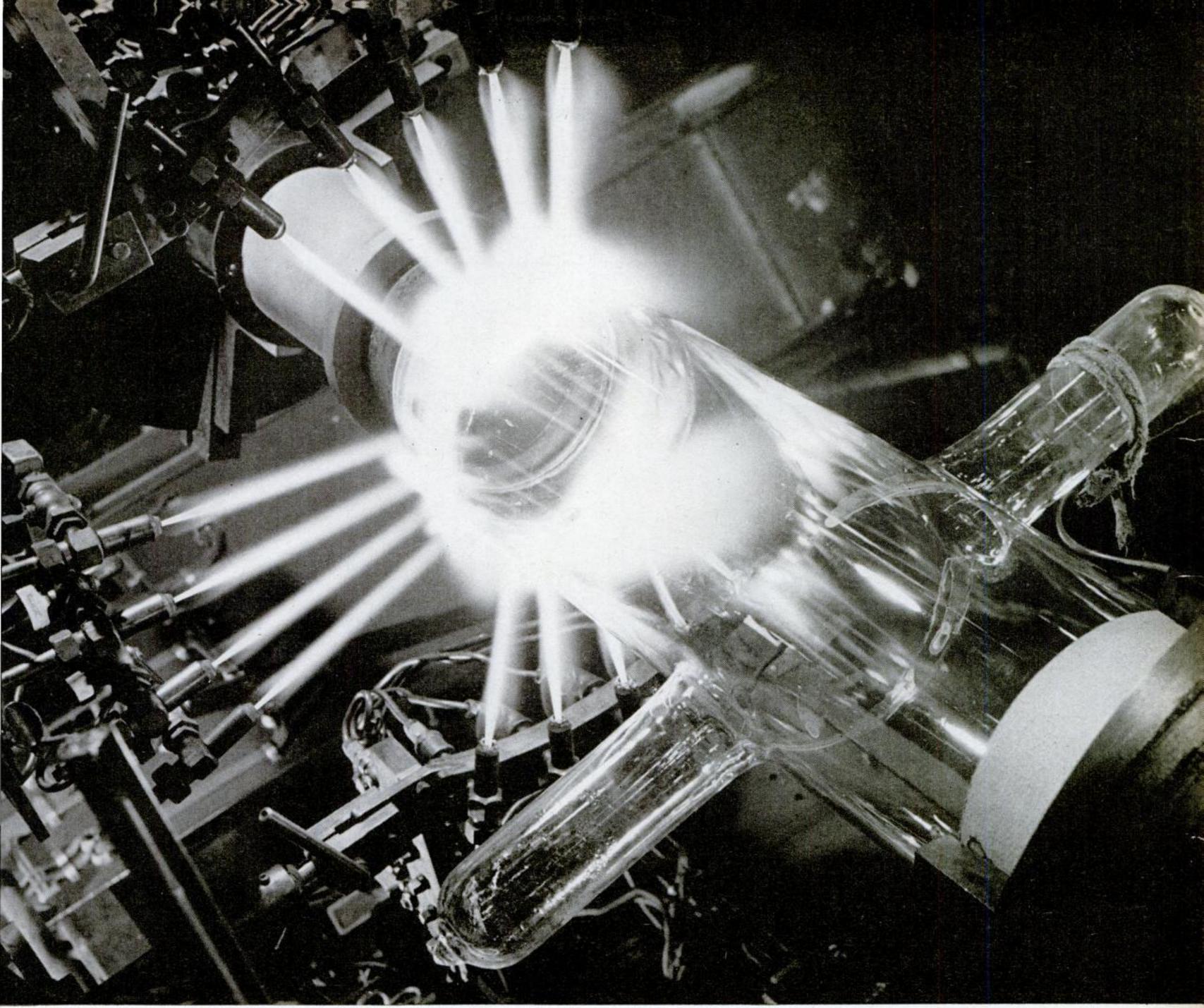
It's all over sooner than you realize. The Japs, or what's left of them, have gone away. And you, your job done, "head for the barn" and a coke with the boys!

Pioneer in the Age of Flight, Shell Research made possible the first commercial production of 100octane aviation fuel and supplied it to American

Military Aviation . . . giving our fighting aircraft new speed and range, and a great tactical advantage.

Three additional Shell "firsts in fuel" vastly increased both the power and production of aviation fuel.

Today, more Shell 100-octane aviation fuel is supplied to aircraft-engine manufacturers, for critical test and run-in purposes, than any other brand. And now, each day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.



ELECTRONICS

In a General Electric Co. factory in Schenectady, N. Y., oxygen-hydrogen flames heat a long glass tube to 900° centigrade so that the hard glass will become plastic and amen-

able to shaping. Rushed by the new demand for its revolutionary war devices—like radar—electronics has become a \$4,000,-000,000 business, bigger than the whole prewar auto industry.

WAR PRODUCTION

U.S. INDUSTRY PUTS HUGE WEIGHT INTO INVASION

Photographs for LIFE by Andreas Feininger

The invasion of western Europe has waited for many things—for millions of men to be trained, for military plans to be perfected, for the earth to dry out, for proper tides to come, for enemy industry to be weakened, for allied strength to mass. But most of all it has waited until the world's mightiest industrial power could land its full, enormous weight on the shores of Europe.

To the enemy, anxious behind his fortifications, the weight of America's industry must look overwhelming. The U. S. seems to be able to take on the whole world in production. It is producing as much steel as all the rest of the world combined. It is building more planes than its enemies and allies together can build. In four years it has built enough cargo tonnage to almost double the size of the world's ocean fleets. It has, above all, been able to come close to most of the brave goals it set for itself in the hectic days when war first broke on it.

In the early days—the time of Knudsen-Hillman, of the successive fumblings of NDAC, OPM, SPAB, and of the successive shortages of almost everything—

it looked as if the U. S. could never really get going. First there was a serious machine-tool shortage. When that was eased in late 1942, shortages of materials became very acute. Bottleneck after bottleneck choked the intricate U. S. production line. Not until the latter part of last year were material shortages relieved. Then the manpower shortage became a problem. But today the main job is to keep the big machine rolling smoothly, channeling production to meet the changing demands of war.

Without undergoing the drastic strains that afflicted other warring countries, the U. S. is producing twice as much as it produced in 1939. By heroic effort, Great Britain was able to increase production 20%. Germany and Russia have had to eliminate almost all of their civilian production in order to produce for war. In 1944 the U.S. must spend \$93,000,000,000 on war goods. This will be the most productive of all American years. It will also be the year in which the products of this tremendous industrial effort will play their biggest role in American history.



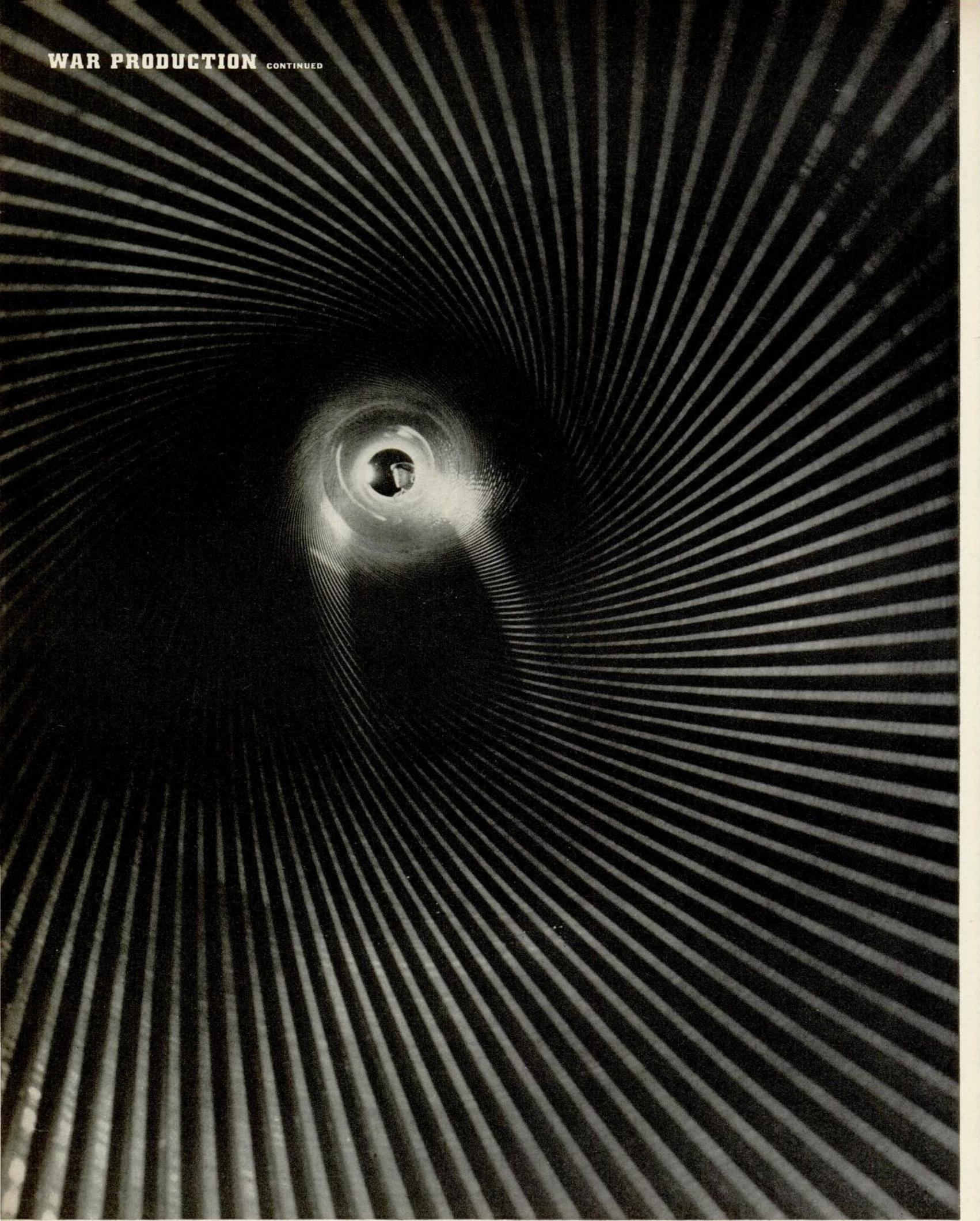
This low-pressure steam cracking plant at Standard Oil of Louisiana's Baton Rouge refinery helps make rubber, high-octane gasoline and high explosives. In the pipes, tanks and stills of these scaffolded towers crude petroleum is chilled, boiled and squeezed until it separates into butadiene, ethylene and propylene—ingredients whose molecules can be bounced around until they fall into the patterns that produce synthetic rubber

and the bases for high-powered fuel and explosives. The U. S. made no synthetic rubber in 1939. Today the amount of synthetic rubber it makes—55,000 tons a month—is greater than amount of natural rubber the country used in prewar times. In 1941, the U. S. made 40,000 barrels of high-octane fuel a day. Now it makes 400,000 barrels a day. Today the 1,600,000,000 barrels per year of oil the U. S. gets out of its wells supplies 70% of the oil used by all the United Nations.



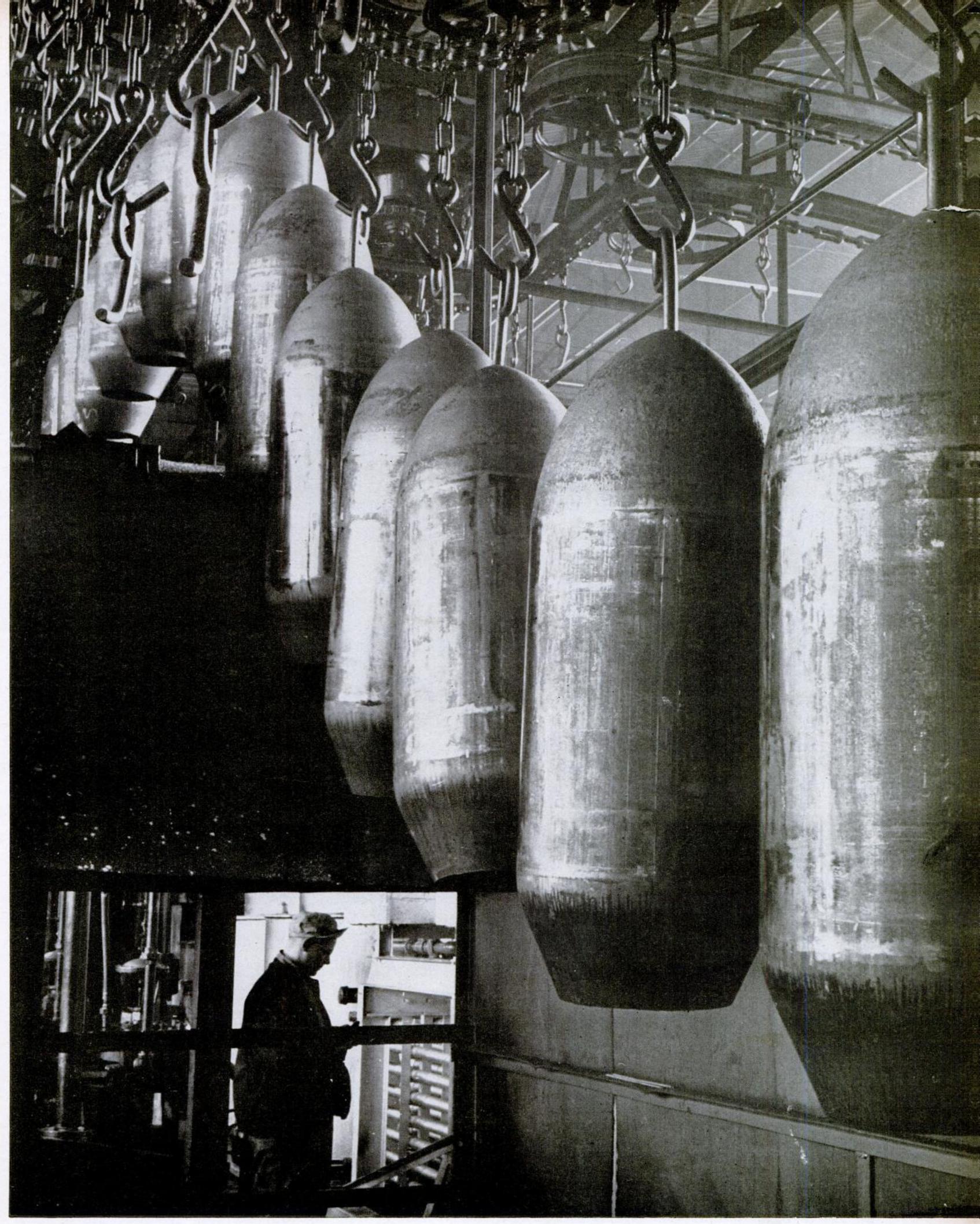
Here is the base of the whole war machine—a drafty, noisy, grimy steel plant. It is the open-hearth shop at Carnegie-Illinois' Edgar Thompson Works in Braddock, Pa. At left are ladles into which steel and slag pour from the furnaces. At right are the ingot molds into which the liquid metal is "teemed" from overhead ladles. Although the U. S. has been producing prodigious amounts

of steel, shortage of the metal has up until recently caused shortages throughout U. S. war industries. Steel itself has been faced with lacks of capacity, manpower and scrap. After ponderous effort, capacity has been raised from 84,000,000 tons a year to 94,000,000 tons. Manpower shortages are being solved by working everybody harder and longer. The supply of scrap will finally be abundant when ruined machines of war flow back from the battlefields of Europe.



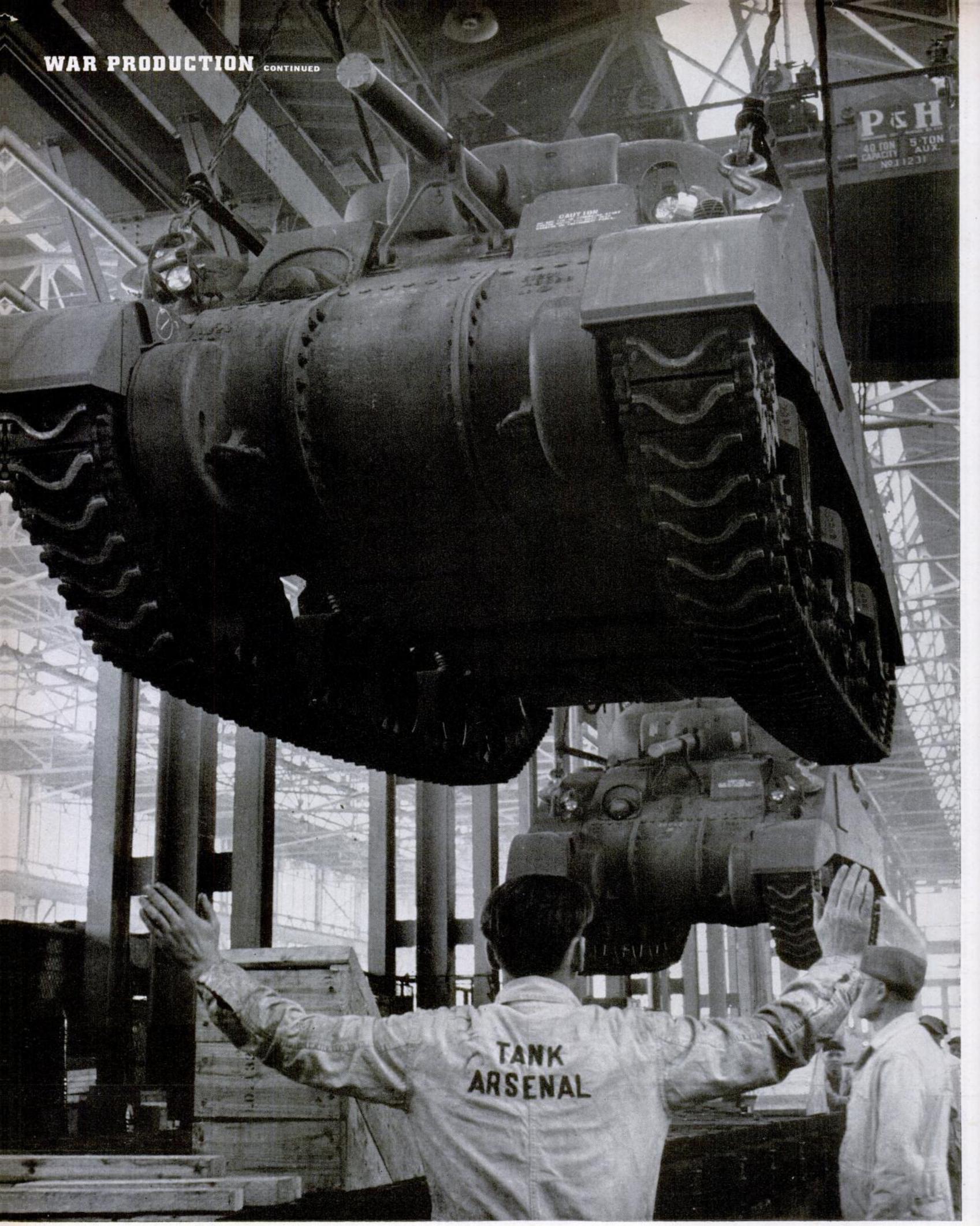
This is the inside of the barrel of a 16-inch gun undergoing inspection at the Watervliet (N. Y.) Arsenal, the Army's biggest, 131-year-old cannon factory which has made more guns for this war than for all previous wars. The grooves show the rifling which whirls the shell around as it speeds down the 67-ft.-long barrel so that its spinning through the air will send it more directly at the far-off

target. Big guns were neglected in the early rush to produce airplanes, which brought explosives right over the target, and tanks, which carried the guns right up to the enemy. But in Russia and in Africa it became clear how indispensable heavy artillery still was in war. A few weeks ago, U. S. production authorities announced a drastic change in their schedules. From now on the highest of all priorities are to be given to the big guns—155 mm. and up.



BOMBS
These are not big bombs, as bombs go today. They weigh only 500 pounds each, or about as much as a small grand piano. But they are among the most useful explosives that go into the great pre-invasion aerial barrage of Europe and are more destructive, pound for pound, than their bigger blockbusting brothers. Here they jiggle steadily along the overhead conveyor at the

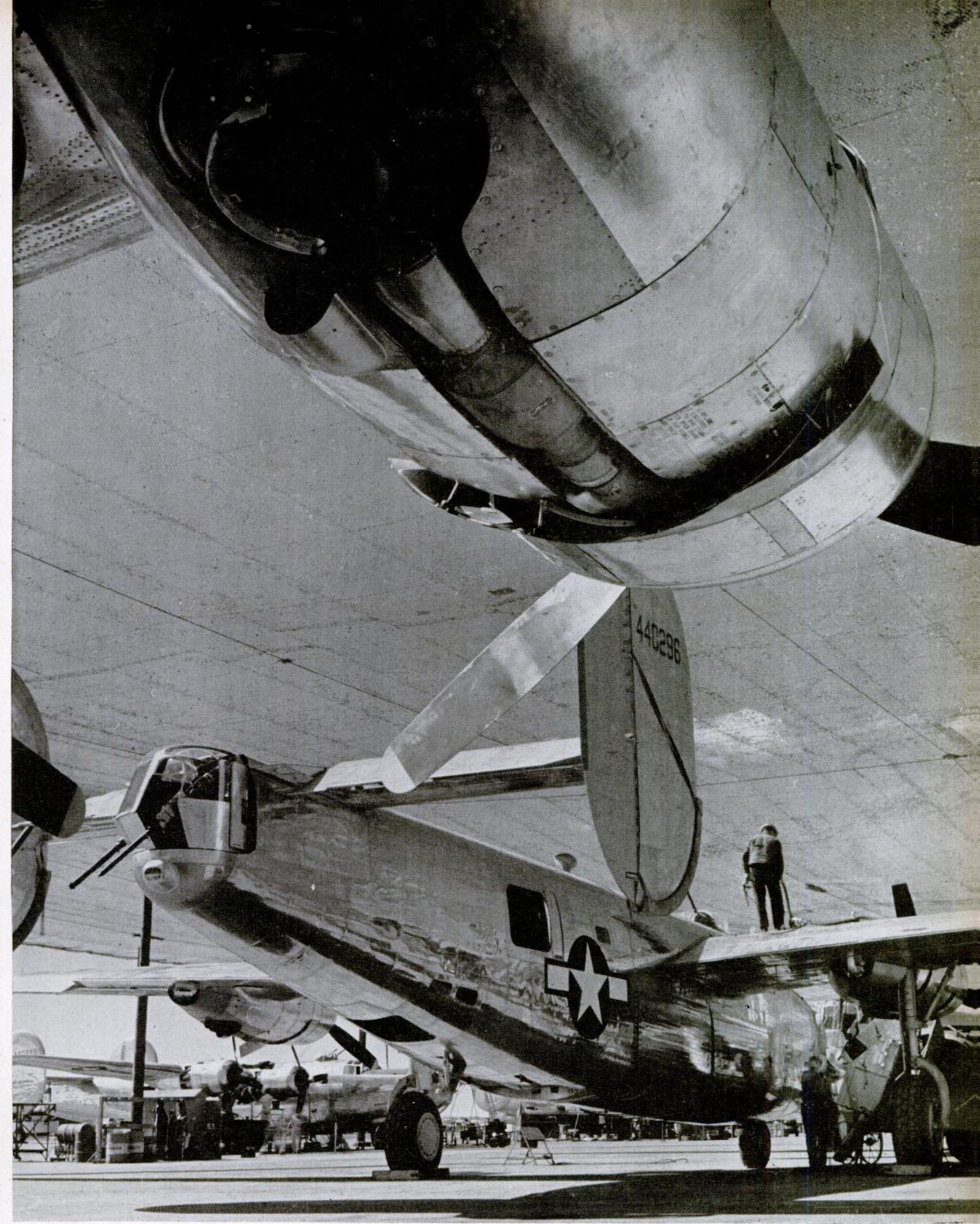
A. O. Smith Corp. plant in Milwaukee. The process of making bullets, shells and bombs is so wonderfully suited to mass production that the U.S., having started virtually from scratch, has run ahead of schedule and is shutting down some small-arms munitions plants. But shell production keeps rising and bomb production is 8% over monthly quota. This is comfortable margin even when U.S. and British planes are dropping 100,000 tons of bombs on Europe a month.



TANKS

When the M-4 medium tanks at the Chrysler Tank Arsenal in Detroit get through with the assembly line and 50-mile "run in" tests, they are hoisted onto flat cars and taken off to war.

In earlier war days it seemed that assembly lines like these would solve the worst military problems. The Army, which had received 4,300 tanks in the year and a half before Pearl Harbor suddenly demanded 45,000 tanks a year. It never got that many in any year. In 1943 it received only 30,000 yet was already cutting down its orders. The tank no longer was the overwhelming weapon it once promised to be. Last summer tank builders had almost caught up with their quotas and were breathing easily. Suddenly new model changes put new pressure on them. Not until year's end could they be really sure they were catching up with schedules.

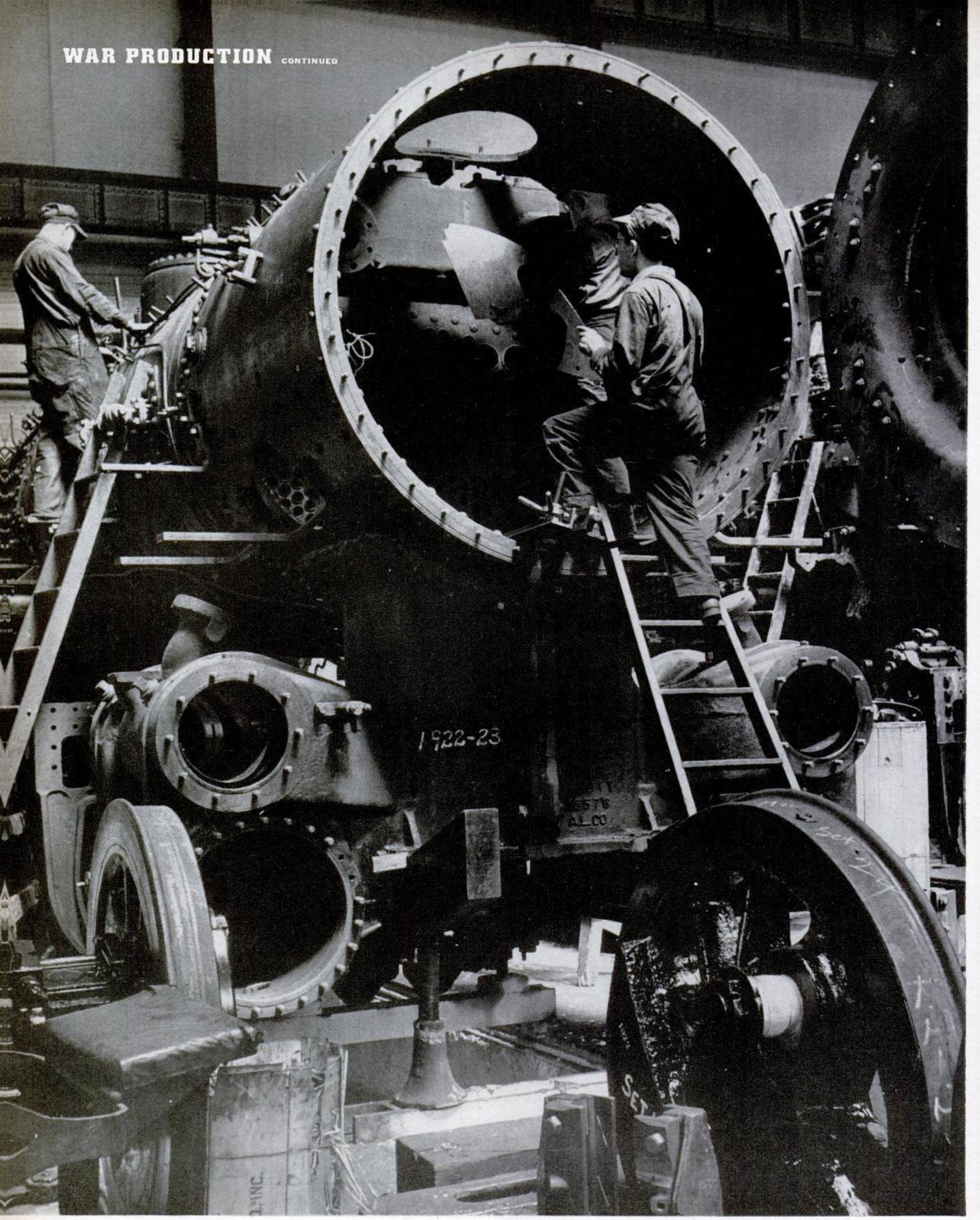


PLANES

When they get to the end of the final assembly line in the Consolidated Vultee factory at San Diego, the bright B-24 bombers get their first gasoline, Every day now, U.S. factories finish 350 planes, bringing yearly production up to 100,000 planes, more than twice as many

as Germans and Japs together build. Only a few of them now are small training planes, whose

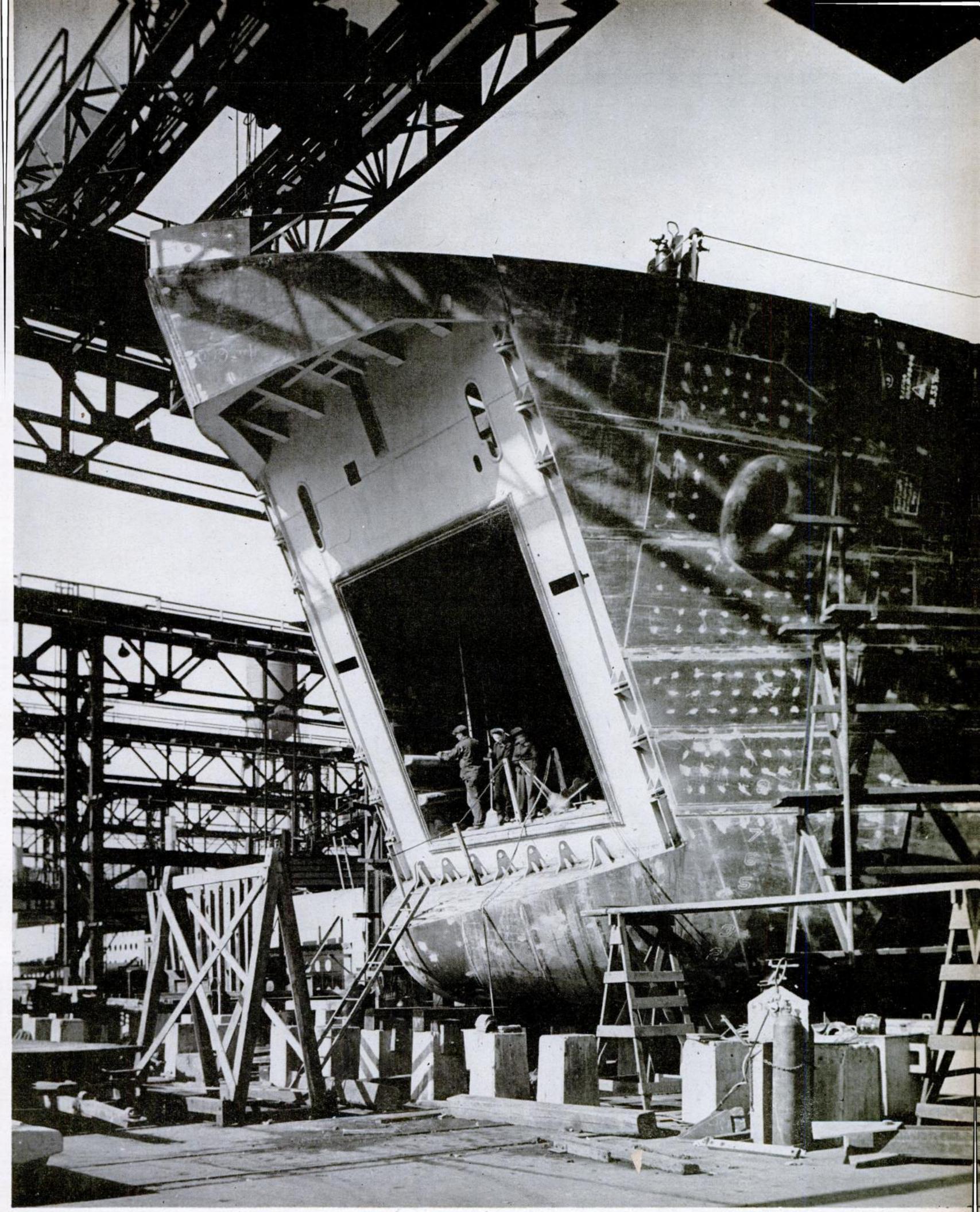
numbers used to swell early production figures. In 1941 the U. S. built 85,000,000,000 pounds of planes. This year, getting full harvest from its enormous new aircraft factories, it is building 1,000,000,000,000 pounds. Though planes grow more complex, their production gets simpler. It used to take 200,000 man-hours to produce a big bomber. It now takes 13,000 man-hours. Into building airplanes goes a fourth of the country's expenditures, a colossal \$25,000,000,000.



LOCOMOTIVES

On the erecting floor of the American Locomotive Co. at Schenectady, N. Y., workers put together

the smoke box of an 0-8-0 switching locomotive. In the first defense production rush, the locomotive makers, who were well experienced in the handling of heavy but precise metal work, were given jobs of building gun barrels, gun carriages, tanks, tank destroyers and equipment for the synthetic-rubber plants. Last year, as other producers became ready to take on these jobs, the locomotive companies were allowed to go back to their work of building locomotives. Despite other assignments, they turned out 3,400 engines in 1943, which was far above their prewar average of 400 a year. The bulk of these new locomotives went to Army and lend-lease.



At a berth in American Bridge Co.'s new inland shipyard at Ambridge, Pa., on the Ohio River, a nearly finished LST (Landing Ship, Tank) waits the installation of its heavy bow doors and big ramp. The building of landing craft is now most important of all the Navy's construction projects. In 1942 the Navy spent only a comparatively few million dollars on landing craft.

Now it is ready to spend more than \$5,000,000,000 on its 11 different kinds, ranging from the small LCR (Landing Craft, Rubber) to the big LSTs and LSDs (Landing Ship, Dock). Last December, when the huge need and usefulness of these invasion craft were fully realized, the Navy said it wanted 80,000 of them built in 1944. By the middle of March half of the 80,000 had already been delivered and the Navy had set new and bigger goals for its speeding builders.



Days of terror inside war-weary, bomb-blasted Germany begin to fade away as Mrs. Gabriele Knauth plays Beethoven's Pathétique Sonata to her three daughters in their Connecticut home. All four of the women recently were repatriated from Leipzig on the Diplomatic Ship Gripsholm after having lived through

the rising tempo of the allied bombings of Germany this past winter and spring. As alien residents of wartime Germany, cut off from their father, other relatives and friends in the U. S., the girls had to work for their living. But as Americans they carefully chose non-war work. Christina (left), who is 24, worked

in a lawyer's office. Sybilla (center), 22, read proofs of scientific publications. Barbara, 31, was an assistant kindergarten supervisor. Their mother kept house for them, helped them fight the raging fires and kept their courage up. Their story proves that, under bombings, all peoples show courage, bitterness and anger.

THE CHIMNEYS OF LEIPZIG

THREE AMERICAN GIRLS TELL THE STORY OF HOW GERMANY'S THIRD LARGEST CITY WAS DESTROYED

by BARBARA, CHRISTINA AND SYBILLA KNAUTH

By Feb. 21 the German city of Leipzig (pop. 700,000) had been effectively "obliterated" by allied bombing. Some 90% of the city's installations were said to have been destroyed. Four heavy raids had done the job—three night attacks by British planes; one daylight raid by U.S. Fortresses and Liberators. It was the first time that a city of this size had been destroyed by airpower.

How the attacks affected the city as a living, thinking organism, however, was a story that only the people beneath the bombs could tell. In Leipzig, during these raids, were three American girls and their mother. They had known the city in peacetime and since the war began. They were interned and released on parole after spending a few months in a camp at Liebenau. They lived the life of Germany at war, without special privileges and also without hindrances beyond restriction to the city limits and weekly reports to the police. Because they lived the life of average Germans their story reflects the story of Germany since Pearl Harbor. This is their report of what they saw.

Christina: About a week before Pearl Harbor, the newspapers in Leipzig carried long stories about the tension between America and Japan. Our father at that time had gone back to the States on business. We had stayed in Germany because he expected to return again. Then, suddenly, it came. I can't remember clearly what the headlines were in the papers on Dec. 8, but I know they didn't say it was Japan that attacked America. We just heard all of a sudden that America and Japan were at war.

Sybilla: Then on Dec. 11 Hitler made a speech in which he declared war on America. I was in the university at a lecture and I could hear him on the radio in the next room. Later the professor came to me and said: "Well, Miss Knauth, now we are enemies." He said it in a half-joking half-serious way, but I didn't feel like joking at all. We were simply numb.

Christina: That morning there was a little notice in the papers saying that all Americans would have to report to the police station before noon. So we went over. The police were very nice to us, stamped our passports with a permit good for Leipzig only and sent us home again. Next day we got a postcard saying that we should report every Monday to our local police station and could not leave the city. Otherwise we were still free.

People everywhere were talking about the war and about America's being in it now. A lot of them were pessimistic, mostly the older people who remembered the last war and how America got in the third year too and how it ended. They thought that even if Hitler hadn't declared war, America would have come in anyway.

Christina: After the first excitement about America's coming in was over, the whole thing sort of died away again. The people didn't feel any change in their own lives. There was great excitement once though when the first U-boat was said to have entered New York harbor. We saw pictures of this in the newsreel, taken through the periscope, I guess, and it made us feel very queer.

But mostly people were occupied with other things. They were depressed about the war in Russia which seemed to have come to a standstill. Then spring 1942 came and better weather and it was warm and in Russia the offensive began again. You could go swimming, to the movies and openair concerts, there was enough food, though not quite as much because for the first time rations were cut.

Sybilla: We passed the summer living just like the rest of the people all around us, until September when we were interned. Christina had gone to Berlin to see about a job, and when she was there she had to report to the Berlin authorities. She had been there only a couple of days when the police told her she would be interned. Apparently in Berlin they were interning everybody, in Leipzig not.

She called us up and told us and we immediately asked to be interned too. Our one idea, you see, was to stay together. So we were all taken down to the camp at Liebenau near the Lake of Constance.

That camp was better than we ever expected. The guards were local people and friendly and the food—my goodness, we hadn't had such food for years! You see, we got Red Cross parcels from America every week, 11 pounds. The camp was in the country, it was run by nuns, and apart from the fact that we couldn't leave, it wasn't bad at all.

Dark days of Stalingrad

Christina: Then, a couple of months later we were released from the camp, just like that, and came back to Leipzig again. While we were in the camp Rommel was retreating across Africa, and when we came out the first news we had was that the rest of France was occupied. As far as I could make out from the papers it was because the Americans had landed in North Africa. This was exciting for us, of course, but for the rest of the people it didn't seem to be so much of a sensation.

Back in Leipzig, we settled down again to our jobs. In Russia, the German troops were before Stalingrad but it wasn't until February that there was definite news of what was happening there. Then came the special announcement, on the first or second of February I think, that Stalingrad was lost. There were three days mourning after this, no movies, no amusements of any kind, no red headlines in the papers, only black.

The loss of Stalingrad depressed people very much. There was a lot of talk about it, how it had happened, whose fault it was and so forth. It was winter again, too, and in winter everything seems more depressing. People were pessimistic and losing hope, but they were getting a kind of grimness, too, that they hadn't had before.

Sybilla: That winter passed, but when spring 1943 came it didn't bring the same kind of relief that it usually did. The war was getting worse. The army was going back and back. The heavy air attacks began again, on the Rhineland and other parts of Germany. After the end of the campaigns in Africa there was a sort of lull. Then some time in July we heard that American troops had landed in Sicily, and later all of Sicily was lost too.

At that time came the overthrow of Mussolini and the surrender of Italy and there was terrible bitterness in Germany against the Italians. For a long time people had felt that Italy was just a burden to the Germans and now came the surrender by Badoglio and the King and Mussolini was put in prison. Badoglio was looked on as the lowest of low people and there was hate and contempt for the Italians who had betrayed Germany again.

Barbara: About that time an entirely new attitude toward the war slowly began to form: it's difficult to explain it, but people began to feel that they would have to defend their own country against the enemy, that the enemy was getting close and that the war might last a long time.

Terrible tales from Hamburg

Christina: Our life in Leipzig was still normal, we hadn't had any excitement or bombs, and we felt really safe. But the people from Hamburg had seen the war and they told terrible stories.

They had the whole Reich divided up into places in danger of being raided and provinces which would take people who had been bombed out or who wanted to evacuate from endangered areas. Saxony, where Leipzig is, was a refuge for Hamburg and, when the big raids came on Hamburg, the people from there came down to us.

They had lost everything. It was difficult keeping harmony between the bombed-outs and the
people to whom they were sent. The difference
in their feelings caused quite a lot of friction here
and there. For instance, the old dislike between
Prussians and Bavarians got worse when Berliners
were evacuated to Munich and other places.

Some of the things we heard from Hamburg were awful. There were whole districts there, we heard, that had been declared dead, where there was no living thing at all. The bombs did terrible work. The thing we dreaded most after hearing the stories from Hamburg was the phosphorus. It was the beginning of the *Phosphorkampf*, the battle against phosphorus. We didn't know what it was like yet, but it sounded awful.

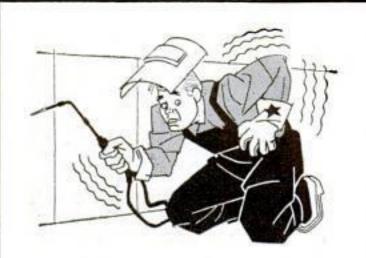
Sybilla: In August, after they began evacuating Berlin, we started getting our cellar ready. It was full of boxes and barrels left after our moving from Berlin. We sold all those easily. We got the place completely cleaned up and ready.

The worst thing about those days was waiting. I remember we used to say to ourselves that if we were going to be raided we wanted to get it over with, like a dentist appointment. September came and went and nothing happened. We worked, kept house, slept, went to the movies now and then; everything was still the same.

Christina: But on Oct. 20 came the first planned attack on Leipzig. I mean, this attack was a Terrorangriff, a really heavy raid, and it was meant for our city.

It came about 8 o'clock in the evening, very early. When the sirens went off we grabbed our suitcases and went downstairs. We didn't have any premonitions about this alarm, it was just like all the rest in the beginning. Not everybody went down, but we did.

Embarrassing Adventures of Willie the Wriggler



BIND! "No peace of mind when your undershirt binds!" wails Willie, trying to keep his production up and wriggle his oldstyle undershirt down. It's crawled up into a mass of wrinkles that choke and chafe his middle. So poor Willie's at a loss, for wriggling and welding don't mix. But there's help coming up, Willie...



FIND! Here's a find to ease your mind, Willie—sleek, streamlined KUT-UPS, the sensational new undershirt with the exclusive vent feature. That's why it fits smooth as your skin—stays tucked in. NO CREEP, NO BUNCH, NO BIND!



WIND. "It's kind to active men," says Welder Willie of his sleek new KUT-UPS undershirt. "Really fits—and never gets out of place!" And its soft, absorbent, fine-combed yarns protect his shirt and suit against perspiration...help guard him against getting chilled and catching colds.

MORAL: Don't let an old-style undershirt worry your waistline. Get into KUT-UPS and RELAX! Exclusive vent feature makes it fit smooth, stay tucked in whether you sit, stand, walk or run. NO CREEP, NO BUNCH, NO BIND!



Perfect match for KUT-UPS are MACDEE briefs or mid-lengths, I.S. the knit shorts with Cantilever Support for extra "lift." STANDARD KNITTING MILLS, INC., KNOXVILLE 3, TENN.



The target is Leipzig, shown here before it was mauled by U. S. and British bombers. The city was famed for its great prewar trade fairs and as the birthplace of Richard Wagner.

LEIPZIG (continued)

For quite a while we sat in the cellar and nothing happened. So I decided to go upstairs for a look.

I went out onto the balcony and I saw a beautiful sight. Away over in the northeast there were many searchlights. They were looking frantically for a plane, waving all over the sky.

The next time I went up I heard planes. I was just starting down the cellar stairs when I heard this awful noise. It was a sort of gurgle, a wrrau-wrrau—not like a whistle or a swish, but awful, like something very big cracking the air. The next second it hit. Half from the pressure, half from panic, I simply sailed down those stairs!

One more big bomb came down, with the same terrible noise, and also hit pretty close to us. Our cellar shook, but we had no damage. After that, it was quiet in our district again.

Barbara: That raid was queer, in a way. From what we could make out it hit only a corner of the city, over in the east. The rest of Leipzig was hardly touched, but the countryside beyond the eastern district was simply plowed up.

That raid kind of divided the Leipzigers among themselves. Like the difference between evacuées from bombed towns and the people who hadn't been bombed. The people in the east had felt it, the rest hadn't. You could even sense the feeling on the streetcars coming from the bombed districts.

But the raid changed some things. Most people, we included, now finally bought gas masks. Theaters and movies had to close by 8:30. No public meetings were allowed after 8:30, and most people, for a while at least, were home by then.

Serial raids on Berlin

Christina: The fall of 1943 the weather was simply beautiful. Day after day, up to November, the sun shone in a clear blue sky, the trees turned golden and the air was fresh and cool. As often as we could we went out to the near-by countryside on bicycles, or walked. It was lovely.

Our daily life, like that of most Germans I guess, was pretty much routine. We had breakfast early, about a quarter to 7—usually some cereal-like rye meal mixed with water, skimmed milk and sugar, then black bread or rolls, marmalade and sometimes a little butter. We drank ersatz coffee made of malt. We took sandwiches along for lunch. Mother made us very good sandwich spreads with yeast, flour, a little fat or margarine, a little sausage and spices. For dinner we had potatoes, vegetables and now and then a little meat. We usually saved most of that for Sundays.

Christina: Then, at the end of November, came the Serienangriffe, serial raids, on Berlin. We had alarms almost nightly then. They changed our lives completely.

Everything of a public nature in the city had to be finished by 7 o'clock. Movies had to close by 7. The opera began in the early afternoon—I went to *Die Walküre* once and it started at 2:30. We usually ate our supper at 6 so that we could be all finished and have the dishes washed by 7.

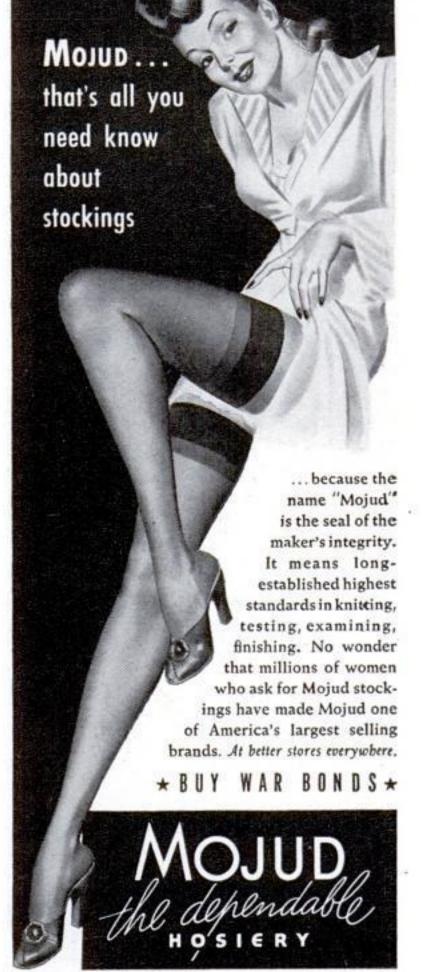
We began to listen to the radio constantly in the evening. We

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



flustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use lodent and you'll smile with confidence.







"whew! imagine the dish-washing in a war-plant without_ DIXIE CUPS

"We women are a bit sensitive when it comes to cleanliness about food and drink, fussy about putting our lips to something that has previously been used by others. Maybe that's why Dixie Cups on our war jobs mean so much to us women."



SERVE IN ALL HIGHBALLS, INCLUDING GIN, RUM, WINE

Please! We and your

government will appreciate

your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

IT'S SUPER-CHARGED =

Its sparkle stays to

the end of your drink ...





First big raid blows open door of the cellar air-raid shelter, piles up debris, fills the air with acrid smoke. The raid lasted 25 minutes, started huge fires all over the city.

LEIPZIG (continued)

kept it on all the time, turned down low, so we could hear if it stopped. If it did, that meant *Luftgefahr*, air danger, and then we would get ready, pack our little suitcases, put on our warm clothes. Then we just sat and waited. We weren't idle—we sewed, or read, or did something; but we were on the alert.

What we heard from Berlin gave us a feeling of dread. We subscribed to a Berlin newspaper and we could judge a lot from that. For days it wouldn't appear at all and then when it came it was just one folded page with columns and columns of instructions: where Berliners should go if they were bombed out, how they should get food and shelter and so on. Then there were columns of death notices, too, of people killed in raids.

The evening of Dec. 3 was cold, windy and overcast. It was a perfect night for bombing. We were sure we would have an alarm, but we thought it would be Berlin again.

The alarm came at about 3:45 a.m. I just heard it in my dreams. I asked Sybilla if she was getting up. She said no, that it was probably some fellow who had been pushed off his course, no real alarm.

Luckily Mother and Barbara had gotten up. I was mad at them because they turned on the light in the hall and it shone right into our room so I had to get up and pull down the blackout curtains. I was just getting into bed again when I heard a distant grumbling. I thought, well, there's the flak, we'd better get up.

Sybilla was getting up, too, and getting dressed. We still slept in pajamas then. I had just stuck my foot out of bed when SWIIIISH!! I heard this whistling noise, then WUUUUB!! right next to us. I grabbed my coat, slippers and suitcase and ran. Sybilla just pulled on a coat, and with nothing but that and her slippers, came tearing after me. Barbara and Mother had the presence of mind to take their gas masks and blankets. I forgot mine completely.

First bomb crashes down

Sybilla: That first bomb brought everybody down. From then on the bombs fell without stopping. The noise was something awful. The bombs crashed and shook the house, some of them whistled, some of them shrieked, and all the time there was the gurgling noise of the *Phosphorkanister*, the phosphorous bombs, which we could hear clearly.

In 25 minutes it was all over and the crashing of the bombs stopped. In our cellar the light was still burning.

We looked up. Sometime during the raid the cellar door had burst open. The windows were shattered, in spite of the bricks outside. The cellar was full of smoke and smoke was rolling in through the door.

In the silence after the bombs we began to hear the crackling of fires, and then we saw the red glow through the door. When I realized what had happened, I got absolutely panicky. I thought, my God, we will be burned alive down here.

Christina: But we did get out all right. Sybilla and I ran right out. There were fires upstairs but they were still small and we got them out. Then the air-raid warden yelled down for someone to come up to the roof, there was a fire on the roof next door. When we climbed up there, we saw a sight of awful beauty. It was terrible, really, but it was beautiful too. There was fire everywhere. The air was full

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



Through the Roof

The whole vast area of conquered Europe is a Nazi stronghold. Massive walls and powerful fortifications defend it — all as nearly impregnable as Hitler can make them.

But overhead there are no walls. It is through the roof that Allied bombers have been able to inflict the heaviest blows on Germany's industrial warmaking machine.

To the valiant young Americans who man the Boeing Flying Fortresses, "through the roof" now has an added significance. On days when there was a thick overcast, Europe was once safe from precision bombing. Today new navigation devices enable the Fortress bombardier to hit his target through

dense cloud cover with almost the same uncanny accuracy as when the air is clear. The first raid by the Forts on Berlin was made under just such conditions.

The deadly bombing done by the big Boeing planes has become a matter of wonder, not only to our Allies but to the enemy. After Flying Fortresses had demolished the Messerschmitt plant at Regensburg without allowing a single bomb to fall on a hospital which was practically a part of the factory area, our Eighth Air Force fliers received a special radio message from the Luftwaffe. The net of it was: "Congratulations on your accuracy. We don't know how you do it!"

The Fortress crews know the answer. It is done by cool courage, skill and training, and by the bombing stability of the steady-flying Forts themselves. Some day Boeing's design, engineering and manufacturing skills will be turned once again to products of peacetime. And you can have full confidence in any such product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's

NEW AIR FORCES COMBAT FILM

bound to be good.

The Army Air Forces motion picture, "The Memphis Belle," shows the heroic crews of Boeing Flying Fortresses in actual combat over Germany. See it at your local theater.

RS BOEING

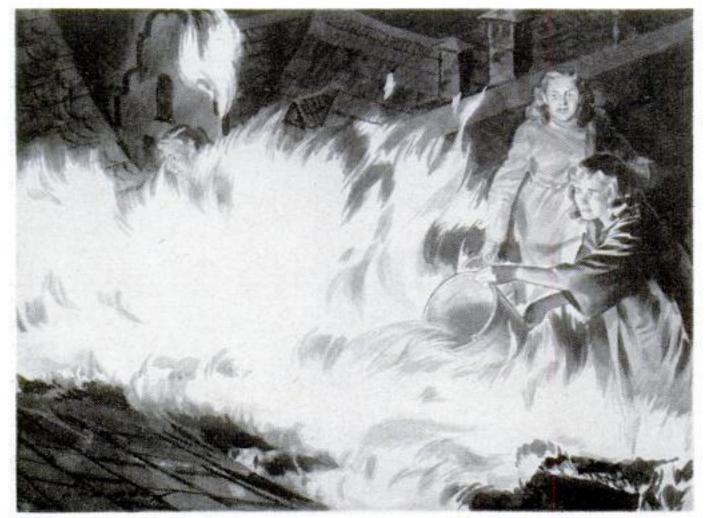




PACKED ONLY

IN THIS RED

AND BLACK BOX



Biggest raid, on Feb. 20, made streets and houses shake and bend like rubber. It took girls six frantic hours to put out stubborn upstairs fire caused by phosphorous bombs.

LEIPZIG (continued)

of sparks and smoke, and now and then a roof would collapse in a tower of fire. There was a terrific wind, a roaring, rushing wind because of the draught of all these fires.

That was our first heavy air raid and the first big one to hit Leipzig as a whole. It changed the life in the city completely. Of course, large parts of Leipzig were really destroyed, burned out completely. People worked day and night to dig things out of the ruins, to rebuild damaged homes, to clean up rubbish. We wore our ski suits now all the time, we even slept in them. We learned to cook on a doll's little electric kitchen stove that I still had from America, bought at Macy's, because the gas was out all the time. Big things we cooked on a coal stove in the apartment upstairs.

Biggest raid comes Feb. 20

Sybilla: But the biggest raid came later, nearly two months later. It was in the night of Feb. 19, a Saturday. After supper we sat around talking, reading, mending and so on, a comfortable evening at home, you might say. We went to bed about midnight. The alarm came at about quarter to four in the morning-sirens going off and siren cars rushing through the streets. We got up as usual, took our things and hurried down to the cellar. Down there it was quiet for almost three-quarters of an hour. So we all thought, well, Berlin is getting it again; thank God it isn't us.

As usual, the three men who lived in the house had gone outside to keep watch. They always looked sort of funny, those three. One was a plump, comfortable sort of man; the other was small, a little hunchbacked, very quiet and reserved; the third a younger man, who had three children. He had been a soldier but now he was an engineer. He was a trained worker, you know, so they took him out of the army and he had a position in some factory.

They came in again after about three-quarters of an hour and said everything was all right. One of them went out again in a few minutes, then came back almost immediately and said: "Oh, oh, they just set Christmas trees—flares."

He was barely inside the door when the bombs came. They were very near. There weren't just a few of them, but a whole bunch all together. From then on, for nearly an hour, they came incessantly.

The noise was just beyond words. The house shook and shook. First it would sway from side to side, then it would sort of jump, then it would sway and jump together. My knees kept bouncing up and down off the floor.

We never seemed to hear waves of planes, they were just there all the time, all at once. This time we were sitting, holding each other tight with our heads down on our chests. I couldn't really think at all, but I remember once hearing Christina yell: "There's a bomb coming, open your mouths!" She had seen or read somewhere that soldiers open their mouths when they fire off cannon.

It had never been this bad before. The house was like rubber, bending back and forth, the floor rising up and down like waves. Nobody talked, nobody screamed. It was quiet as a mouse in the cellar except for the bombs. Even the children were quiet. The people just sat there with their heads bowed, looking as though they were praying.

In the middle of the raid, after about half an hour, we suddenly



College Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Circa 1871

The Pipes of Penn

Back in 1856, John Middleton came from England and opened a little tobacco-shop near the water-front in old Philadelphia. It was here that he created Walnut, his master-blend, for a group of students at the University of Pennsylvania.

The brand was an instant success, for Walnut was mild, fragrant, and friendly, with a natural aroma. Seven of the world's finest tobaccos mixed, mingled, and merged to give Walnut those desirable qualities which informed smokers recognized on short acquaintance.

The better stores everywhere have Walnut at \$2.25 the pound, and in pocket-packs at 30c. You might like to read "The Choice of Experience," which we shall be glad to send you, with an ample sample of Walnut. Just write John Middleton, 1219 Walnut (Tobacco) St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.





CONSERVE PAPER

Though all U.S. magazines use but 4% of the paper supply, they offer you a double opportunity to help ease the acute paper shortage: I) by passing your copies along to others who may not have been able to buy them, and 2) by always saving all old magazines and turning them in to your local salvage agency.





PUT YOURSELF IN HIS SHOES

What would YOU expect of the folks back home?

It has been a long time since these feet touched the soil of the U. S. A. It may be still longer before they are turned toward home again. They are on a bitter road that must be followed to an unknown end.

And above these feet, in their muddy shoes, is a man who loves life, its comforts and its pleasures as much as you and I. But he is willing to sacrifice all for us.

What are we giving up for him?

We cannot share his hardships. We cannot share his danger. But we can back him up with the finest equipment. And we also can make sure that he won't have to face the evils of inflation when he comes back home.

We can do all this simply by digging deep into our pay for more War Bonds—more than we think we can afford to buy. And after we have bought them, we can hold on to them by sacrificing some of our luxuries and comforts.

That's no more than our plain, clear duty to our fighting men, to our country, and to ourselves. Let's show the world we know how to do it! Belmont Radio Corporation, 5923 West Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois.



* LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS



Hello, old man, how are you?" is Sybilla's surprise greeting to a Canadian prisoner orking in a bomb crater. Soldier's jaw dropped. Amazed, he only answered: "Hunh!"

EIPZIG (continued)

leard the front door bang open and somebody came running down he hall and down the stairs into the cellar. It was our air-raid varden. He shouted to us that there was a fire upstairs and we should

o up in the first lull.

About 15 minutes later the bombs ended, just stopped. The all lear came almost right away. We rushed upstairs. We looked into Il the floors as we went up. First and second floors were O.K. On he third floor a food closet was burning in the kitchen. The stairway to the fourth floor was burning too. We saw that it hadn't een weakened, so we ran past the flames to the top floor. There it was really bad, burning like a torch.

Sybilla: So we started fighting the fire and in the end we did get t out. It was a terrible job. We fought it from the roof next door, nacking holes into our roof, and we fought it from below, throwing vater up from the stairs and gradually getting up to it. It was fearful

work, but the house was saved.

Sometime then I realized that it should be daylight outside but it wasn't. All that day the sun never got through the smoke and soot and ashes flying through the air. It was twilight all the time, a sort of yellowish-brown twilight that stung your eyes and your throat when you breathed. Once I saw the sky through a hole in the smoke. It was clear and blue, but we never knew, except for that, what kind of a day it was.

Death penalty for plundering

Christina: Later that day we went out to check on the city and see whether the places where we worked were still okay. There were fires everywhere. At least two houses were burning on every street we came through, usually many more. I had to make one detour after another where streets were completely blocked. It was very difficult walking, piles of rubbish everywhere, people streaming along the streets out of town, many still fighting fires, others carrying things, still others digging for the dead.

All along the streets were piles of things people had carried or thrown out of their houses. Some were silly things with no value at all-ashtrays, dolls, boxes of this and that, half a bed, half a table, half a clock. Most of the piles already had strings sort of tied

around them to fence them off.

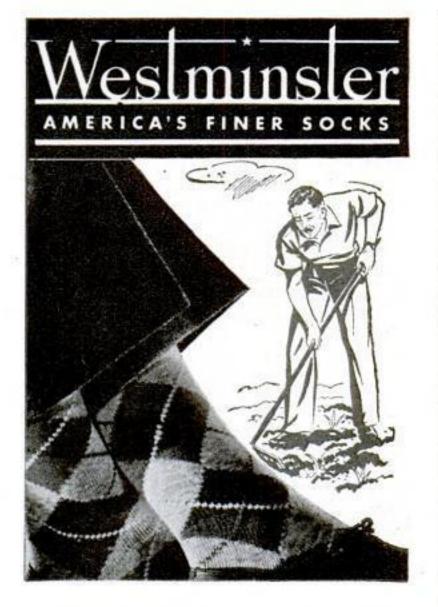
We had decided, after the December raid, that we would try to save only our bedding and the suitcases we had in the cellar. We thought t was silly to take furniture out; it would stand around in the streets for days and get rained on and then dry again and you had to keep a

watch all the time against plundering.

Plundering was punished by death, but it still happened. One of the first things after every raid was that the police put up signs in five languages warning that plunderers would be shot. Later you would see white placards with the names of people caught plundering. People were scared of the foreign workers, too. Some of them would plunder their apartments while they were in the cellar. There was always a lot of confusion, of course, after a raid and it was easy to do that sort of thing.

On my way to my office I came to the Johannapark. That's a big park pretty much in the center of town. The place was simply littered with bomb casings, splinters, incendiaries. There were no craters at





What do you do in the garden plot? You plant, you weed, you hoe From early morn 'til late at night To make the garden grow.

J'ou don't go in for gardening . . .?

Because of gardeners' woes?

For strenuous work of any kind Wear stout Westminster Hose.



What do you do at the Country Club? You golf from Spring to Fall In cushiony, stout Westminster Socks That keep you "on the ball." And then you dine and dance in style With your very attractive wife—And swear that you intend to wear Westminsters all your life.



LEIPZIG (continued)

all. Only in one place all the treetops were sheared off. I guess a high explosive bomb must have hit a tree and gone off, blasting all the tops around. The park was full of people carrying things, getting away from the fires. I kept thinking of the movie San Francisco—it was exactly like that, after the earthquake. Everything was burning, and people were walking around with shocked faces and the whole city seemed to be wrecked.

Finally I came to the street where my office was. There were houses burning on both sides. They were burning terrifically. I would have

to go between them to reach the office.

I couldn't make up my mind whether to risk it or not. One of the houses was leaning and I was afraid it would fall on me. I finally took my heart in both hands and ran. I went tearing down the middle of the street past the fires and then I saw the office.

It was just absolutely filled with fire. I could see right through the wavy white-hot heat, from one side to the other. There just couldn't be anything left in it at all, so I decided I would go home again, there was no use in my staying there.

All this time I was on foot. There were no streetcars running at all that I could see. The streets were absolutely jammed with people, bicycles, trucks, handcarts, wagons, all leaving town. Here and there were fire engines that had been brought to Leipzig from other cities.

On the way back I went past the Reichsgericht, the Supreme Court, which was one of the places where bombed-out people could get first aid. They would tell what the damage was and then they would get a certificate. Three kinds of certificates were issued, on yellow slips of paper marked with a big A, B or C. A meant light damage, B was for medium damage, C total loss. Everybody damaged got 50 marks right away, a good strong meal and clothes if they needed it. Later on they could get ration coupons to recover what was lost and help and materials to rebuild their place.

The organizations for bomb-damage worked wonders. It was all in the hands of the Party and the work of these organizations won the Party a lot of prestige again. It was all done about as quickly as it could possibly be done and people were taken care of in some way at least right away, even if it was only with tents and field kitchens.

Leipzig burning at night

Sybilla: When we all got home again it was getting to be evening. We had a terrible feeling as it began to get dark. We were full of dread and sick to our stomachs. We thought maybe we would have serial attacks like on Berlin, that they would come again tonight. We divided up the night watch among ourselves and then brought our bedding into the living room and set the alarm and tried to sleep. But we couldn't sleep.

When it came our turn to go on watch at midnight, Christina and I went upstairs again to see if any phosphorus had started up again. We saw that everything was okay and then went on up to the very top, where the roof wasn't burned.

It was a terrible view from there. The center of the city was still burning brightly and so were many of the neighboring houses. We were so used to a blackout that all this light frightened us. We thought the planes would come again and have the firelight to bomb by.

We stayed on the roof until our relief came and then went down to try and sleep on the living room carpet. Afterward we gradually tried to get used to the changed conditions. In the streets there was a constant stream of people, going in and out of town all the time. It was really like an ant heap that has been stirred up with a stick. Everywhere the people walked and walked, carrying things out, carrying things back in, carting off rubbish, doing everything under the sun. This constant procession in the streets lasted for at least ten days before it began to ebb off. All the people were on foot, because no trolleycars were running and of course practically nobody in Germany had cars because gasoline is so tightly rationed.

Everywhere, too, you saw people digging in the ruins for things they wanted to save. Three weeks after the raid I saw a woman digging out jars of preserves which were still good. Mostly people were shoveling out coal, sorting it from the rubble, because coal was so precious. All the time you could see workmen and soldiers passing through the streets.

Barbara: The big raid in December had already sort of sifted the population though, because a lot of people left then for the country, so this time the evacuation really wasn't as large. Most of the people who were still in Leipzig were people who really felt like fighting for their homes, even for only parts of them if that was all that was left. Some of them fought like mad to save only one room of a four-



CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

non-slip

Rubber Heel and Sole

When HAMILTON called VINCO ... we Flew!

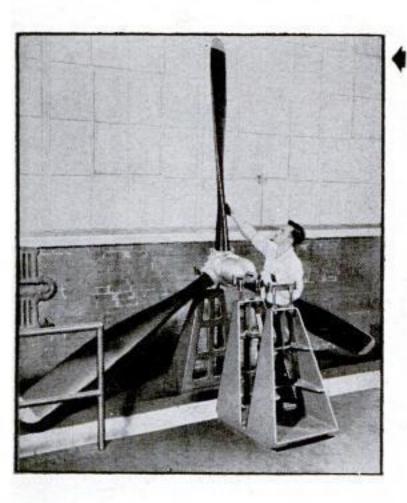
UT, of course, you couldn't blame us for that. "Hamilton Standard Propellers" is a magic name in aviation . . . and when they tell you they're going to jump production to more propellers per year than the whole world had ever used before . . . well, that's why we flew!

You're miracle-minded already, of course, when you've worked with Hamilton Standard for ten fascinating years. But this startling production of the wonderful new Hydromatic meant hundreds of precision parts a minute, many machined to tolerances as close as 2-10,000ths of an inch. It meant, too, 13,500 accurate parts inspections per propeller—some measuring to millionths of an inch! A breathtaking job—but if Hamilton Standard said it must be done, that meant orders from Uncle Sam!

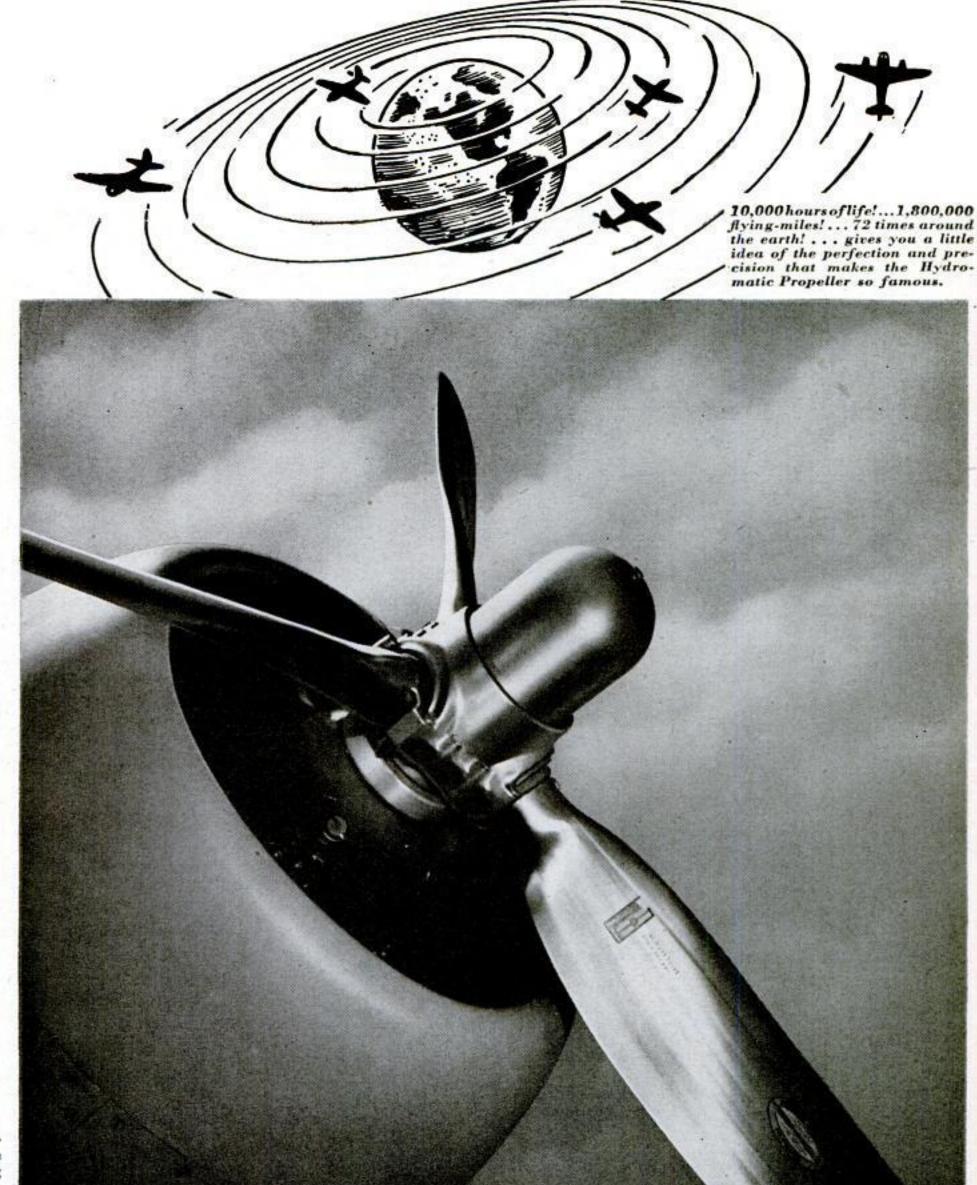
These Hamilton Standard Hydromatics, you know, are something out of tomorrow—built to utilize "every last colt" of horse-power in the latest warplane engines. Hydraulically altering the pitch and "bite" of their blades to meet changing air resistance, they maintain constant engine speed under every flying condition. They allow great planes, heavy as freight cars, to make steeper, faster, safer climbs and dives than planes ever made before. They keep multiple engines automatically synchronized in rough or bumpy air. They save fuel, lessen strain on plane and pilot—add precious, life-saving miles to a plane's speed and range.

Best skip the details—just say "Hamilton Standard delivered as usual". Today, working 24 hours a day every day of the year, so many of these propellers are being produced that the millionth Hamilton blade is ancient history. Hamilton has increased production 24 times since war began. Three-fourths of all American warplanes use Hamiltons today—Mustangs, Liberators, Corsairs, Hellcats, Mitchells, Fortresses—the best in the air!

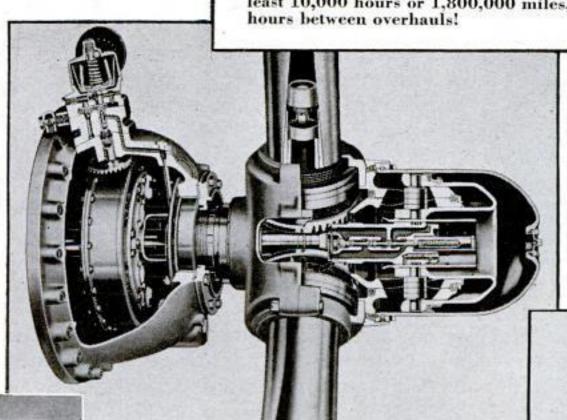
Vinco takes deep pride in the privilege of working with Hamilton Standard . . . of having a hand in getting this warwinning propeller into war-winning production. Millionths of an inch, of course, is not news to Hamilton Standard engineers. For Hamilton has one of the most remarkable inspection systems in American industry. More than 13,500 inspections have to be made on each propeller, and it has been Vinco's privilege to help in this miracle of precision, by supplying the Vinco Master Optical Dividing Head, Vinco gages and arbors of many types, and nearly 100% of the spline balancing arbors and cone seat taper flush pin gages used by Hamilton Standard.



On the perfect balance of the propeller depend its own long life and the safety of the plane. This Hamilton Hydromatic, here getting its final test for use on the Vought Corsair Navy fighter, is so delicately balanced that the weight of a cigarette paper will set it revolving.



IT'S BUILT FOR BATTLE—this Hamilton Standard Hydromatic Propeller. So strong—the normal centrifugal load per blade on a B-24 is 153,000 pounds. So delicately balanced—the wind from an 8-inch fan at 50 feet will set it turning on a balancing assembly. So finely made—that many of its 1,400 parts are perfect to a few millionths of an inch. So rugged—the life of a Hydromatic is at least 10,000 hours or 1,800,000 miles, and the Army allows 1,750 hours between overhauls!



Vinco bluing gage checks the taper, concentricity and overall distance of the cone seats in relation to the spline of a 4-bladed Hydromatic propeller spider.

Copyright 1944, Vince Corporation



The unique Vinco Optical Master Inspection Dividing Head (one of the most precise inspection devices ever designed) is used to check angular spacing in gears, splines, index plates, camshafts, etc. Its amazing accuracy runs to within 2-1,296,000th parts of the circle!



'BRAIN' OF THE POWER PLANT—Hamilton Standard's 1,400 parts perform two wonderful jobs: (1) Constant Speed Control, holding planes automatically to the speed set by pilot, and (2) Emergency Feathering Control, providing a quick method of stopping propeller revolution if an engine is disabled.





YOU'RE GOING SOMEWHERE WHEN YOU HEAD FOR-

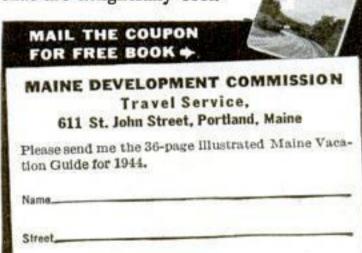
MAINE

Whoever you are, wherever you go in Maine, you'll thoroughly enjoy your vacation. For within the Pine Tree State are facilities for recreation of any kind.

Rugged mountains if you like, trails for climbing or for hiking back into dense woods; fast streams, quiet brooks, or inland lakes alive with fish; rolling slopes and verdant farm lands, rocky coast and thundering surf, or broad, sandy beach.

You'll live just as you wish; enjoy round-the-clock life at a smart resort hotel, or the peace of a lakeside cabin, a sporting camp deep in the woods, or the serenity of a spotless tourist home or small town inn. Withal you'll fare as you've

never fared before. For Maine is famous for its food. And you'll sleep through nights that are delightfully cool.









Quirk of war is fact that the Leipzig railway station, largest in Germany, escaped direct bomb hits. The rest of city's numerous landmarks were churned into piles of rubbish.

LEIPZIG (continued)

or five-room place and I guess having fought so hard they just didn't want to leave what they had saved.

The raids did change the character of the city, morally I mean, entirely. The most immediate thing was that everybody became talkative and friendly and companionable. Leipzigers were never that before, but they were now. You wouldn't have thought they would change so quickly. Everybody helped everybody else; they had to, of course, but somehow they seemed to want to-to draw closer to their neighbors so that they would have company and not feel alone.

This sort of thing was what the Leipzigers, before they were bombed, used to resent from others, Berliners, Rhinelanders, Hamburgers and so on, who had been through heavy raids. They thought that the jokes and camaraderie of the bombed people was affected; now they were that way themselves. That's the way people get when they come to the edge of the grave and still are alive—the relief and the common danger and need of each other changes them completely.

"Gee, it's quite a mess."

Sybilla: You know, after that big raid and the daylight one, there were a lot of British and Canadian soldiers working in the street right in front of our house. We saw them all the time and wanted to talk to them, but we didn't dare because there were guards there all the time. Once, though, I was passing a crater on my bicycle where there was a Canadian boy working-he was really just a boy, he looked 16 years old-and there was no guard so I leaned over and called: "Hello, old man, how are you?"

You should have seen his face. He looked up and just said: "Hunh?" and his jaw dropped right down on his shirt. He was so surprised he couldn't say a word.

Christina: Yes, and a couple of days later I was walking along and there were some fellows working in one of the craters where the gas had blown up again. I stopped and looked into the hole and one of them looked up at me. He was British, I think. I said: "Gee, it's quite a mess, isn't it?" He looked back at me for a minute and then he said: "It sure is, quite a mess." He said it just as serious as any-

Some of the workers came to clean up the burned-out parts. They threw all the rubbish out into the street and fixed the stairs, which were inches deep in ice. By Friday the house was pretty well in shape again, though of course the people of the top floor couldn't move back in. In the rear there was no roof at all, and the front was full of holes.

Friday morning we got a Red Cross letter from my father, the first we had had in over a year. That afternoon a Gestapo man came and told us there was a transport leaving Munich for America in 48 hours and if we wanted to take it we should be ready by the next afternoon.

Barbara: When we got that letter I was so excited that when we went out to get sand I told one of the Britishers working out there about it, how we hadn't heard for over a year, and how we had a new nephew, a second grandson for my mother. Those poor guys, they were so interested, and envious, too. They said they didn't get much mail and they were homesick, they had been away so long.

Sybilla: We packed all that night in a terrible rush. Saturday afternoon our luggage was ready and Christina and I carted it through

EVEN IN WAR TIMES

we still use ... fragrant MISS SAYLOR'S chocolate, personally selected for quality and taste appeal CANDIES the best fresh cream and butter available ...delicately blended flavors UNUSUAL and choice nuts. To these fine ingredients we bring the cooking skill inherited from our Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors.

That's why our candy has that home-made flavor. You may have a little trouble getting our unusual candies as the services must be supplied, but keep asking your dealer for Miss Saylor's French Cream Chocolate assortments at \$1.35 a lb. Coffee-ets in 60¢ and \$1.10 sizes.



ARE

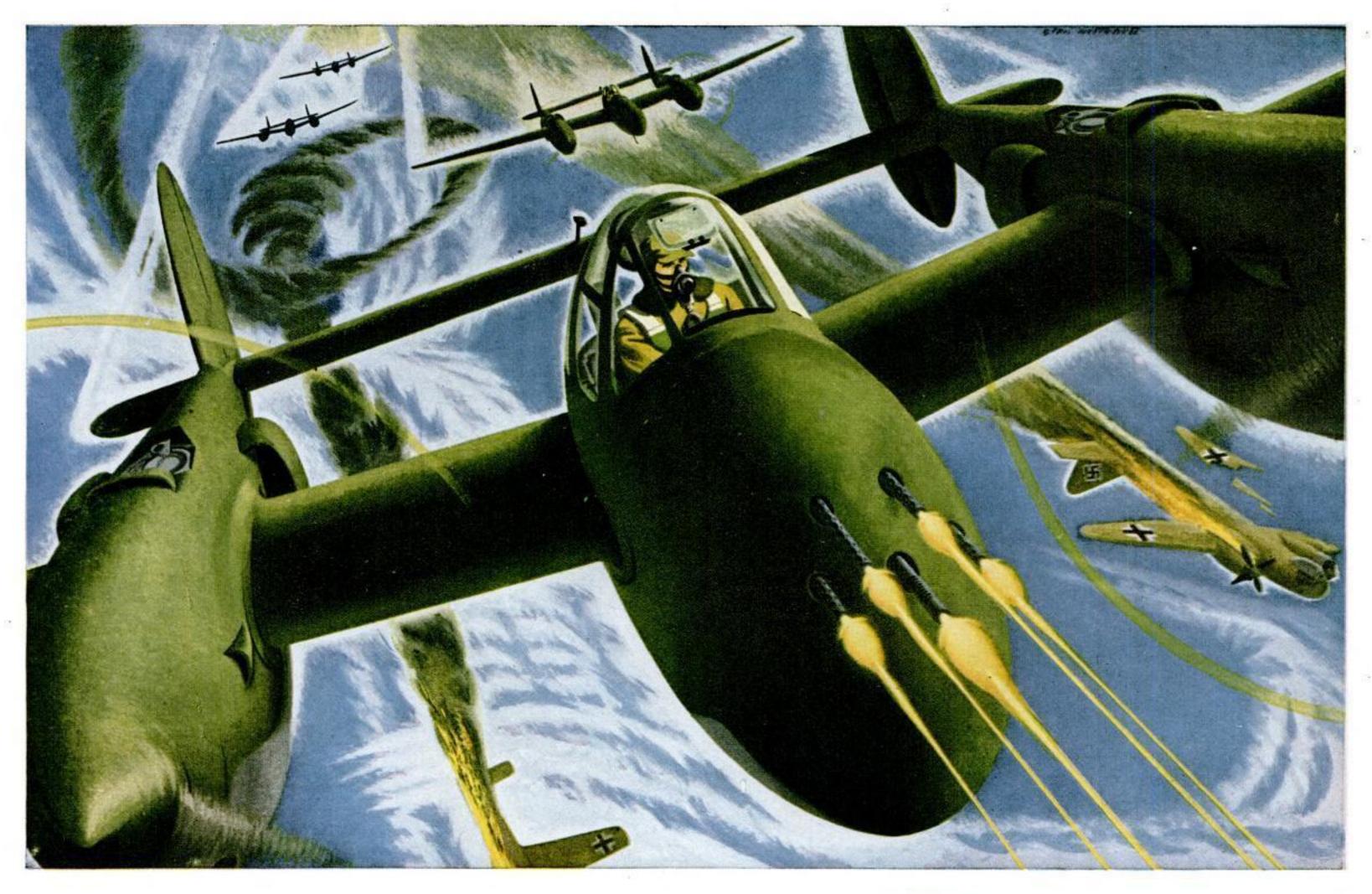
MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC. ENCINAL AVENUE - ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA







CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



LETS GO!

Says Major Carl W. Payne, of Columbus, Ohio — A. A. F. fighter pilot

"When I was home on leave recently, I met a lot of young fellows who had their hearts set on wearing A.A.F. wings. Naturally, they fired a barrage of questions my way. And one of the questions I heard most often was:

"What is the best position on the Army Air Forces team ... pilot, navigator, bombardier or gunner?

"That's a tough one to answer.

"I was classified as a fighter pilot, myself. And it's a great job! But on this fighting team of ours . . . as on a football team . . . every job is equally important.

"It works about like this:

"The single-seater pilot runs interference.

"The bomber pilot takes his crew over to make the touchdown.

"The navigator quarterbacks a bomber team. He plots the course from home base to the target-usually over hundreds of miles of enemy territory-and hits the objective squarely on the nose, with split-second timing.

"Then the bombardier takes charge. He draws a bead on a Nazi war plant or a Jap defense line-and sends from one to six tons of destruction screaming down to wipe it off the map.

"The gunners are the wing-men of the team. And they're the boys who are seeing some of the rip-roaring-est, two-fisted-est action of this man's war. Their job is to fight off enemy intercepters . . . and these "Deadeye Dicks" of the air have run up some amazing scores. I guess it's natural for an American to love guns. And maybe that's why A.A.F. aerial gunners are the world's best!

"So you see—I don't know what A.A.F. job you'll like best. It depends on what you find yourself best fitted for. But I do know this:

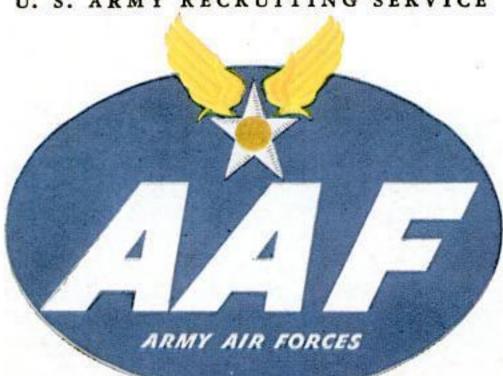
"If it's action you want . . . if it's red-blooded adventure and a chance to fight where you'll do the most good ...

"If you want the finest training any flying man ever had . . . if you're looking ahead to a career in the air after we've won this war . . .

"Then I say—find out today if you can qualify to join the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve . . . with an opportunity to win your wings as navigator, bombardier, pilot or gunner in the A.A.F.—the greatest team in the world!

"So—if you're seventeen . . . let's go!"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE







CARL PAYNE has flown 227 missions, from the African invasion to the blitz on Berlin, He has been decorated 30 times . . . wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with Bronze Oak Beaf Cluster and the Air Medal with 27 Oak Leaf Clusters Major Oak Leaf Clusters. Major PAYNE'S score against the Luftwaffe is five and onehalf enemy planes destroyed, one probably destroyed and seven damaged. Yet neither he nor his plane has ever been scratched!

GET FIT AND STAY FIT!

The future of America depends upon the fitness of the youth of the nation. The AAF urges every man approaching military age to prepare himself physically and mentally for his possible contribution to the defeat of our enemies, and his responsibilities in the postwar world.

Every young man who wants to fly can today find exceptional opportunities for improving himself. Those in high school or preparatory school can take the recommended courses of the High School Victory Corps, which includes physical training, mathematics, physics, and

pre-aeronautics. All'young men who can qualify may become CAP cadets in the nation-wide organization of the Civil Air Patrol, an auxiliary of the Army Air Forces. CAP cadets work with civilian aviation leaders and enthusiasts who give the cadets practical knowledge of planes and their construction, and valuable pre-aviation training in such subjects as navigation, meteorology, aerial photography, radio communications and physical fitness.

Don't neglect any opportunity to prepare yourself in mind and body for better service to your nation, your community and yourself.

For information on Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement. "KEEP'EM FLYING!" This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE



IPZIG (continued)

e city to the station. That was our farewell trip through Leipzig,

rting our things through the ruins.

We passed familiar places that were piles of rubbish now. We ent past districts where there was no living any more. We rememred how sometimes we had passed there in the early dark, and how ese places we knew had become spooky and frightening. In these stricts there was nobody, nobody at all. It was completely quiet, it when there was a wind some bricks would fall down or å beam something and the sudden noise would make you jump. In one ace, I remembered, there was a lot of coal stored in a deep cellar d for weeks it burned underneath the piles of stones and bricks. In e darkness you would walk by and see the flames flickering down ere as if somebody was caught and signaling for help, only there as no living thing at all.

We came past the Augustusplatz, the big square in the heart of the wn where the opera was, the 12-story building that the Leipzigers lled their "skyscraper." It was a dump for rubbish now that was ought there in big trucks from all over the city or on little railays laid through the bombed-up streets. About half of it was full

rubbish now.

On the Augustusplatz every single building was burned out, but I the walls were still standing. It gave you a queer feeling. For stance, you could see the main post office still looking absolutely tact, even the little statues along the road. Then you would walk the door and look up and you looked right up into the sky.

Christina: They were still blasting as we walked through the city of the last time, and everywhere the people were hurrying about the business of repair. The activity of reconstruction began almost conce. There were regular spring-cleanings going on all over. The ty looked destroyed, in ruins, but the people were alive and building up again with what they had. They were doing it, too, in a cood of anger against the bombings and with a sense of companion-nip that actually gave the people a higher morale than before the ombs fell. The war by then had created the feeling that Germany as at bay—against the bombings, against the Russians and against the peoples of the countries Germany had conquered. With the older cople it might be different but most Germans seemed ready to fight and hold against anything that might come.

Then we left. We came through Regensburg and it had just been ided by daylight. We got to Munich and it had been raided too. At funich we joined the train of American internees from Laufen, a amp nearby. Our last sight of Germany was burning Augsburg. We assed through it just after a raid and we rode, it seemed, through ralls of flame. With that memory we fell asleep and the next day we

ere across the border and in France.

Barbara: The last thing I remember about Leipzig is turning back or one more look as we went in the station, which in all these raids ad somehow remained absolutely untouched except that the winows were blown out. From the station door I could see across the ride square where the trolley tracks used to be and the lines of axis, and beyond it across the little park with its blasted trees, to he business center. Everywhere I looked lay the ruins of the city, eaps of stone and rubbish with only the chimneys sticking out like ngers up into the twilight sky. The chimneys hardly ever fall down.



ack in the U.S. Sibylla and Christina, like all Americans when they return from abroad, rent immediately to the local drugstore, ordered double chocolate malted milk shakes.

Tastes best I've found! Says VERONICA LAKE From leading colas in the land Miss Lake picked out her favorite branch

From leading colas in the land

Miss Lake picked out her favorite brand;

It happened when she took the test

And Royal Crown Cola tasted best!

Veronica Lake, starring in



ROYAL CROWN

BEST BY TASTE-TEST

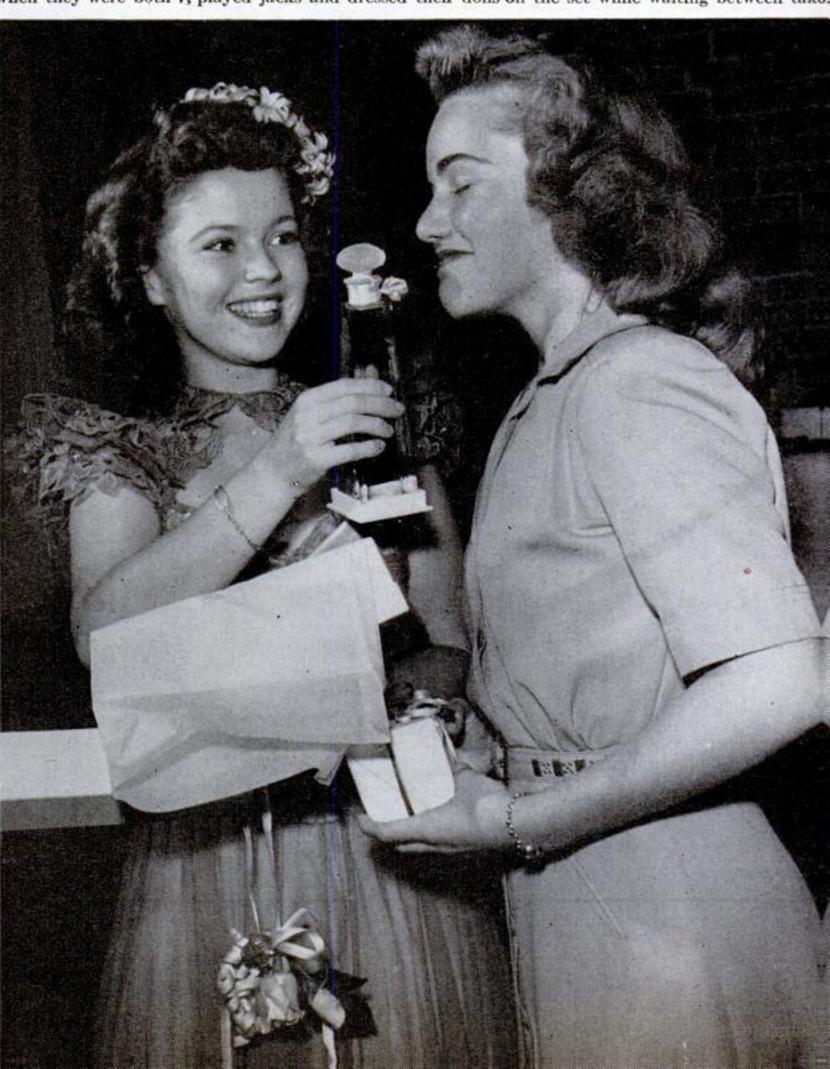
Copyrighted materi



David Selznick, with whom Shirley signed a seven-year contract in 1943, gave her a silver bracelet. This was only honest-to-goodness present; others were mostly gags.

Mary Lou Isleib, Shirley's stand-in since 1935, is also her best friend. They started working together when they were both 7, played jacks and dressed their dolls on the set while waiting between takes





Life Goes to Shirley Temple's Birthday Party At 16 she has a grown-up party on the studio lot

Chirley Jane Temple was born in Santa Monica, Calif. 16 years ago. Last month she celebrated this anniversary with an ice-cream-and-cake party on the studio lot. Her guests were cast and crew members who came when they quit work at 6 o'clock, and the fun ended promptly at 7 to abide by the ruling of the state school board. It was a far cry from previous Temple birthday parties, attended by hundreds of children and marked by such gifts as ponies and bicycles and miniature roller-coasters. But the simple celebration was one indication that Shirley had grown up and had to work on her birthday the same as anyone else.

Another was the changed look of Shirley, who last appeared two years ago before a public that liked best to remember her as the chubby moppet of Bright Eyes and The Littlest Rebel. Since 1940 she has made only two pictures, and her admirers will hardly be prepared for the Shirley who is 16. Curls and dimples are still there, but the chubbiness has been exchanged for pleasing curves and a certain shyness that suggests she is not altogether unaware of her new and charm-

Shirley's life is still carefully supervised. She rises at 7:30 to be on the set by 9. She must have three hours of school before 4 o'clock, after which she works at the studio until 6. She goes on dates unchaperoned. Her favorite beaux are in the services but one admirer followed the Temples to Palm Springs and camped out in a tent so he could see Shirley every day. Shirley, however, who has had more attention and adulation in her 16 years than any other little girl in the U.S., is not easily impressed. Her first concern right now is to make good in two new films: Since You Went Away and With All My Heart. If she does she will be one of the few child stars to achieve comparable success as an adult.



Jack-in-the-box releasing paper balls was Joe Cotten's present. Shirley, who is a complete extrovert, loves gags and jokes.



SHIRLEY AT 16 IS 5 FT. 11/2 IN. TALL AND WEIGHS A NICELY DISTRIBUTED 100 LB. HAIR IS CHESTNUT, EYES ARE HAZEL



Trick hat made of chicken feathers was given Shirley by Ginger Rogers. They are playing together in With All My Heart.



Monty Woolley slyly presented her with a copy of Life Begins at 40. Life for Shirley began long before that (see next page).



Beautiful Above the Table are the dresses

you'll wear from dusk on, now. With necklines sweet and low. Bosoms softly sculptured... needing the magic of the right Munsingwear bras. There are styles in-satin, lace or net to choose from. Ask at your favorite store for the perfect one for you.



FINE FOUNDATION CARMENTS · ALSO UNDERWEAR, SLEEPING WEAR, HOSIERY MUNSINGWEAR, INC. · MINNEAPOLIS · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES

Shirley Temple's Birthday Party (continued)



"Stand Up and Cheer" (1934) was first picture to make Shirley famous, at 6. Befor that she had played the bit part of a toddler in Fox's Carolina with Janet Gaynor



"Little Miss Marker" (1934) with Menjou was tear-jerker which won Shirley plaudits as a "seasoned actress." She signed \$150 (a week) Fox contract with an "X."



"The Littlest Rebel" (1935) paired Shirley with Dancer Bill Robinson, whom she deeply admires. Hoops and ruffles set off her famous curls and dimples to advantage.



"Captain January" (1936) gave Shirley ample songs and dances, without which her pictures would be incomplete. Her fan mail now numbered 3,500 letters per week.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



THEY RATIONED EVERYTHING

The Pilgrims knew they were illprepared for one of the cruelest
winters that resolute men, women
and children ever had to face.
Foreseeing trials that would challenge their endurance, they treasured their scanty store of food
and rationed every helping.

But, when a Spring and Summer of strenuous labor rewarded them with an abundant harvest, the Pilgrims were grateful—but not alone for food. They felt they were well on their way toward an established home in a new world, bright with freedom, security and a promising future for their children. America's goal has never changed. And for such a goal rationing is a small price to contribute.

"Food Fights For Freedom".

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.





What ration points bring to our tables today would kave seemed like banquets to generations of our forefathers—but you have Budweiser, too, to make simple wartime meals taste better.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. Ü.S. PAT. OFF.

© 1944

N H E 11 9 5 P - R 11 9 C H - - - S A I N T - I O 11 I 6



One of the shoes in this actual color photograph is the \$49 Oliver Moore original. The other is Regal's \$6.60 reproduction. Can you tell which is which? Look below and see if you are right.

Put Spring in your Step... with this striking new shoe style—originated by a famous New York custom bootmaker to sell at \$49; reproduced by Regal for just \$6.60.

Oliver Moore, famous New York Custom Bootmaker, designed it—gave it the freshness of Spring — the smartness of Fifth Avenue. It is a new conception in shoe styling—beautiful, long-wearing calfskin blended with handsome gabardine . . . light, cool, comfortable. You'll see it only in Regal Stores.

Yes, the originals cost \$49, and are well worth it, for Oliver Moore uses the finest

materials obtainable, and carefully handfashions only a few pairs of shoes each week.

Regal's accurate reproductions . . . same leather and detailing . . . cost just \$6.60 because Regal craftsmen of the machine are able to reproduce Oliver Moore originals in volume production. Oliver Moore himself says: "The fidelity of Regal Reproductions is a constant marvel to me."

"Prescription Fitting"— another exclusive Regal feature, assures correct fit. Both your feet are measured in sitting, standing, and stepping positions. Visit any Regal Store, be fitted . . . and see the difference.

All Regal Shoes made in the great Regal factory are sold *only* through Regal Stores... at *one* profit . . . *one* price . . . from Coast to Coast . . . \$6.60.

P. S. The shoe at the left is the \$6.60 Regal Reproduction.



SOLD ONLY IN 80 COMPANY-OWNED RETAIL STORES - PRINCIPAL CITIES - COAST TO COAST

Stores in Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; Boston (3); Brooklyn (9); Buffalo; Chicago (2); Cincinnati; Cleveland; Detroit (6);
 Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; Jersey City; Kansas City; Los Angeles (2); Milwaukee; New Haven; New York (26 stores in Greater New York); Norfolk; Paterson, New Jersey; Philadelphia (3); Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis;
 San Francisco; Seattle; Springfield, Massachusetts; Syracuse; Tacoma; Washington (2); Worcester.

FACTORY AND MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT WHITMAN, MASS.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED STYLE FOLDER "L-11."

Thirley Temple's Birthday Party (continued)



'Heidi" (1937) found Shirley at 9 entering the critical period for child stars. But he was still (1935-8) No. 1 U.S. box-office attraction and making \$400,000 a year.



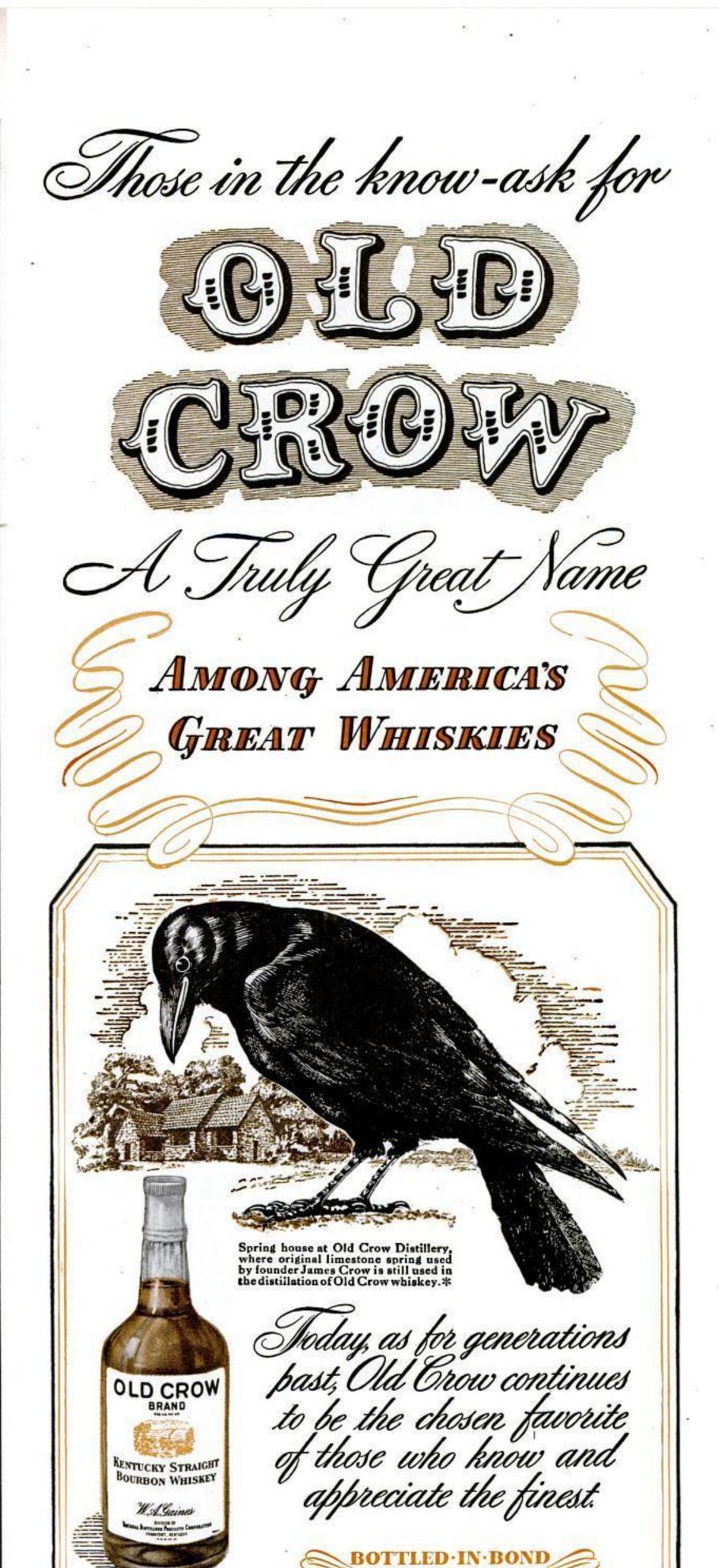
"Little Miss Broadway" (1938) gave Shirley the support of 10 stars, a story written specially for her. Her dancing with George Murphy was compared to Rogers-Astaire.



"Young People" (1940) was Shirley's 22nd and final picture for Fox. At 12 she started going to a girls' day school and at 14 made another picture: Miss Annie Rooney.



Shirley blew out 16 pink candles with traditional one puff, kept her birthday wish carefully to herself. She wears the provocative openwork dress in her next picture.



*The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey . Bourbon or Rye . This whiskey is 4 years old . National Distillers Products Corporation, New York . 100 Proof

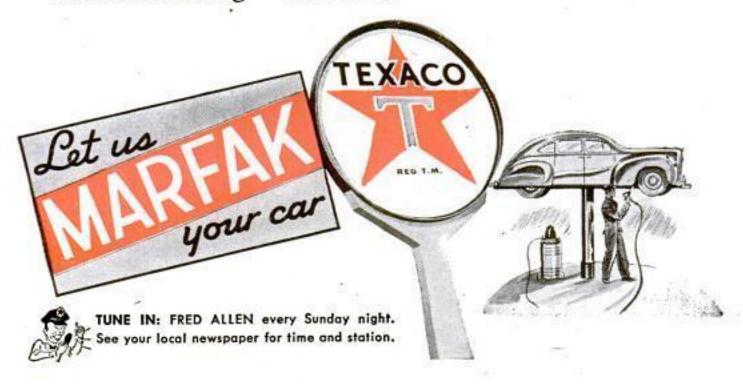
Here's how your car feels...



... after MARFAK

chassis lubrication!

Softer riding, easier handling — you get 'em both with longlasting Texaco MARFAK chassis lubricant, always applied by chart — never by chance! A MARFAK job also means a check-up job by your Texaco Dealer — every point of wear, every point of adjustment carefully inspected to keep your car fighting fit. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "MARFAK feeling" — tomorrow!

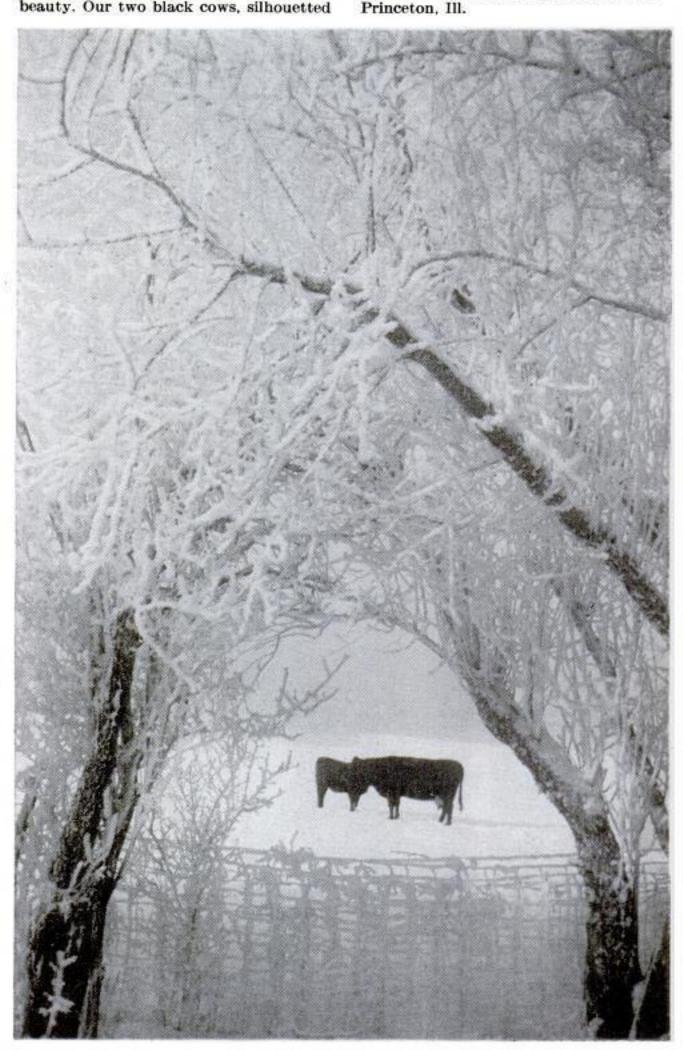


PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

WINTRY ARTISTRY

Sirs:

Nature's hand is occasionally as clever as that of any artist. Just by chance I came on this lovely wintry scene of rural beauty. Our two black cows, silhouetted against the white snow, framed by snowcovered trees, make a perfect picture. MRS. E. S. CARLSON



FLIGHT PATTERNS

Sirs:

These neat little patterns in the snow were made by the wings of a crow as it took off in flight. Note the heavy indentations made by the right wing on the second and third beats as the crow banked to the right.

HELEN C. FOSTER

Greens Farms, Conn.





Mifflin Rub for the Sickroomi

ifflin Rub quickly brings cool, soothing reof to bed-weary backs . . . helps to ease and fresh. Use it as the hospitals do-give a daily ifflin Rub. Ideal, too, for sterilizing instruents and cleansing cuts and bruises. Keep lifflin Rub always handy! Mifflin means the ghest standard of tested quality. Unscented, id in Pine, Lavender and Wintergreen.

* THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN *

When Hot, Tired, Aching Feet Cry **Dut For Help**

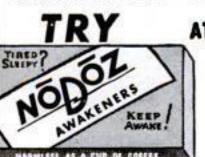
r. Scholl's Foot Balm Brings Quick Relief

When all you can think of are your tortured feet, or. Scholl's Foot Balm will take them off your amous preparation of Dr. Scholl's—the internationlly known foot authority—relieves painful, tender, red, fiery, perspiring and odorous feet, caused by xertion and fatigue. Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is delightully soothing, comforting and refreshing. Helps put ou right back on your feet. Jar lasts



TAKE A Mental Shower

NoDoz Awakeners keep you mentally alert. Refresh your mind mid-morning, afternoon, night, whenever sleep threatens. Quickacting. One tablet effective 2 to 4 hours. HARMLESS AS COFFEE . NON-HABIT FORMING 254



AT YOUR DRUGGISTS Over fifty million sold since 1933 Send 10c for trial size NODOZ AWAKENERS DEPT. F-14 TRIBUNE TOWER OAKLAND 12, CALIF.

OFFER VOID AFTER JUNE 5, 1944

lasy to use. No mixing. Also mends toys, nodels, wood, china, glass, leather, 'most nything. Sold 'most everywhere—10¢ ottles or larger sizes from ¼-pint up. 4cCormick & Co., Inc., Baltimore-2, Md.



AN ELEPHANT FOR ST

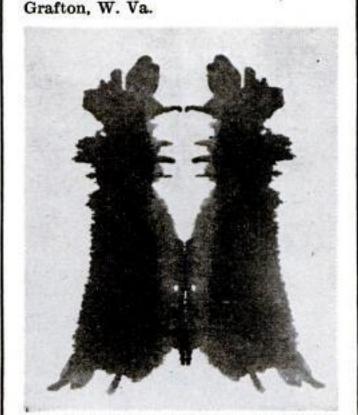
PICTURES TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

INK SPOTS

Sirs:

Almost every child has at one time or another put a drop of ink in the crease of a folded piece of paper, pressed it together firmly and marveled at the strange and surprising results. I thought LIFE readers might be interested in these pictures, in which the ink spots have turned into some unusually realistic pictures.

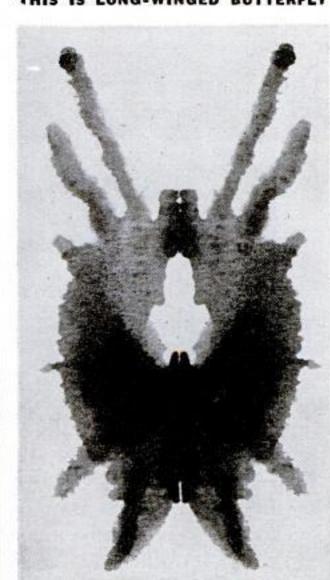
MRS. A. O. ALDRICH



HERE ARE TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES



THIS IS LONG-WINGED BUTTERFLY



Are you in the know about Foran...Brooks...Downey?

IS DICK REALLY WILD AND WOOLLY? Nope, pardner. This singing cowboy of many a hoss opry is a dude from Flemington, N. J.—and a Princeton product to boot! Regents get Dick's vote for mildness. "What's more," he says,"I think they're better tasting than any other cigarette."



DOES PHYLLIS LOOK GOOD IN A JUNGLE? Ask the servicemen she entertained during her recent tour of the South Pacific! An artists' model before the movies discovered her, Phyllis finds Regents a model cigarette. "That crushproof box," she exclaims, "keeps cigarettes in perfect smoking condition!"

HOW IRISH IS MORTON'S "IRISH TENOR"? It's Connecticut-grown—but audiences in Ireland, where Morton toured several times, have pronounced it the real McCoy. This popular troubador, who once played a dummy saxophone in a leading dance orchestra, sings praises of Regent's King Size. "It means a smoke that's over 20% longer." he points out.





Regents really mild, ever so gentle to your

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended

make REGENT

The milder, better tasting

cigarette!



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

THE VANISHING NUTS

These pictures show the progress of a squirrel friend of ours through three nuts. In the first picture the squirrel is just appearing, silhouetted, in the lower righthand corner of the window. The nuts are ranged along the sill. In the next three he progresses from nut to nut. And in the final shot he appears to have settled down for a little after-dinner nap before attempting the trip home.

The creature was a regular visitor to our second-story apartment. He must have been unusually hungry because, to reach the window sill, he had to make his way up the sheer brick wall of the build-

We always used to leave squirrel fare out for the little visitor, and one day we thought it might be interesting to try to catch him with the camera. These pictures are the result.

ARTHUR J. SMITH Yankton, S. D.



SQUIRREL APPEARS, SEES THREE NUTS









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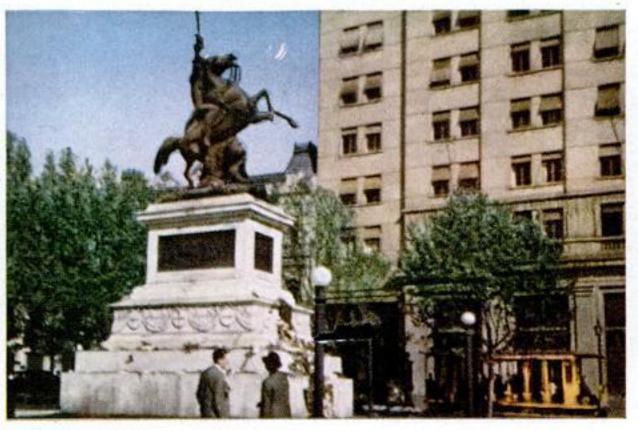


Deep in the heart of CHILE

1 "Combine Texas ranchlands, Colorado's mountains, California's climate and the charm of the Old South," writes a Canadian Club fan, "and you've got Chile. And big things are happening. For Chile's prosperity no longer hinges on her nitrates (so vital to the Allies!). She's industrializing with a bang.



2 "While I was in Santiago – a city like Denver with a Spanish accent – a friend old me one reason for Chile's aggressively proressive spirit. As in the U.S.A., the 'melting ot' idea has worked wonders here.



3 "At the statue of Bernardo O'Higgins, Chile's George Washington, he told me Chileans are descendants of conquistadores, unconquered Araucanian Indians, Irish, and Scotch.



4 "Don't miss seeing Chile, come peacetime.

Just hop a Pan American Clipper and
you'll be here in 3 days at most... for less
money than you'd even guess.



5 "And you'll be greeted by an old friend—Canadian Club. Why, 'way back in the cow country, a Chilean offered me this whisky from a treasured bottle."

Once the war is over, it will be easy to visit Latin America. When that time comes, you will find Canadian Club again available there for toasting the "good neighbors" you will meet.

Right now, the distillery is concentrating on war alcohol; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many fans are voluntarily
- "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE



Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, III.

Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

Doctor of Medicine...and Morale

SLEEP? WHAT'S THAT? "Two hours sleep in 72"—
"Thirty-six hours of continuous surgery and treatment under fire"... the records of the more than 50,000 medical men in the Armed Services speak for themselves: They've got what it takes!

First in the Service

*With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.) He wears the same uniform ...

He shares the same risks as the man with the gun.

Right this very minute you might find

him in a foxhole under fire at the side

of a fallen doughboy...

Jumping with the paratroopers...riding with a bomber crew through enemy fighters and flak...

Or sweating it out in a dressing station in a steaming jungle...

Yes, the medical man in the service today is a fighting man through and through, except he fights without a gun.



They call him "Doc." But he's more than physician and surgeon: he's a trusted friend to every fighting man.

And doctor that he is...doctor of medicine and morale...he well knows the comfort and cheer there is in a few moments' relaxation with a good cigarette...like Camel. For Camels, with the fresh, full flavor of costlier tobaccos expertly blended and the soothing mildness of slow burning, are the favorite cigarette with men in all the services.*

Camels

WAR BONDS

KISH & DOMESTIC

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS